Nov. 30, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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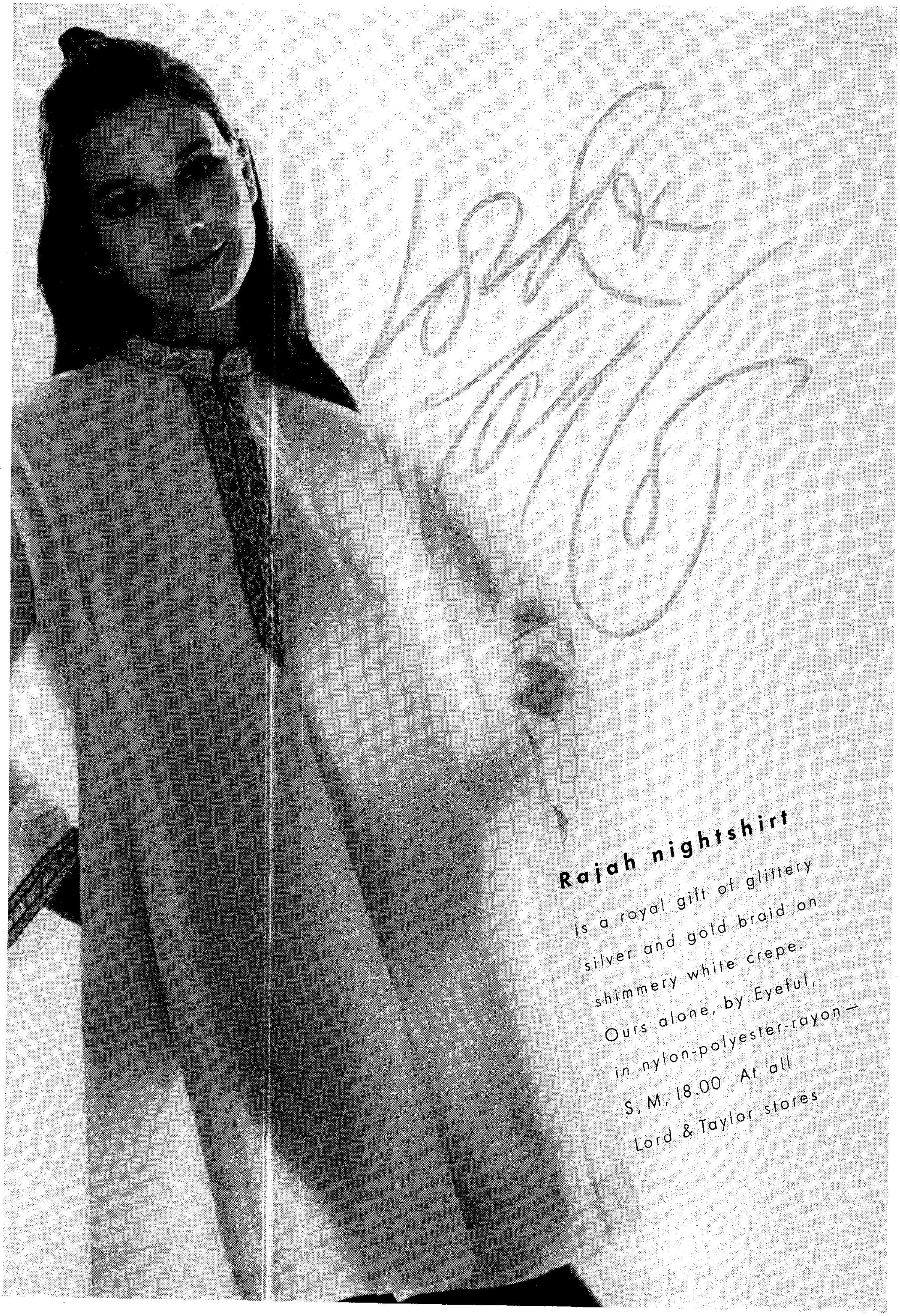

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Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4	5	6	7

THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of Thanksgiving Day, Nov. 28. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans. . . . ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—Molière's THE MISANTHROPE: Thursday, Nov. 28, at 2; Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 2-3, at 8:30; Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Dec. 5-6, at 8:30; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ T. S. Eliot's THE COCKTAIL PARTY: Thursday and Friday, Nov. 28-29, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays, except Thanksgiving Day, at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—Rochelle Owens' farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Goodbye People—Milton Berle, Brenda Vaccaro, and Bob Dishy in a play written and directed by Herb Gardner. Previews through Monday, Dec. 2; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Opens officially on Tuesday, Dec. 3. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Huui, Huui—A play by Anne Burr, the first winter offering of the New York Shakespeare Festival. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3.)

Jimmy Shine—Dustin Hoffman in a play by Murray Schisgal. Directed by Donald Driver. Previews through Wednesday, Dec. 4; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Opens officially on Thursday, Dec. 5. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Peter Lind Hayes plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Morning, Noon and Night—Three plays written by Israel Horovitz, Terrence McNally, and Leonard Melfi; directed by Theodore Mann; and performed by Sorrell Booke, John Heffernan, Robert Klein, Charlotte Rae, and Jane Marla Robbins. Opens Thursday, Nov. 28. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. 279-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The People vs. Ranchman—A confused and noisy protest against something or other. (Fortune, 62 E. 4th St. 777-0030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—William Gibson's A CRY OF PLAYERS, with Anne Bancroft and Frank Langella: Thursday, Nov. 28, at 2; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 8; Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:30; Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 3-4, at 8; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's KING LEAR, with Lee J. Cobb: Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, at 2, and Thursday through Saturday, Dec. 5-7, at 8. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616.)

Sweet Eros and Witness—A pair of satiric and sporadically effective one-acters by Terrence McNally. The first amounts to the monologue of a self-designated poet delivered to a young woman he has kidnapped, stripped, and tied up. In the second, another young nut, this one with assassination in mind, plays host to a small assortment of people, among them a loquacious window washer. The company does well. Robert Drivas and Joe Ponazecki are very good as the two young men, and James Coco is truly funny as the window washer. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Tea Party and The Basement—The components of these fascinating one-act entries by Harold Pinter are, as should be expected, threat, suspicion, mischief, and wildly original comedy. Good performances by John Tillinger, David Ford, Valerie French, and June Emery. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Dec. 8.)

We Bombed in New Haven—An ambitious, unsuccessful play that makes a poorer case against war than war deserves. By Joseph Heller, and starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Long Runs—PLAZA SUITE: Three skits by Neil Simon. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . THE PRICE: Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. The playwright is Arthur Miller. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.). . . THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE: Zoe Caldwell in a comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thanksgiving, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Dec. 14.). . . SCUBA DUBA: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield, who will be succeeded starting Monday, Dec. 2, by Eddie Bracken, Michaele Myers, and Robert Elston. (Broadhurst, 44th

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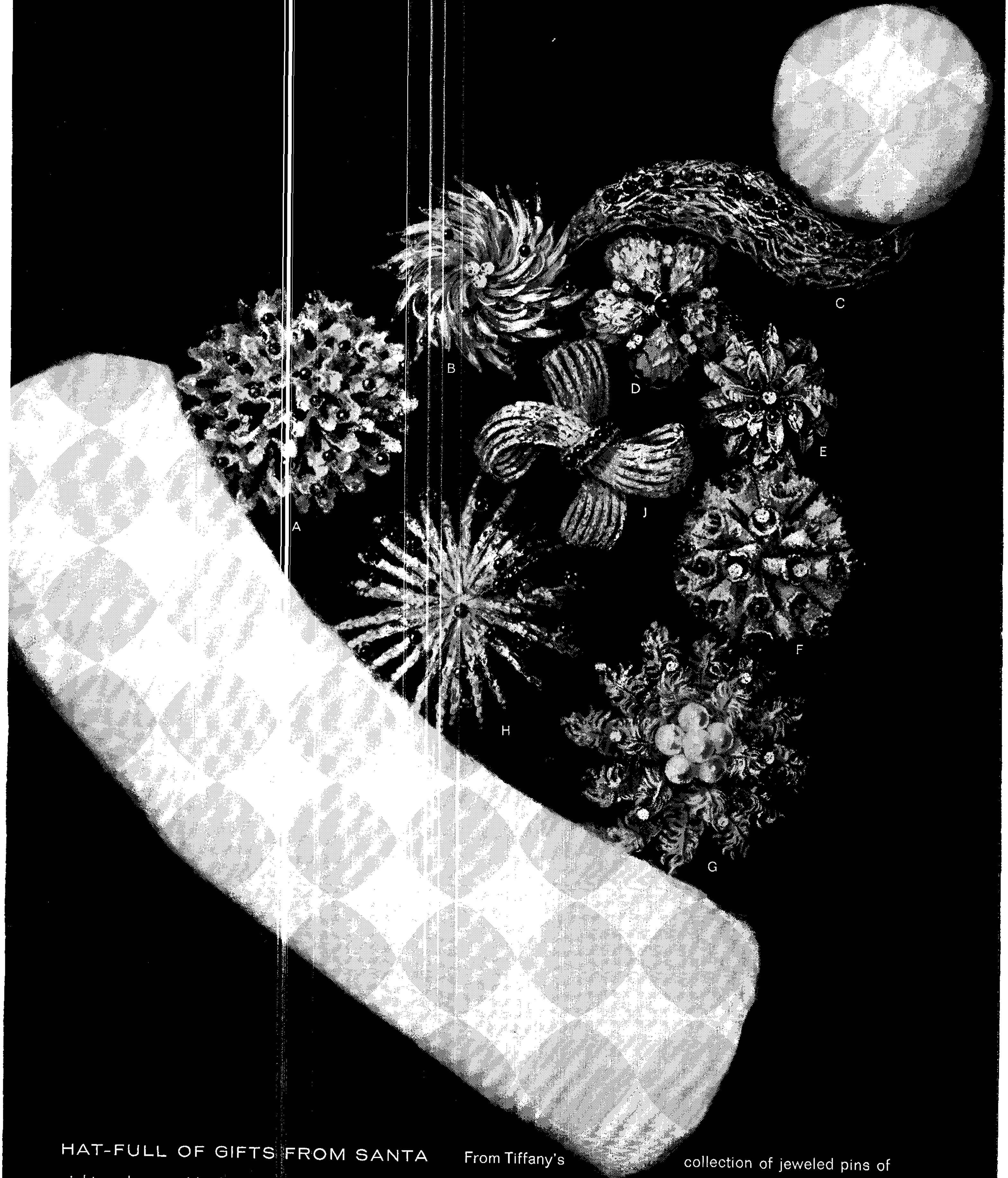

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., W. 246-6699. Moves on Monday, Dec. 2, to the Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W., 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—This cheerful little revue about politics aims at satire and misses, but it provides some entertainment along the way. Oscar Brand's songs are especially bright. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—A musical about the Civil War draft riots here, full of good black orphans, wicked Confederates, drunken Irishmen, and forgettable songs. With Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy, who do splendidly. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A tiny Israeli musical, mostly in Yiddish. If you don't know Yiddish, *oi!* (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 3.)

Promises, Promises—A musical taken from the movie "The Apartment," with a book by Neil Simon, a score by Burt Bacharach, lyrics by Hal David, and a cast headed by Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara. Directed by Robert Moore. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30. Opens officially on Sunday, Dec. 1. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Up Eden—George S. Irving and Patti Karr in a musical with book and lyrics by Robert Rosenblum (who also composed the score) and Howard Schuman. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

Zorba—An old-fashioned, all-purpose musical, which pretends to be Greek but whose true country is Broadway. With Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova. Book by Joseph Stein, music by John Kander, and lyrics by Fred Ebb. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 2nd Printing (Egoist Press, London): October 1922. 2000 numbered copies, of which 500 copies burned by New York Post Office Authorities. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays and Thanksgiving Day at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **GOLDEN RAINBOW:** Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. Jane Morgan will replace her starting Monday, Dec. 2. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thanksgiving Day at 2:30.) . . . **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role; David Holliday substitutes for him at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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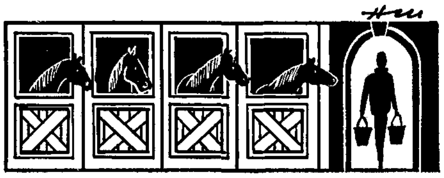
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8:15: "Raymonda Variations," "Firebird," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:15: "Glinkaiana," "Agon," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:15: "Haydn Concerto," "Agon," "Trois Valses Romantiques," and "Four Temperaments." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:15: "Serenade," "Trois Valses Romantiques," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1:15: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Allegro Brillante," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:15: "Four Temperaments," "Stravinsky Symphony," "La Source Pas de Deux," and "Apollo." . . . ¶ "The Nutcracker": Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:15; Friday, Dec. 6, at 4:15 and 8:15; and Saturday, Dec. 7, at 2:15 and 8:15. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Feb. 16.)



African Dance Company of Ghana—Final performances by a company of forty-five dancers, musicians, and singers appearing here for the first time. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 2 and 8; Friday, Nov. 29, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 7:30.)

Alwin Nikolais Dance Company—Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 1:30: "Imago." . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30, and Sunday, Dec. 1, at 7:30: "Somniloquy," "Tent," and "Tower." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Thanksgiving Day at 3; Friday, Nov. 29, at 9; and final performances Saturday, Nov. 30, at 3 and 9.)

Walk Together Children—Vinie Burrows, an appealing and accomplished Negro actress, appears in a program of poems, songs, and prose excerpts, all of them pertaining to black life in this country over the past hundred years or so. The pleasures of the evening are as often literary as dramatic, giving the audience a chance to get acquainted with writers who may be unfamiliar. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Thursday and Sunday at 8:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Final performances Sunday, Dec. 1.)

Chad Mitchell's Counterpoint—A one-man show of songs. (Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. 475-7804. Nightly, except Tuesdays, at 7:45. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Oxford and Cambridge Shakespeare Company—Saturday and Sunday, Dec. 7-8, at 8:15: "A Midsummer Night's Dream." . . . ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 11:15: A late-night satirical revue. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

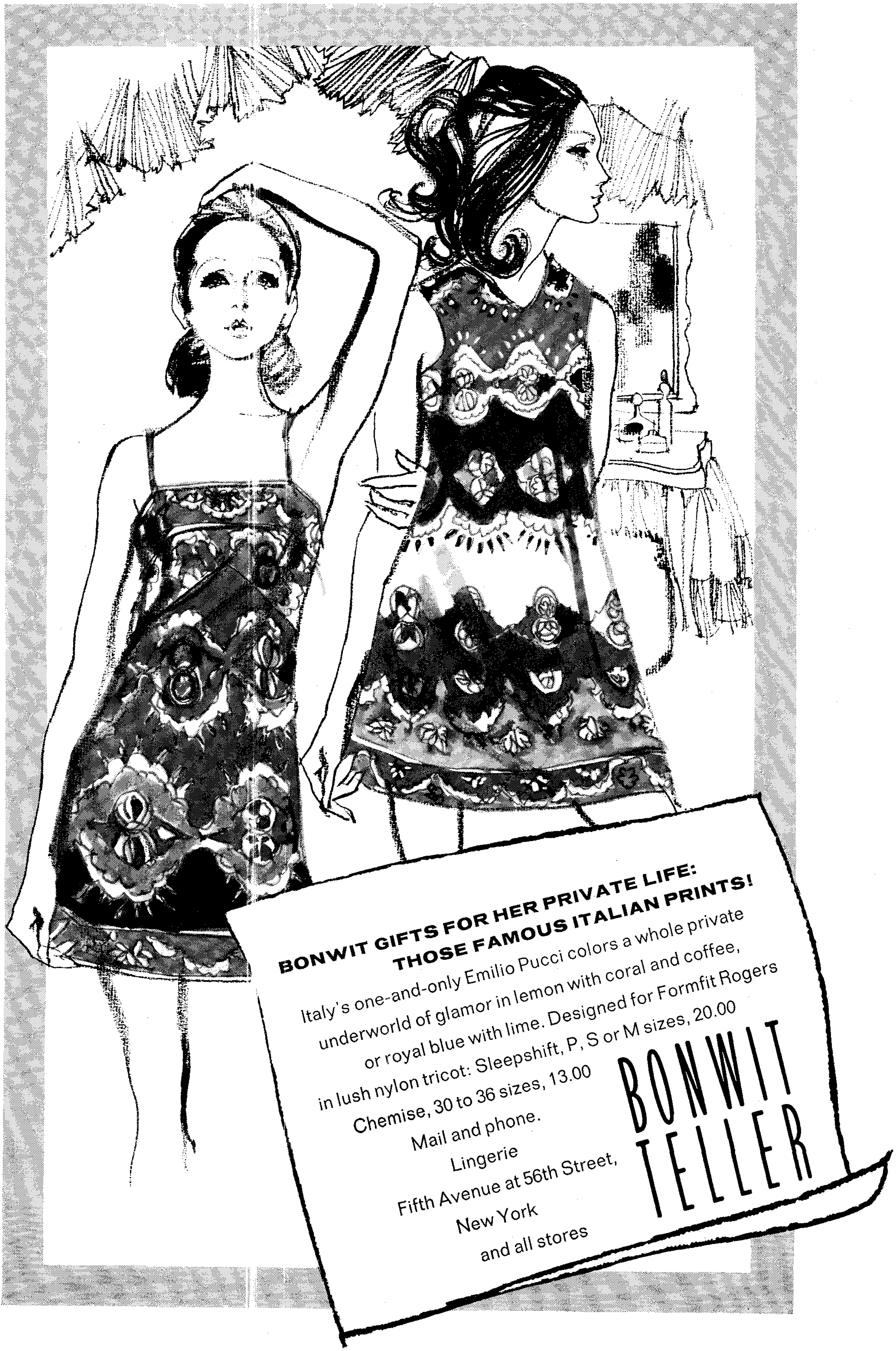
Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. It's currently an all-folk affair, involving Jerry Jeff Walker, along with Bunky and Jake. On Wednesday, Dec. 4, folk singer Patrick Sky will succeed them. Shows begin at nine-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt.* The Fifth Annual Thanksgiving Blues Bag runs through Sunday, Dec. 1, with shows at eight and eleven-thirty. Among the performers are the Butterfield Blues Band, Pacific Gas and Electric, and singer Joe Williams. Other fairly high-powered musicians are expected to be around, too. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, Silver Apples will move in.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The Brew Moore quartet is on the bandstand (which is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor). On Tuesday, Dec. 3, Jake Hanna will bring in a sextet that includes Richie Kamuca on tenor and Bill Berry on trumpet. Some light Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Ka-



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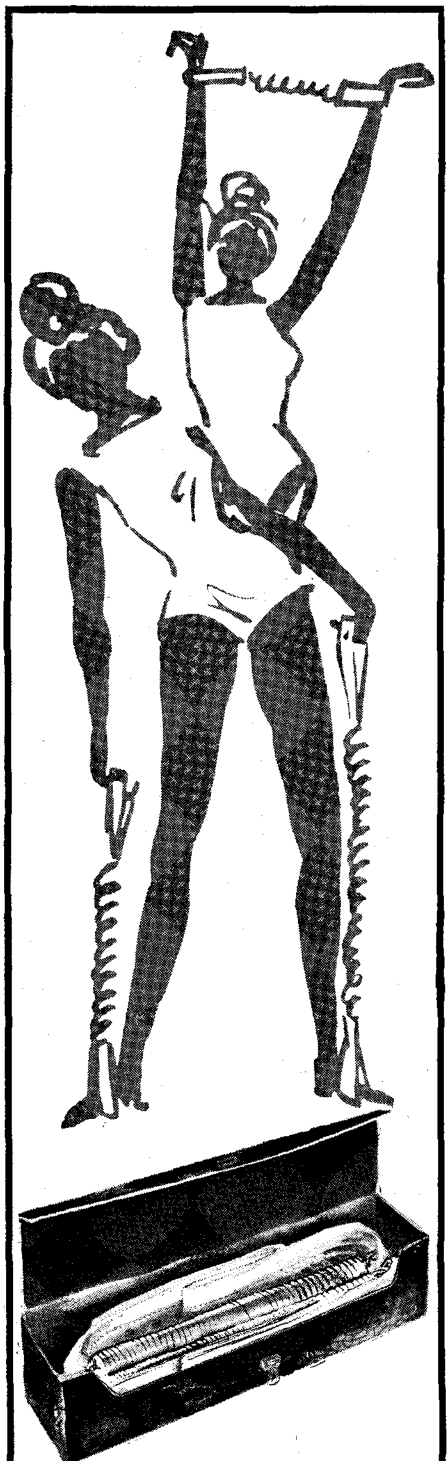

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minsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Lee Morgan quintet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, Yusef Lateef, a man of many reeds, will bring in his quartet. On Saturday, Nov. 30, from five to nine, the Dewey Redman trio will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Dec. 1, the Frank Foster Concert Ensemble will do the same. Mondays, from nine-thirty to four, are turned over to various jazz groups.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio, which alternates with the pianist Toshiko. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, the Ahmad Jamal trio will replace them. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, the Eddie Harris quartet, the Gary Burton quartet, and the Stan Getz quartet can all be heard. On Friday and Saturday, Dec. 6-7, Gloria Lynne will share the bill with comic Slappy White.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. The Herbie Hancock sextet is onstage nightly, and on Sunday, Dec. 1, it will play a five-to-seven matinée in addition to its regular gig. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, the Gabor Szabo quintet will relieve the Hancock outfit. Mondays are reserved for the loud sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, the DMZ, an incisive political cabaret, precedes the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Graffiti (through Sunday, Dec. 1) and Soft White Underbelly (through Saturday, Nov. 30) alternate with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, Earth Opera will arrive. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four each night.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, Pat and Barbara do some singing and playing. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. The Music Box alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. On Tuesday, Dec. 3, E Pluribus Unum will replace the Box. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Kingdom Come, and all in modern dress, is what happens every single night in the royal Café Pierre. The jaunty music is supplied by Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, by Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): We may have seen the last of the Mohicans, but this was where they lived, wined, dined, danced. The music plays on, of course, for auld lang syne—sometimes live, sometimes waxed. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): Modesty forbids nothing in the naming of the World's Greatest Jazz Band, but then look who's in the starting lineup: Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, and Morey Feld. They blow first at eight; other players arrive at six; all quiet arrives at one-thirty. No music Sunday nights. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): The surroundings, ample enough, are in general Spartan, but the social life is Early Ameri-

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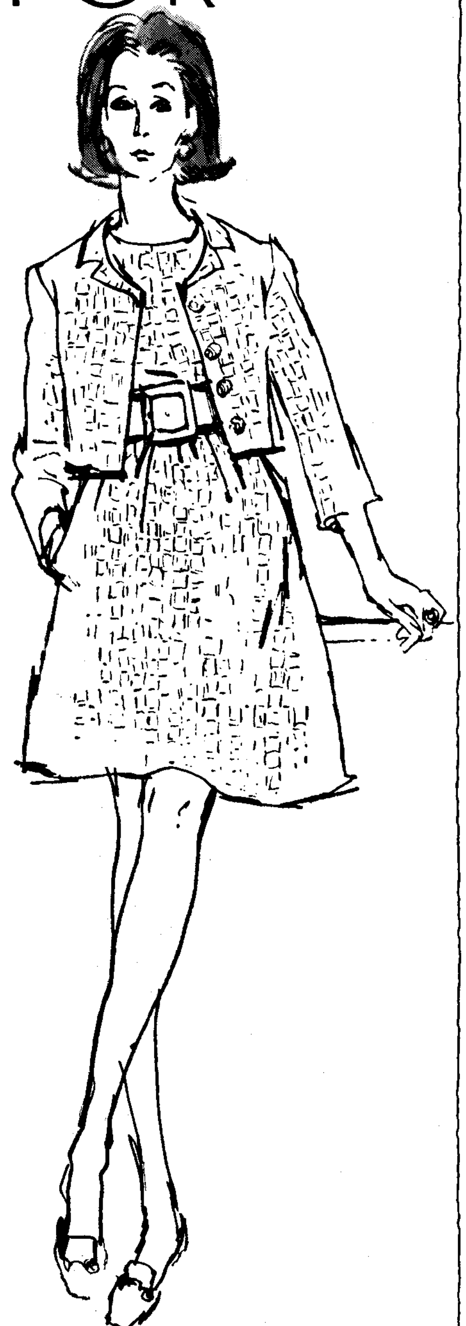

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can—made up wholly of historical society, whose interest is preservation of such art forms as foxtrot and two-step. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—There is no taming of the shrew whom Joan Rivers so animatedly and loquaciously impersonates. She will finally subside on Saturday, Nov. 30, along with Bert Convy, until lately a lead singer in "Cabaret." On Monday, Dec. 2, Jackie Vernon begins to tell in mournful numbers of his unending pilgrimage through the Slough of Despond. Twice an evening for all deponents. Sunday nights are silent.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—The seacoast of the eastern Mediterranean is turned into the seacoast of Bohemia when the cast starts barking and bantering. That cast: Avram Grobard and Yoel Sharr, jokers; Yakov Uriel, trumpeter; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and a girl dancer with an undulant midriff. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the small boy-and-girl revue that goes its way twice a night, except on Sunday. Some of it does nicely; sometimes the involved Jacks and Jills just come tumbling down the hill. Ronny Graham is now head gardener, though, and there may soon be a harvest moon.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens on Friday, Nov. 29, as a haven for the absolutely infallible Ella Fitzgerald. Dinner and supper is her regimen, and the Tommy Flanagan threesome is her backfield; the estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is a phoenix much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The cave-woman tactics of Mariquilla, a flamencan dancer from the cave dwellings of Granada, require that she keep both feet firmly planted on midair; her resolute *pas seul* is followed by Los Chavales de España, whose musicale brims over with sunny disposition and Sunny Spain. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—On Thursday, Dec. 5, a great big floor show of which Ray Charles is the core moves in, as if Ray Charles were not in himself a great big floor show of overpowering intensity. . . . ¶ The street-level bar pulsates, after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—The eyes have it in "Les Belles de Nuit," for the feast (all those gymnastic young ladies) is visual all the way, except when the pair known as Stiller & Meara do their skits about the pitfalls and deadfalls of holy wedlock. For neither eyes nor ears is an ambitious European ballet squadron that can't get out of its own way or anyone else's. Twice an evening, without cease, right up to Doomsnight.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper there is song by Gloria Loring, a girl so far known to us principally through the electronic arts. The orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte, which fill in the rest of the evening, are in very good fettle. Everything quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **Plaza 9—and All That Jazz,** Mongo Santamaria's sextet is on a Caribbean cruise, and Mousie Alexander's triad makes restrained dance music. Starter's gun at eight; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A pianoforte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and then moves on to the Edwardian Room (except Sundays). And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, violin and piano lightly turn their thoughts to Vienna. (No dinner or supper here, though.) Except on Sunday and Monday nights, the violin is the possession of Gunnar Hansen. Someone else fills in on Mondays, and no one shows up on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Billy Eckstine, glittering with the purposeful elegance of a riverboat card professional, walks softly through his song recitals but carries a big sock. Nine-thirty and twelve-thirty are his times of night, and Bobby Tucker is his artful pianist. The Joe Cabot quartet, which reports at seven for dancing, has Marty Napoleon on piano and quite a bit on the ball. Curfew arrives around two. Closed Sundays.

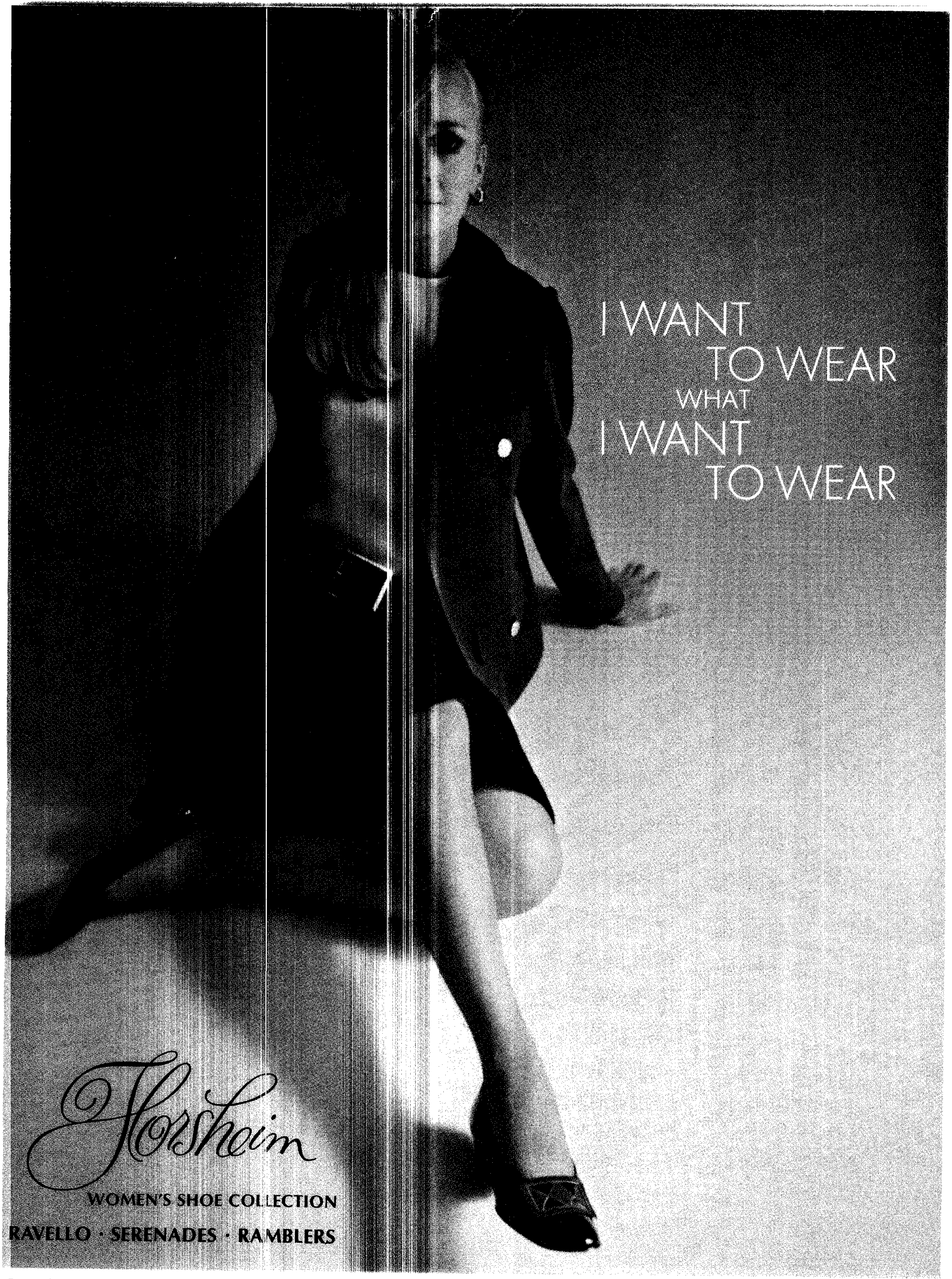
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Something sort of grandish is the spirit of the Maisonette. Earl Wilson, Jr., sings during dinner and supper; George Cort and Quintero run the two orchestras that boom away the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the two graces of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, at dinner and supper, the Four Seasons sound (quite accountably) a great deal like the records they keep making. On Thanksgiving Day, they appear only at four and eight, and the dance music goes from two-thirty until nine; on Saturday, Nov. 30, they finish the course. The first post-Seasons game will be played on Monday, Dec. 2, when Anna Maria Alberghetti starts singing. As before, the dance music will be made by Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Redells, whose rock can be as hard as their roll. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one, and dinner and supper is on the hob. This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday. Thanksgiving Day runs a special course: music for dancing from three until eight.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

Goldie's New York, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Café Carlyle,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): For a stirrup cup, or a night Cap d'Antibes, there's always Bobby Short, that Riviera rover, and his Rover Boys (Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer). Mr. Short's piano and songs—in celebration of high life and in denigration of practically everything else—are probably unjust but forever *mot juste.* Closed Sundays and Thanksgiving Day. . . . **Jamaica Arms,** *1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850):* Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **Drake Room,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Ship of state, and a shipshape one—a rarity in these times. Dick Hankinson addresses his piano off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **Chucks' Composite,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The fish-and-game laws are rigidly enforced, because many of the denizens are barely old enough to be out without their mothers. Dan Ruskin's eminently suitable piano is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **The Apartment,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One must accept the fact that this is Casbah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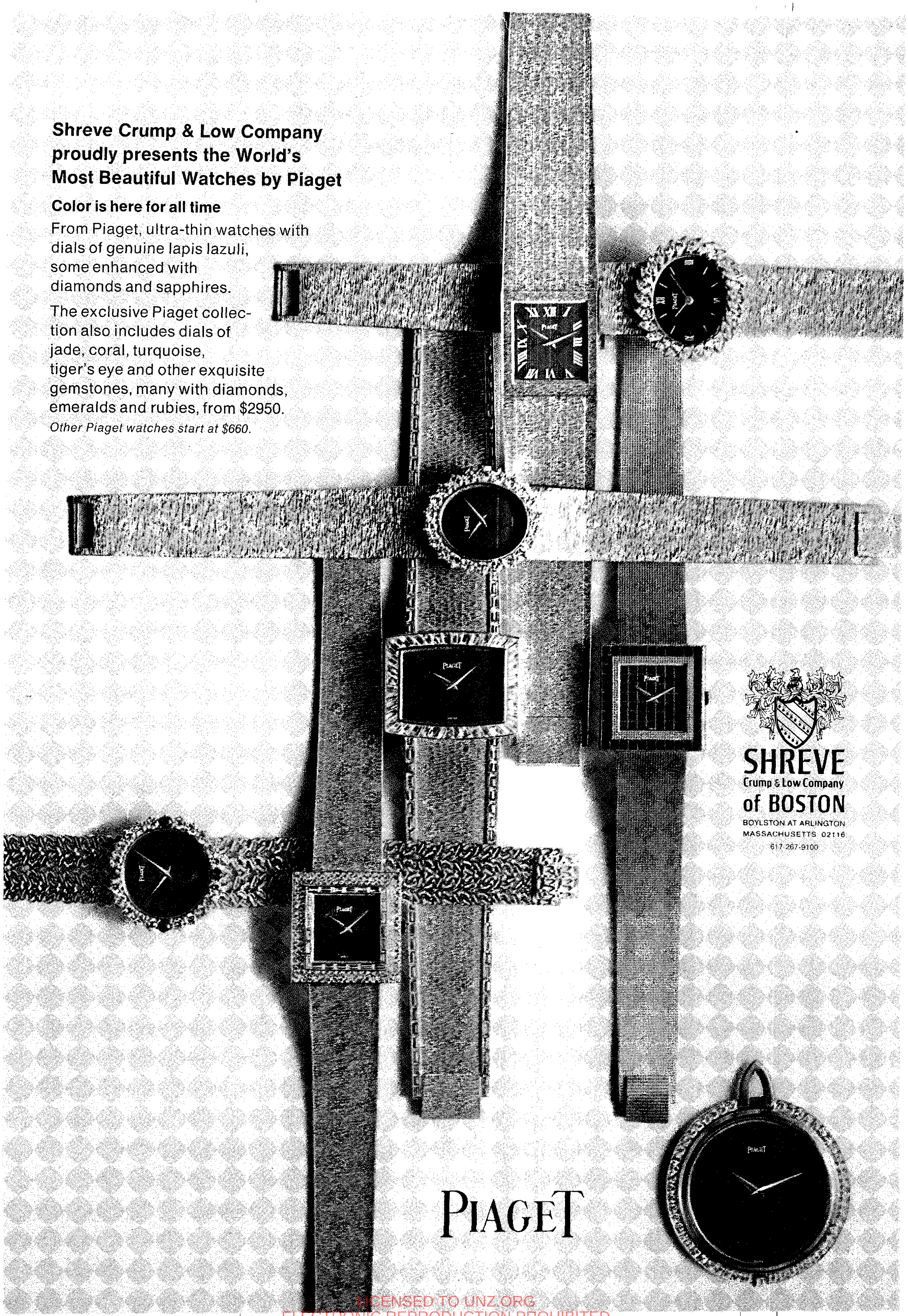

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PIAGET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Country, and accept the fact that this grog shop is a piano bar. The reward is Charles De Forest, singing ruefully or rhapsodically about the problems posed by the coexistence of man and woman. He stays home Sundays.... **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2060): The Embankment a block away should be on the Thames, not the East River. Which would make an expatriate of Lynn Richards, who sings, loud and clear, at her piano in the bar from nine until two, except on Sundays or Mondays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL -7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Act I, Scene 1 of a Hungarian operetta in rehearsal. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays.... **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely well-done seashell (crab cakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and *boulevardier*. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The majesty of the Loire, so to speak. Within, the violin of Norbert Faconi awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone.... **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Rome by night indeed, though not in a Gray Line bus. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, lap up the evening with soft Lydian airs. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The bar, where a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays, is quite New York, but the great outback has become a villa in the Alban Hills.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Superdig.*, and what goes with it, is how the bar restaurant operates. Piano every night, five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. Closed Thanksgiving Day.... **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Architectural piano of high degree, all the work of Ray Hartley—the flying buttresses and winding staircases of baroque palaces. He sits in from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday.... **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): you get a table on the piazza, you will see Herman Honigsberg and his rout of musicians out for an evening's stroll, and they may stop by for a custom-made serenade. Closed Sundays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays.... **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Yes, Milord; yes, Milady. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays.... **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment, Joe Miles runs the piano from nine-thirty until one. He has Sundays and Mondays to himself.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed Thanksgiving Day. ...¶ During the holiday season, many galleries, with an eye on the Christmas tree, will be exhibiting special selections of works in various mediums.)

GALLERIES

Pierre Alechinsky—Paintings and drawings by a leading European Expressionist who is frequently shown in New York; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Francis Bacon—Twenty new paintings by the British artist celebrated for his distorted figures in enclosures; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jo Baer and Alfred Leslie—Abstract paintings by the former and detailed nudes by the latter; through Dec. 21. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexandre N. Benois (1870-1960)—Watercolors of landscapes, monuments, and interiors by an artist who is associated with ballet and was a friend of Diaghilev; through Dec. 20. (Shepherd, 21 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Hart Benton—Paintings and drawings, primarily of the twenties through the forties, by one of the leaders of American art of that period; through Dec. 28. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

J. Jacques Besner—Abstract sculptures, some on pivots, by a Canadian; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Brach—Abstract paintings by a former New Yorker now living in California; through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marc Chagall—Paintings of the past three years; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Arland Christ-Janer—Geometrical paintings by the president of Boston University; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Carmen Cicero—Semi-abstract paintings of figures; through Dec. 21. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Two showings of works by a much-admired American individualist often compared to the Douanier Rousseau—Oils, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)... ¶ Twenty-eight oils; through Dec. 14. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Max Ernst—Graphics and sculptures from various periods; through Dec. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hamilton Fraser—Landscapes and still-lifes, plus studies for the paintings; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Landscapes, interiors, and still-lifes; through Dec. 12. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alberto Giacometti and Jean Dubuffet—Paintings, sculptures, and drawings; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jill Gill—Watercolors and ink-and-collage compositions by an artist who, for some reason, has chosen the geranium as her motif; through Dec. 14. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Childe Hassam (1859-1935)—Fifteen paintings of flags of different nations done in commemoration of the First World War Armistice; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Danenberg, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Eva Hesse—Fibre-glass and rubber objects; through Thursday, Dec. 5. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Lechay—Portraits of friends and travel impressions by a veteran New Yorker long displaced in the Middle West; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—A joint exhibition covering various phases of the work of the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

French modernist—Oils; through Dec. 21. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.) . . . ¶ Gouaches, watercolors, and drawings, from 1910 to 1953; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Syen Lukin—Lacquer paintings on formed wood shapes that push out from the wall; through Dec. 11. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte—Thirty-five paintings, plus gouaches, drawings, and two sculptures, dating from 1928 to 1966; through Dec. 21. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marino Marini—Sculptures, paintings, drawings, and graphics, many of them on the artist's favorite theme of the horse and rider; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Phyllis Mark—Sculptures that make use of movement and lights; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

Armando Morales—Abstract oils and collages; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St.)

Jules Olitski—New color-expanse paintings; through Wednesday, Dec. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Gouaches, oil paintings, and assemblages, from 1945 to 1968; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Warren Owens—Outdoor sculptures assembled from junked metal and wood, and drawings; through Dec. 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

María Luisa Pacheco—Paintings and drawings by a Bolivian artist who works in New York; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zegri, 152 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Waldo Peirce—This leading American painter's work of the past thirty years; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Eduardo Ramirez—Geometric sculptures in translucent Plexiglas by a Colombian artist known for his architectural reliefs; through Dec. 8. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Anton Refregier—Recent paintings by a social realist prominent in the thirties; through Dec. 14. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Vjenceslav Richter—Abstract sculptures in aluminum by a Yugoslav who is also an architect; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Salvatore Romano—Sculptures in plastic, which consist of an upper section that floats on water in a lower section; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Felicien Rops (1833-98)—A large exhibition of prints by a Belgian who was a friend of Baudelaire and is known for his satirical wit; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Egon Schiele (1890-1918)—Watercolors and drawings by an Austrian artist; through Dec. 14. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John R. Skeaping—Sculptures and gouaches depicting horse races at Saratoga and animals in action by a member of the Royal Academy; through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Van Der Straeten, 981 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Carl Sprinchorn—Watercolors and drawings that record theatre, dance, and café life from 1910 to 1930; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays; open Thanksgiving Day.)

Ruth Vollmer—Geometrical abstractions in bronze and aluminum; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

York Wilson—Paintings composed of striped planes; through Dec. 31. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lloyd Wright (1869-1959)—Stained-glass panels and windows designed by the celebrated architect; through Dec. 15. (Feigen, 141 Greene St., at Houston St. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

Sculptures—Pieces in many mediums emphasizing "structure" by seven artists, most of them former students of Josef Albers; through Dec. 31. (Chalette, 9 E. 88th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **hirschl & adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: A large exhibition of oils and watercolors by artists who contributed to the development of Impressionism in the United States, among them Prendergast, Glackens, Hassam, and Cassatt; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **landau-alan**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Works from the nineteenth century to the present emphasizing illusionism in American art; through Dec. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **schweitzer**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Americans who worked and travelled in Europe after 1850, including Inness, Metcalf, Moran, and Sargent; through Dec. 31.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: A benefit exhibit of seventy rarely seen paintings by four masters of Impressionism—Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, and Sisley; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **christie's**, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: A benefit show presenting "Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Their Circle," comprising master works by the artists named and by Redon, Pissarro, Vuillard, and others; through Saturday, Nov. 30. . . . **frumkin**, 41 E. 57th St.: French figure drawings from Delacroix to Dubuffet, featuring thirty years of drawings by Giacometti; through Thursday, Dec. 5. . . . **hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century French paintings by, for instance, Monet, Pissarro, Matisse, and Dubuffet; through Dec. 14. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: A benefit exhibition of paintings by Bonnard, Gauguin, Matisse, and Modigliani (to name a few); through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **loeb & krugier**, 12 E. 57th St.: About fifty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Italian Futurists, among them Carra, Severini, and Balla; through Dec. 21. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and drawings by Kirchner, Nolde, Pechstein, Schmidt-Rottluff, and other German Expressionists; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **shickman**, 929 Park Ave., at 81st St.: Seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish paintings, including an oil study by Rubens, and paintings by, among others, Salomon and Jacob van Ruisdeal and Jan Steen; through Saturday, Dec. 7. . . . **wildenstein**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show, assembled by the Fogg Art Museum, of seventy masterpieces of the seventeenth century (by Rembrandt, Rubens, Poussin, Fragonard, Tiepolo, and others—many of the works shown in New York for the first time), which interpret scenes and modes of classical antiquity; through Jan. 4.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An extensive collection of etchings and drawings by the seventeenth-century printmaker Stefano della Bella; through Dec. 29. . . . ¶ Mayan art from Guatemala, covering that civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. and featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, plus other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Two hundred and twenty paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and objects on the theme of "The Machine as Seen at the End of the Mechanical Age;" through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ A thirty-six-foot-long, eight-foot-high, four-and-a-half-foot deep Plexiglas panel construction by Robert Rauschenberg, in which arrangements of wooden chairs can be seen by the flicker of lights set off electronically in response to whatever sounds ("Wow!" "Jeepers!") emanate from the audience; through Jan. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings, except Thanksgiving Day, until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings by Wassily Kandinsky taken from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 4. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednes-

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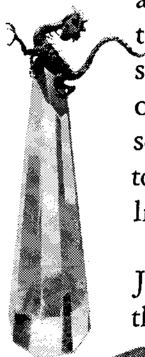
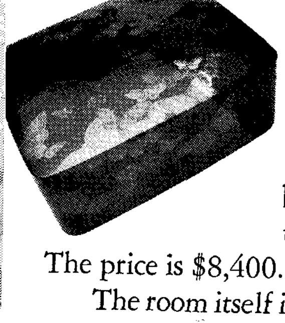


From a collection of Japanese boxes and chests, this black lacquer-work stationery box, inlaid with 24-karat gold, mother of pearl, and sterling silver. The work was done entirely by one man; it took four years. The price is $8,400.



The room itself is an original mixture of Empire cut-velvet chairs and modern mirror-topped tables: the spirit of the Trianon Palace brought harmoniously into this century.

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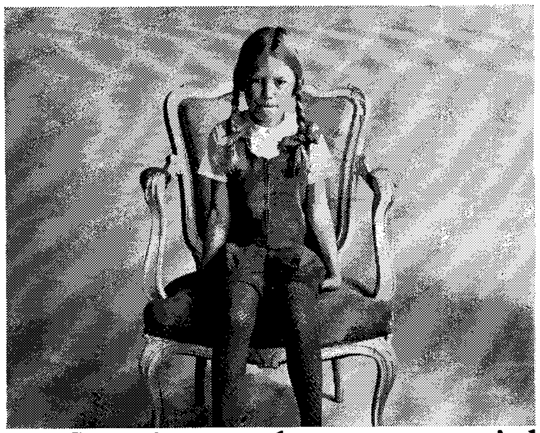

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A wide-ranging exhibit of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Sunday, Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of the graphic art of Winslow Homer, from the wood engravings done for *Harper's Weekly* in the late eighteen-fifties to the last etchings of 1889, plus paintings and drawings used as sources for prints; through Dec. 15. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty-seven works, many of them animated and "environmental," exemplifying current collaborations between artists and engineers; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Little-known oils, watercolors, and drawings done from 1911 to 1922 by William Zorach, a leading American sculptor who died in 1966; through Jan. 16. Except on Mondays, admission is fifty cents. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Fifty-seven works in various modes by such artists as Rosemarie Beck, Robert Gwathmey, John Hultberg, Waldo Peirce, and Doris Rosenthal, eligible for purchase under the Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada; through Dec. 22. . . . ¶ Paintings by members of the Institute; through Dec. 22. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

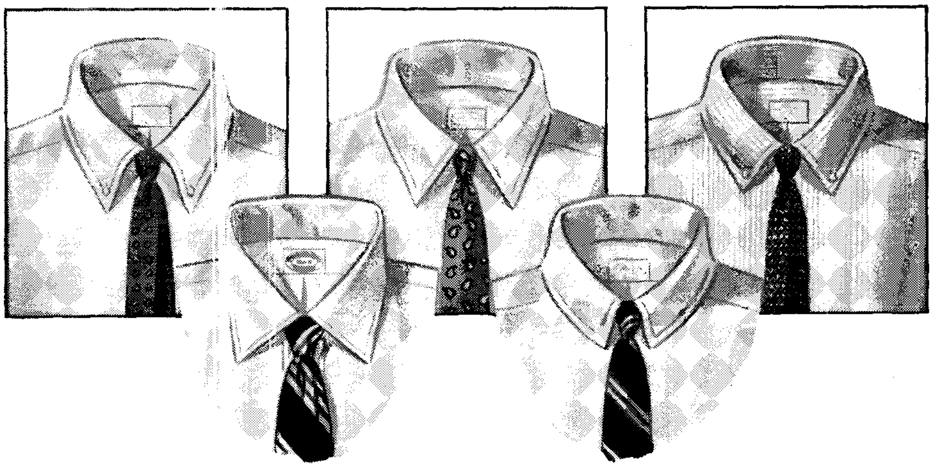
China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Chinese jade from neolithic times through the nineteenth century, and comprising tomb objects, daggers, beads, jewelry, votive carvings, and amulets; through Jan. 26. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Medieval art, from the fifth century to the first quarter of the sixteenth, lent by private American collectors and made up of two hundred and twenty illuminated manuscripts, paintings and drawings, sculptures, ivories, metalwork, goldsmiths' work, enamels, stained glass, and embroideries and tapestries; through Jan. 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Thanksgiving Day, 1 to 5. Except on Tuesdays, admission is $1.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and ranging from a chalice of the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A "pond" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; through Jan. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Scenic and costume designs, scripts, caricatures, posters, and maquettes by Rouben Ter-Arutunian, Ming Cho Lee, Noguchi, Al Hirschfeld, Karinska, and other artists who have contributed to City Center productions over the past twenty-five years; through Feb. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Low Memorial Library, Columbia University,



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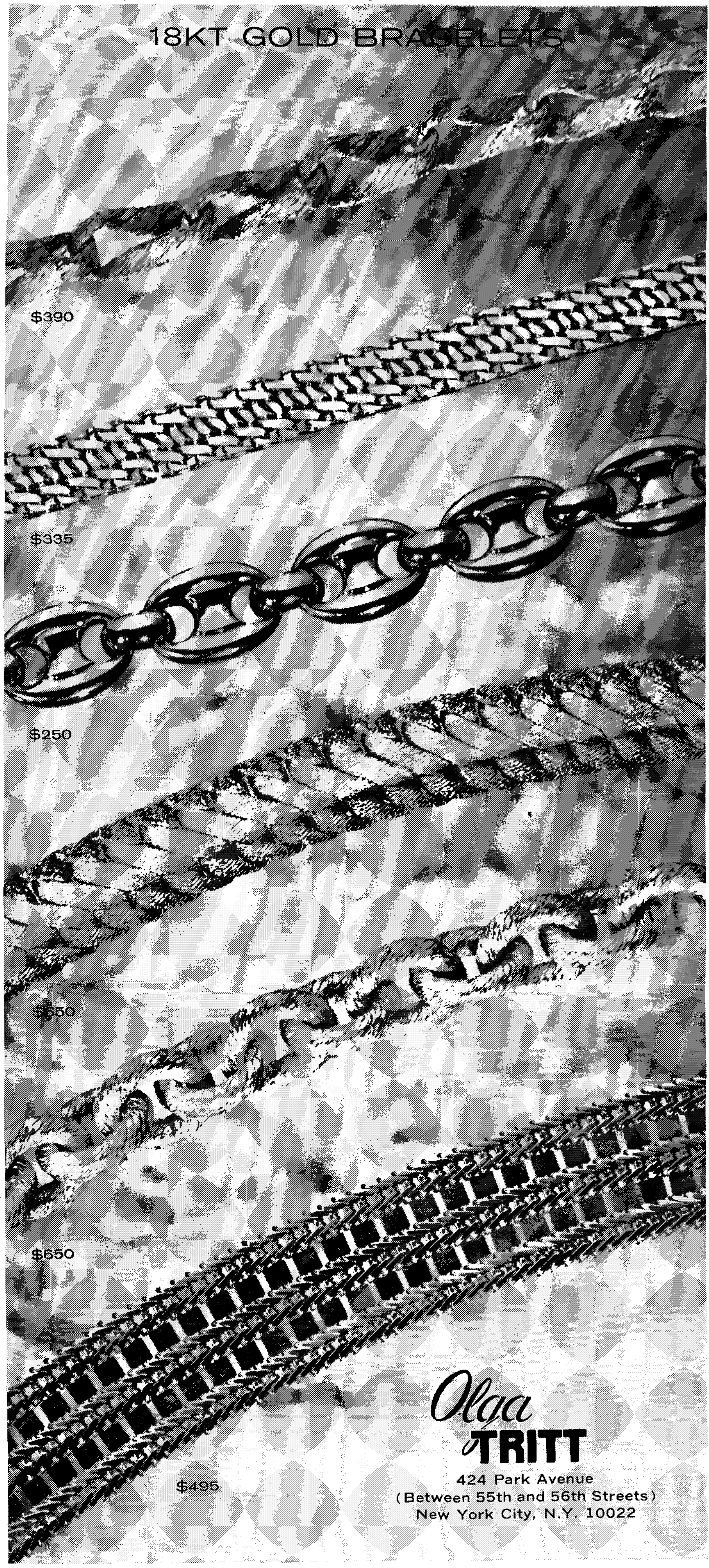

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Broadway at 116th St.—The largest and most representative exhibit of modern Persian paintings ever assembled in the United States; through Dec. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day and Friday, Nov. 29, 10:30 to 7.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," a hundred miniatures and manuscripts showing the influence and place of the Herat school in the history of Islamic painting; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Books, handsome indeed, designed and hand set by the eminent Dr. Giovanni Mardersteig at his Officina Bodoni located in Verona, Italy; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ A splendid thread of figure drawings from the fifteenth century to the twentieth; through Jan. 11. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An album of eighty oil portraits by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865) of residents of the Hudson and Housatonic valleys; through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Recent acquisitions—sculptures from Africa, gold pieces from Mexico, dance masks from Melanesia, and other items; through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Approximately three hundred of the Society's original watercolor drawings of "The Birds of America" by, but of course, John James Audubon. No recorded birdsong accompaniment, to our regret. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thanksgiving Day, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The John Quinn Memorial Collection, composed of correspondence with members of the Irish Literary Revival, the artists of the Paris School, and English and American writers whose work he advanced. Books, manuscripts (one being T. S. Eliot's "The Waste Land"), and photographs are also to be seen. Through Feb. 28. (Weekdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, consisting of sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; among several guest Abstractionists are Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Sunday, Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays and Thanksgiving Day, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibition of works by "black artists of the thirties" protesting their lack of representation in the Whitney Museum's show entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America;" through Jan. 5. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6. Closed Thanksgiving Day.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Nov. 28: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 29: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 30: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, William Walker, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 30: "Das Rheingold," with Josephine Veasey, Lili Chookasian, Thomas Stewart, Gerhard Stolze, Zoltán Kelemen, Martti Talvela, Karl Ridderbusch, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Dec. 2: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alex-

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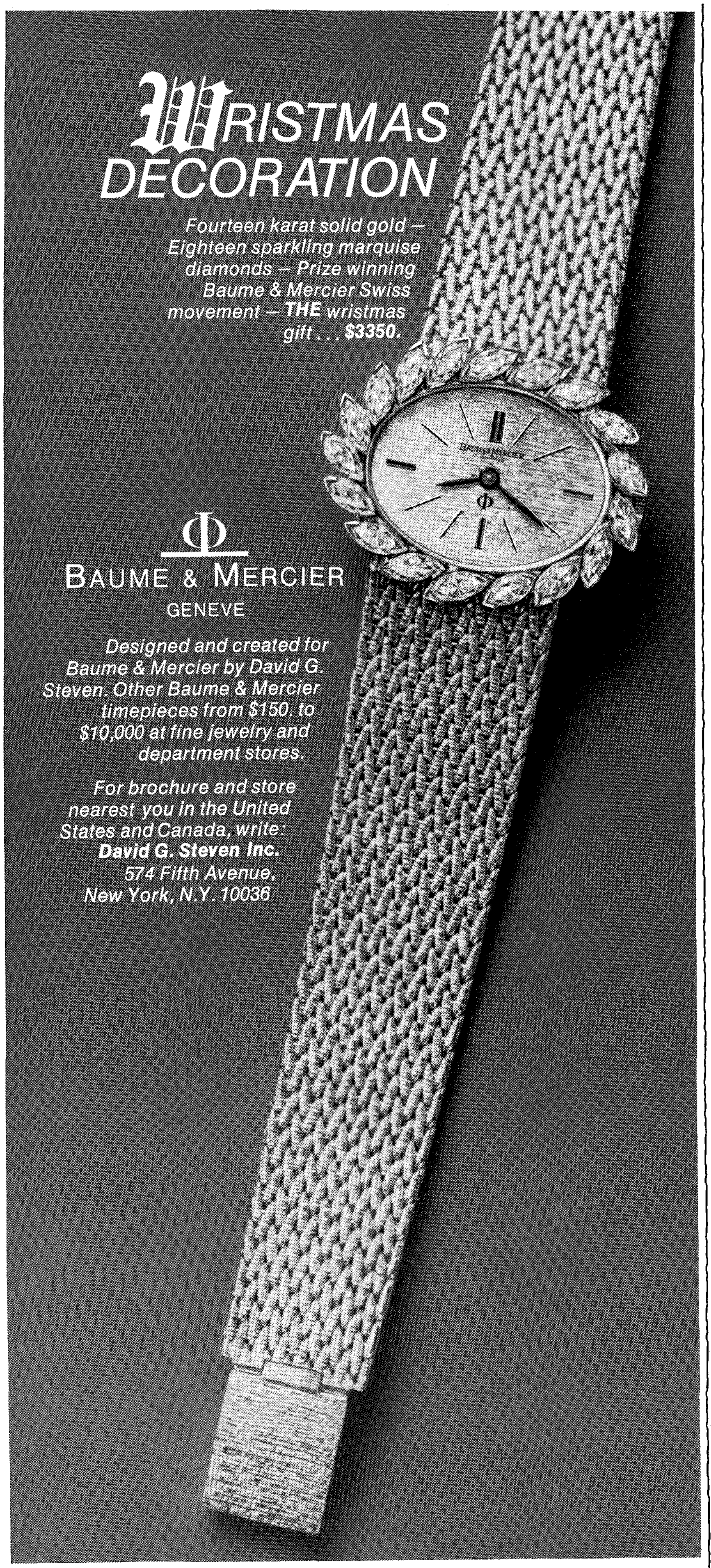
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ander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Dec. 3: "Simon Boccanegra," with Gabriella Tucci, George Shirley, Cornell MacNeil, Giorgio Tozzi, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Dec. 4: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Teresa Berganza, Luigi Alva, Sherrill Milnes, Fernando Corena, and Jerome Hines. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Dec. 5: "La Bohème," with Milka Stojanovic, Clarice Carson, Nicolai Gedda, Mario Sereni, John Macurdy, and Robert Goodloe. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Dec. 6: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Colette Boky, John Alexander, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Dec. 7: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Shirley Love, Carlo Bergonzi, Robert Merrill, and Raymond Michalski. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Dec. 7: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Judith Forst, Franco Corelli, William Walker, John Macurdy, and Clifford Harvuot. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Philharmonic Hall—Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting on Friday, Nov. 29, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30; and Monday, Dec. 2, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30; Friday, Dec. 6, at 2; and Monday, Dec. 9, at 7:30 (all with Alexis Weissenberg, piano). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30 (with Grant Johannesen, piano, and David Nadien, violin).

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY—Howard Mitchell conducting, with Sergio Mendes and his Brasil '66. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 2:30 and 5:30.)

AMERICAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Oiven Fjeldstad conducting, with Ingrid Bjoner, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 3, and Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN ORCHESTRA—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

MANNES CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Carl Bamberger conducting. (Mannes Concert Hall, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Same program; Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 6:30. A limited number of free tickets are available at the Amsterdam Avenue entrance, but only to those applying for them in person after 4 on the day of the performance.)

MUSIC AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Joseph Fuchs, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

BACH ARIA GROUP—Nicholas Harsanyi directing, with the Princeton Chamber Orchestra. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Martin Josman directing Handel's "Messiah," with soloists. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AND MARYMOUNT COLLEGE GLEE CLUBS—A joint concert, with Bailey Harvey and Wolfgang Schanzer directing. (Wollman Auditorium, Ferris Booth Hall, Broadway at 115th St. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call 280-3093.)

RECITALS

AMERICAN STRING TRIO—With Theodore Lettvin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.)

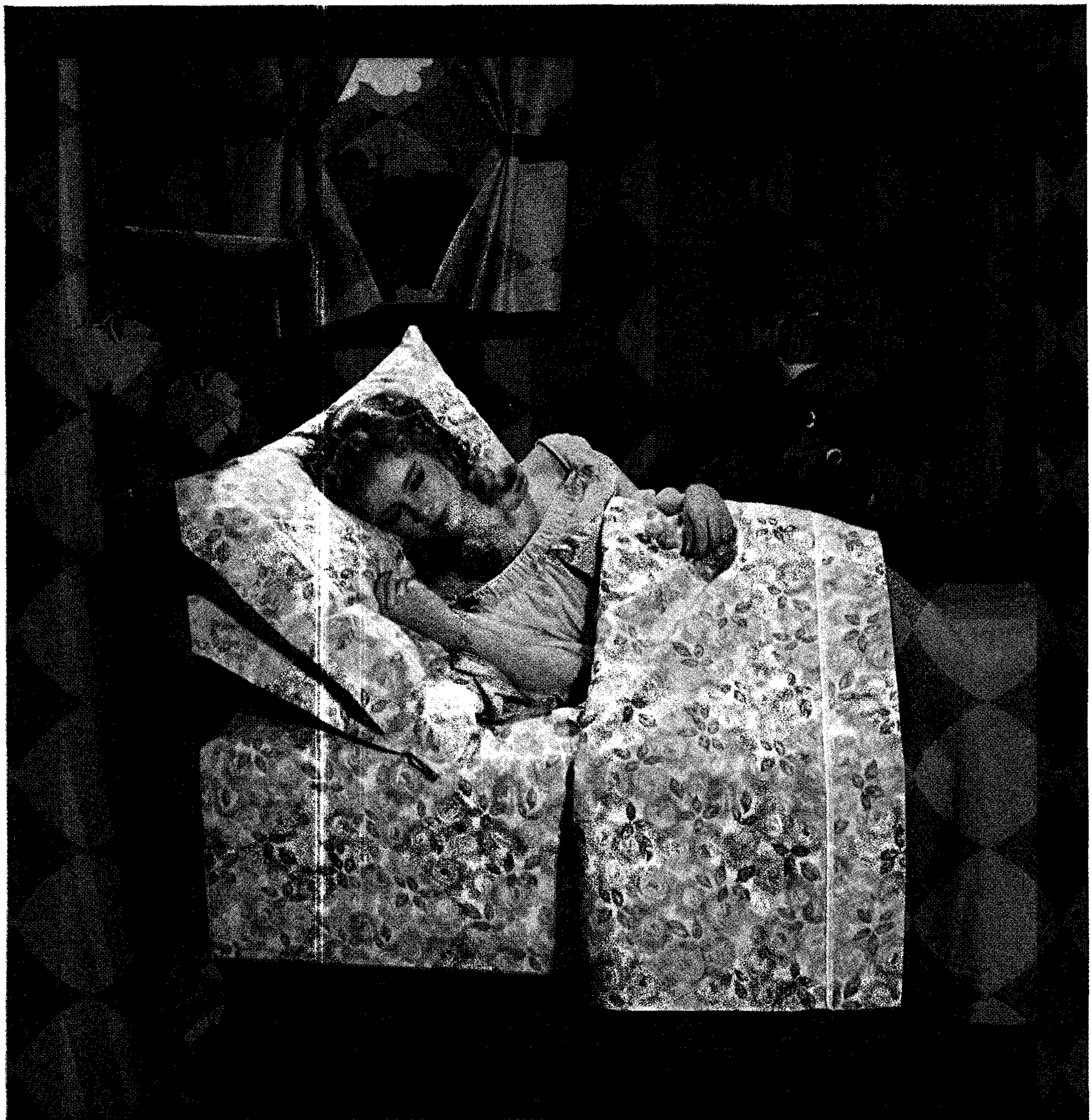
GUARNERI STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

ISAAC STERN—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Dec. 1, at 8:30.)

KARINE GEORGIAN—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

TOSHIYA ETO—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.)

JOSÉ ECHANIZ—Piano, in an all-Liszt program.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(Philharmonic Hall, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.)

Bernard Kruysen—Baritone. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Anna Xydis—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.)

Lili Kraus—Piano, in the second of three all-Schubert programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Aaron Rosand—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Beaux-Arts String Quartet. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, Dec. 7, at 8:30.)

Dorian Quintet—Chamber music for woodwinds. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Dec 7, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1301.)

Note—The Juilliard String Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Dec. 8, at 2:55. Free tickets, limited to one per applicant, will be issued on Monday, Dec. 2, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). Two separate requests may be sent in the same envelope.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

New York Brass Quintet, Jimi Hendrix Experience, and Fernando Valenti—Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Nov. 28, at 8 and 11.

Jefferson Airplane, Buddy Guy, and Glenn McKay's Head Lights—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 8 and 11:30.

Buffy Sainte-Marie—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.

Incredible String Band—Philharmonic Hall Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.

New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble and New York Chamber Soloists—A program called "Rock/Bach." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Nov. 29, at 8:30.)

Enrico Macias—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 30, at 8:30.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Orchestra and Sol Yaged Quartet—Town Hall. Sunday, Dec. 8, at 8:30.

The Barrow Poets—Town Hall. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.

Country Joe and the Fish and Fleetwood Mac—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday. Dec. 6-7, at 8 and 11:30.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Saturday. Dec. 7, at 8:30.

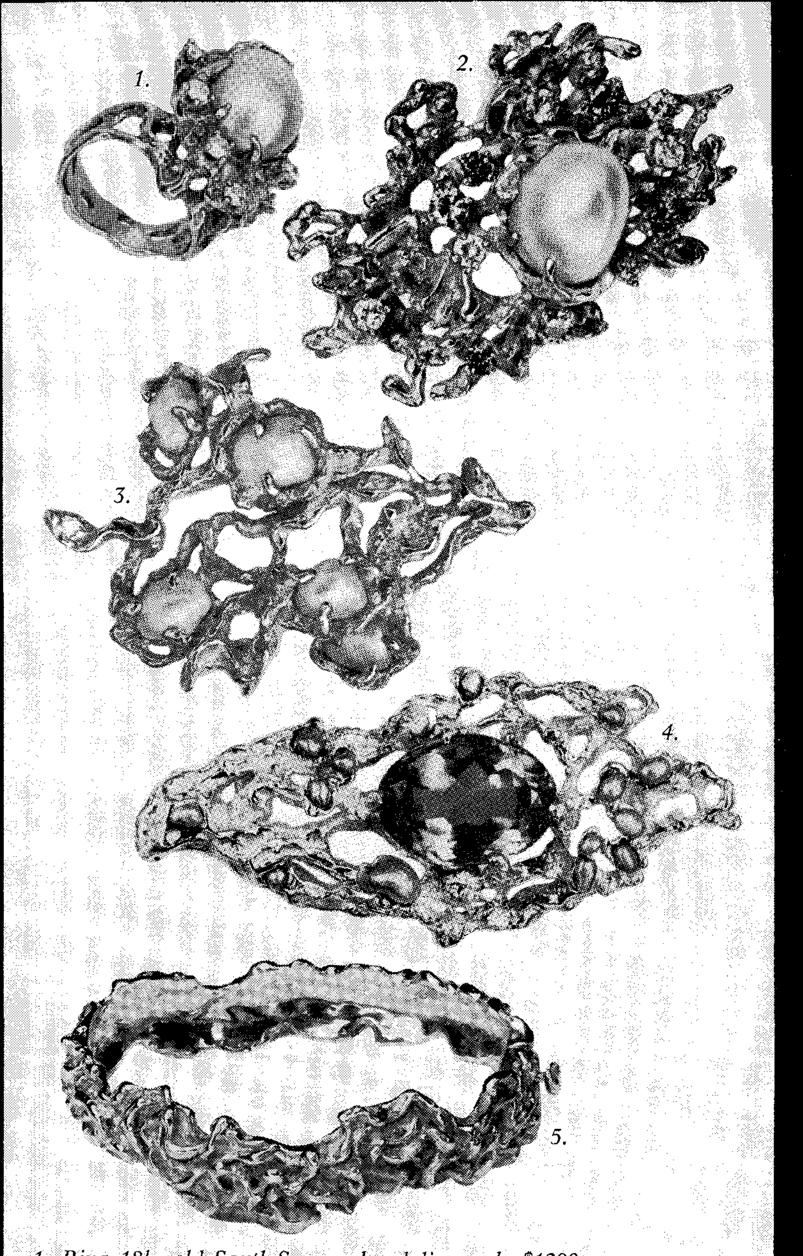
MISCELLANY

New Image of Sound—The second in a series of six programs of new music and contemporary arts, this one performed by an ensemble conducted by Michael Tilson Thomas, from the Monday Evening Concerts of Los Angeles. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Saturday, Nov. 30: Knicks



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday and on Thanksgiving Day from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Monday, Dec. 2, at 8:30: George Seferis reading from his own poetry, in Greek, and Edmund Keeley reading his translations.... ¶ Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30: Milovan Djilas reading from his own prose. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500.)

Lectures—At the **frick collection:** "Fetti and Themes of Reflection," by Pamela Askew, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 3.... ¶ "Van Gogh, Gauguin, and Symbolist Criticism," by George Heard Hamilton, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 3, and Thursday, Dec. 5, at 5:40. (1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)... **parke-bernet galleries:** "Correggio's Development from Mantegna to the Baroque," by Philip Pouncey, former Deputy Keeper of the British Museum, Tuesday, Dec. 3, at 8:30.... ¶ "French Eighteenth-Century Furniture and the Decorative Arts," by Francis Watson, Director of the Wallace Collection, Wednesday, Dec. 4, at 8:30.... ¶ "What *Did* George Washington Look Like?," by Edgar P. Richardson, President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Thursday, Dec. 5, at 8:30.... ¶ "Rubens as a Collector," by Michael Jaffé, Professor of Art History, King's College, Cambridge University, Friday, Dec. 6, at 8:30.... ¶ "The Expanding and Disappearing Work of Art—A Note on Changing American Aesthetics," by Lawrence Alloway, former Curator of the Guggenheim Museum, Saturday, Dec. 7, at 6:30. (980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. For tickets, call 581-6000, Ext. 233.)

International Tournée of Animation—A program of twenty short animated films from twelve countries. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. JU 6-2828. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 3 and 8:30.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thanksgiving Day, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 1:45: English, French, Spanish, American, and other furniture and decorations; from the estate of Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt.... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 30, at 10:15: Indian and Persian art, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Dec. 7, at 1:45: French eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, which were formerly in the inventory of French & Co. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 30.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The last six programs in a series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch: Nov. 28 at 2, "Heaven Can Wait" (1943); Nov. 29 at 2 and 5:30, "To Be or Not to Be" (1942); Nov. 30 at 3 and 5:30, "Cluny Brown" (1946); Dec. 1 at 2 and 5:30, "The Oyster Princess" (1919), with German titles; Dec. 2 at 2 and 5:30, "Anna Boleyn" (1920); Dec. 3 at 2, "The Smiling Lieutenant" (1931).... ¶ Nov. 30 at 11:30: "The Coming of Sound," excerpts from five early sound films.... ¶ Dec. 3 at 5:30: Four films directed by David Brooks.... ¶ Dec. 4 at 2 and 5:30: "His Majesty the American" (1919), with Douglas Fairbanks. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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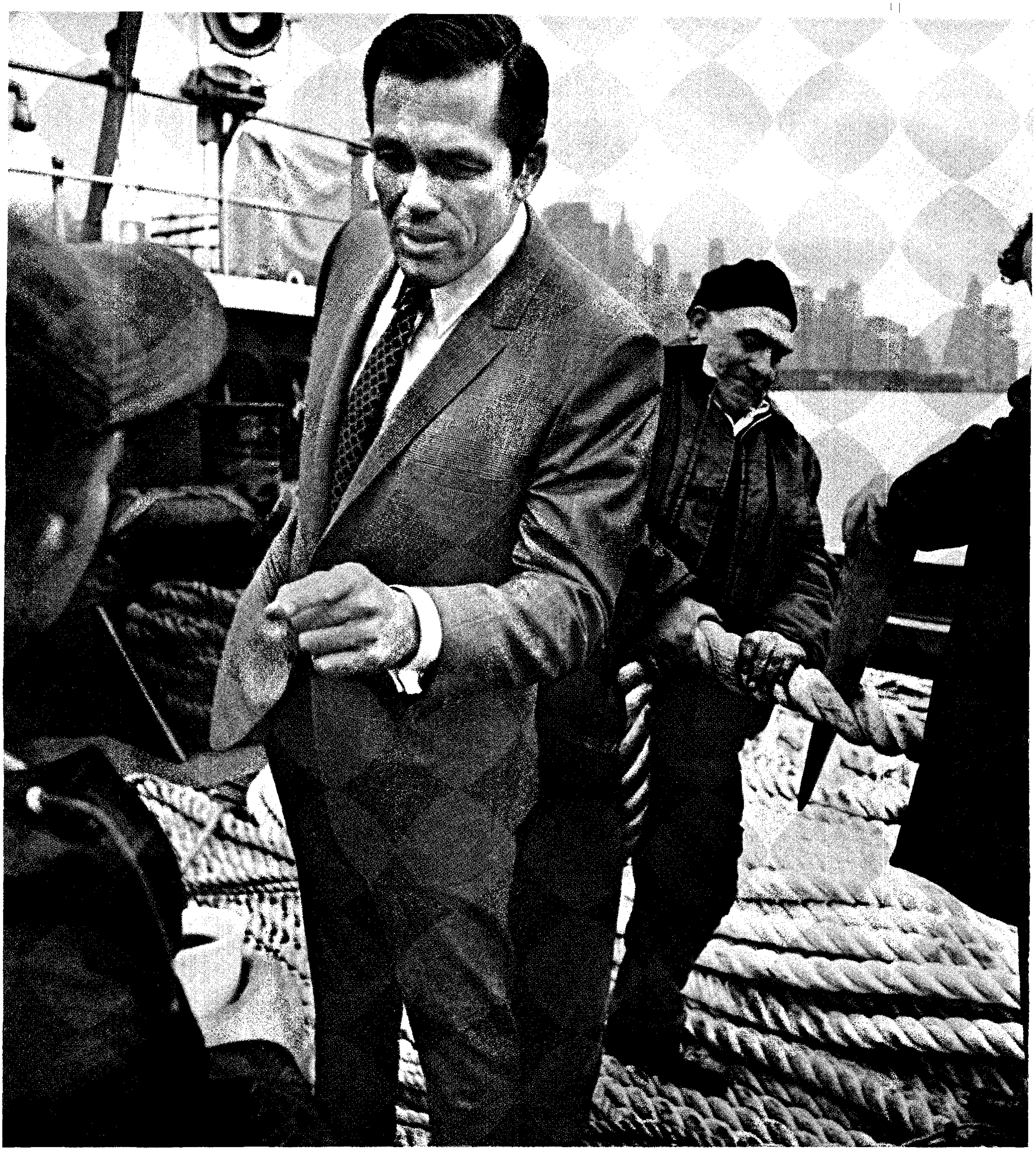

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
1	2	3	4			

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 2.)

Barbarella—Roger Vadim's erotic comic strip stumbles along, but Jane Fonda may be the sexiest funny girl since Mae West. With David Hemmings. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166; through Dec. 3.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014 and Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700.)

Bullitt—A well-directed (by Peter Yates) but vacuous police melodrama, starring San Francisco and Steve McQueen. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Dec. 4.)

Bunny Lake Is Missing (1965)—A thriller from the hand of Otto Preminger. With Carol Lynley, Keir Dullea, Laurence Olivier and Noël Coward. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; starting Dec. 4.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on Victorian folly and the horrors of war is mostly intelligent and often witty, but it's also rather cold and unsatisfying. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030.)

A Face of War—Eugene S. Jones' irreducible dissent from Vietnam, photographed during ninety-seven days of combat with a Marine platoon. A brave, modest, enraging picture that records precisely what this war feels like, not in a soldier's brain but on his nerve ends. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-[illegible]210; through Dec. 3.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Directed by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Dec. 3-4.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and granted the material and the overly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love (1964)—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 4.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1706. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 2:30. Extra performances Friday and Saturday, Nov. 29-30, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

The Gold Rush (1925)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Dec. 2.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Hot Millions—An English comedy directed by Eric Till, written by Ira Wallach and Peter Ustinov. The performances by Ustinov and Maggie Smith capture something of the English character that is the opposite of the notorious languid know-all and closer to the truth. It is a very funny, modest film, in the spirit of Goofy. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, 924-3363; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. OR 4-3210; through Dec. 3.)

The Lion in Winter—James Goldman's entertaining Broadway melodrama about the Plantagenets has been brought to the screen as if it were poetic drama of a very high order. Peter O'Toole is in good, noisy form, but Katharine Hepburn is a bit much. Directed by Anthony Harvey. (Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Pretty Poison—A subtle and intelligent little psychological thriller, shot on location in Great Barrington. Anthony Perkins and Tuesday Weld give fine performances under the direction of Noel Black. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Dec. 3.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby—The first Gothic tale about obstetrics. Mia Farrow, acting with wan beauty, gets devilishly pregnant in the Dakota on Central Park West. Ruth Gordon is a joy, leading a witches' coven with nosy chattiness and behaving a bit like Lucifer's retired nursemaid. Directed by Roman Polanski. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Dec. 3. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Dec. 3, no afternoon performances Thanksgiving Day and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1.)

Star!—Fourteen million dollars and only a few dim sparks of life. With Julie Andrews as Gertrude Lawrence—if only she were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 28-Dec. 1, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thunderball (1965)—James Bond fighting and making love on land and sea and even under the sea. Starring Sean Connery, of course. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Dec. 4.)

The Two of Us—Michel Simon is the rock that little Alain Cohen clings to in this simple and rather thin story about the friendship between an anti-Semitic old peasant and a Jewish child in Occupied France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Dec. 4.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. Made from his own screenplay (in collaboration with Arthur C. Clarke) and with his dazzling special effects. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., OR 4-3210; through Dec. 3.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 249-1144.)

Yellow Submarine—Brightly colored and ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatantly derivative that it's an entertaining catalogue of twentieth-century graphic design. With eleven songs by the Beatles. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Zita—Years ago, Robert Enrico made a short film called "An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge," from the Ambrose Bierce story about a man's imagination trying to cheat death by tricking the time scale. This full-length feature by the same director has the same hidden theme in its account of a young girl—Joanna Shimkus—running rings round the irreversible loss ahead in the death of her loved aunt, played by Katina Paxinou. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8330; Nov. 28.)

TOWN HALL
MEMORIAL
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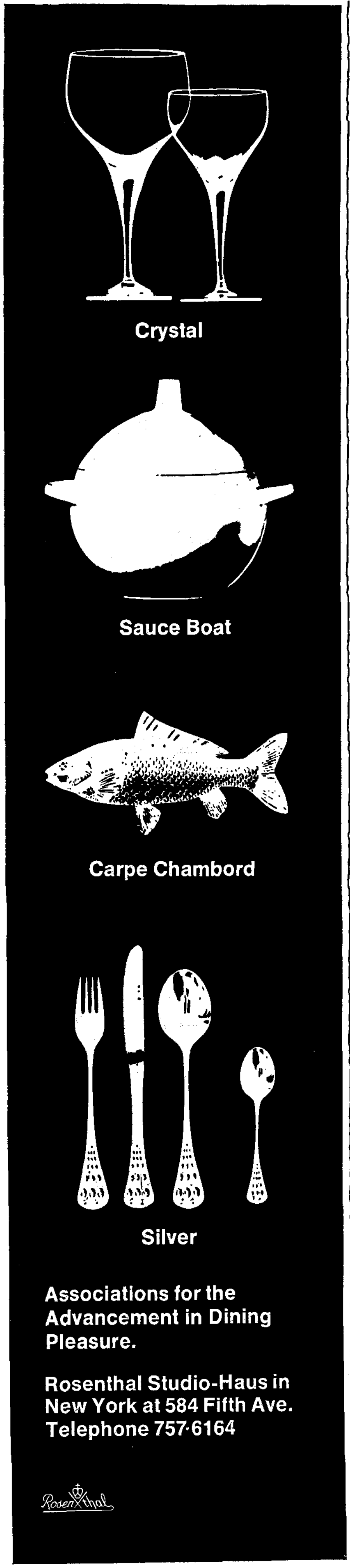

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	28	29	30

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
"Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
HOT MILLIONS.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Dec. 3: **A FACE OF WAR**; and "Walk in the Shadow" (1966), Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Dec. 3: **ROSEMARY'S BABY.** (On the afternoons of Thanksgiving Day and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 30-Dec. 1, "The Christmas That Almost Wasn't" (1966), with Rossano Brazzi, will be shown instead.)
From Dec. 4: **THE TWO OF US** (in French); and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Dec. 4 (tentative): "The Legendary Champions," a documentary on boxing.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Flea in Her Ear," Rex Harrison, Rosemary Harris.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Girl on a Motorcycle," Alain Delon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Joanna," Genevieve Waite.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YELLOW SUBMARINE.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"The Touchables," Judy Huxtable.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Inga" (in Swedish).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
WEST SIDE STORY.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Dec. 3: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (both in French).
From Dec. 4: **BUNNY LAKE IS MISSING**; and "Marnie" (1964), Tippi Hedren, Sean Connery.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Dec. 3: **PRETTY POISON.**
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Nov. 28: **ZITA** (in French).
From Nov. 29: To be announced.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
Through Dec. 3: **BARBARELLA.**
From Dec. 4: To be announced.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Head," the Monkees.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"Camelot" (1967), Richard Harris, Vanessa Redgrave.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (265-8431)
"The Shoes of the Fisherman," Anthony Quinn, Oskar Werner. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and also Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 28-30, at 2:30, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
STAR!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
HOT MILLIONS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Dec. 4: **BULLITT.**

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Lady in Cement," Frank Sinatra, Raquel Welch.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Faces," John Marley.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Lady on the Tracks," a Czechoslovakian film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE LION IN WINTER.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

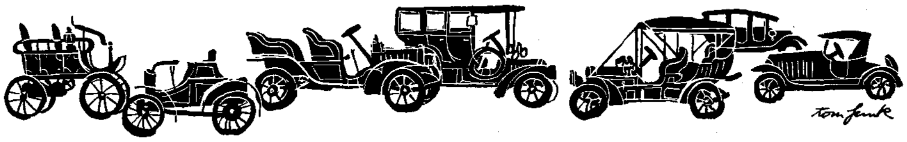
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
WEEKEND (in French).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Dec. 3: **ROSEMARY'S BABY**; and "Will Penny," Charlton Heston, Joan Hackett.
From Dec. 4: **THUNDERBALL**; and **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Dec. 2: **THE GOLD RUSH**; and **THE AFRICAN QUEEN.**
Dec. 3-4: **FAHRENHEIT 451**; and "The Quiller Memorandum" (1966), George Segal, Alec Guinness.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.



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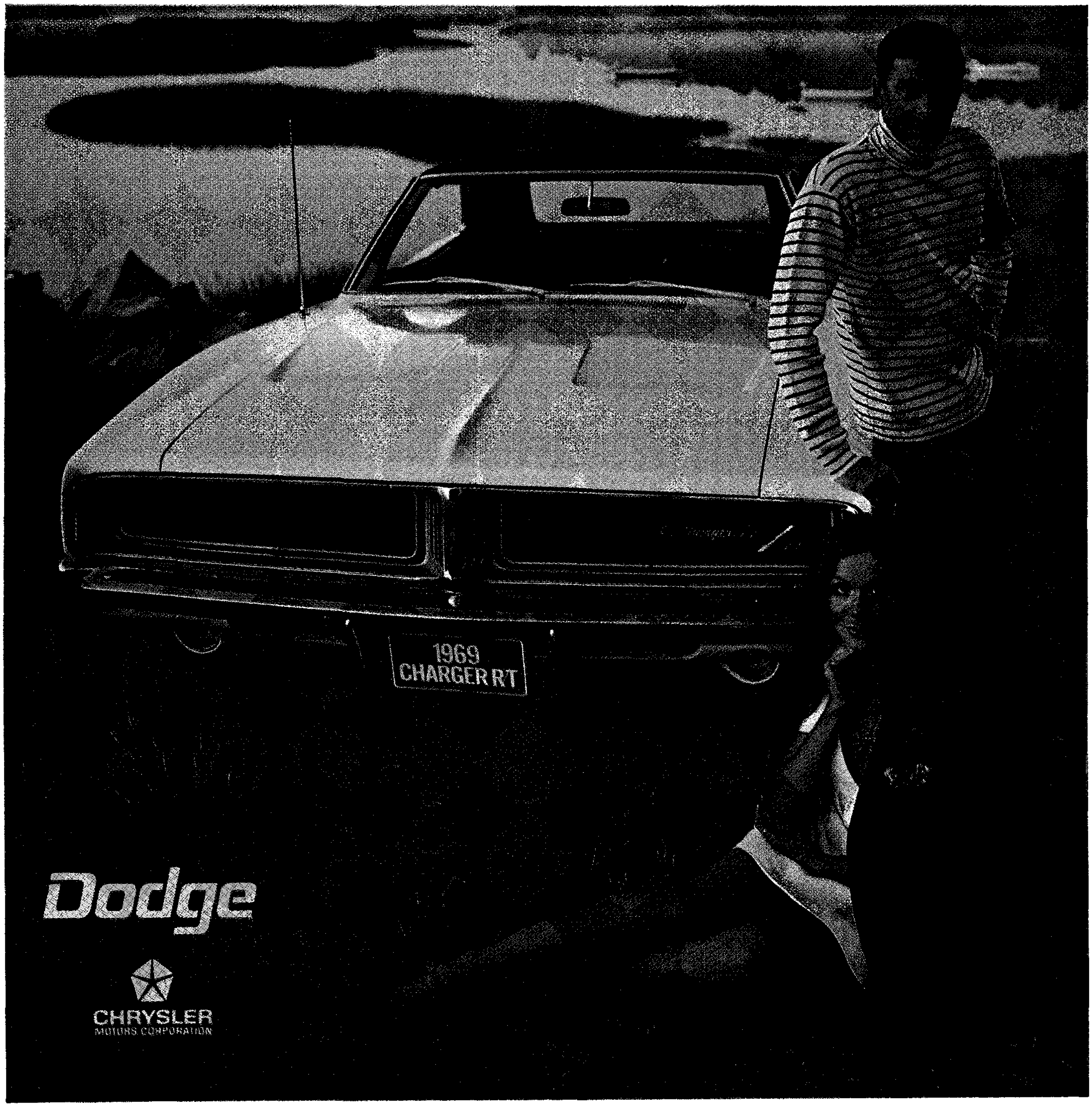
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
THE JOS. GARNEAU CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Forget the coffee.

Remember: Old Bushmills is lively and light. Splash it with water or float it in ice cubes or spritz it with soda, if you must. But please, have your coffee on the side.

Leave that light and lively Irish taste alone.



The Eternal Triangle.

You'd think Ralph's new love would have been curtains for me. I mean, it was all he talked about. Well, I learned to live with it. As it turned out, I think his new Charger R/T really brought us closer together. He's taught me how to shift the 4-speed synchromesh. He lets me pick out the stereo tapes. And clean the vinyl buckets. It's not all bad. He even mentioned marriage once.

DODGE fever
The Catch of The Year

Watch AFL football and the Bob Hope Comedy Specials on NBC-TV.

A mere $70 can keep your $700 stereo system from becoming quaint.

There's no question that tape cartridges are the coming thing. And there you are with a $700 stereo in your living room that plays records. It has AM-FM radio. And it even shuts off when you go to sleep. It would be a shame to toss it all out just because it hasn't kept pace with the times.

An easy $70 will buy you a Lear Jet Stereo eight tape deck. And bring your home entertainment center right up to date.

Just set it on top of your console, plug the deck right into it; and you've just built today's most modern music machine.

The sound comes out of your own speakers. And it's only the sound you want to hear, when you want to hear it. For as long as you care to listen.

You can get anything on an eight track tape cartridge that's on records. And you can play the same eight track cartridge in our stereo eight tape players for cars. Or our home stereo eight systems. Or our stereo eight portable tape players.

Update your listening with Lear Jet's stereo eight tape deck. It'll keep your console right in tune with the times.

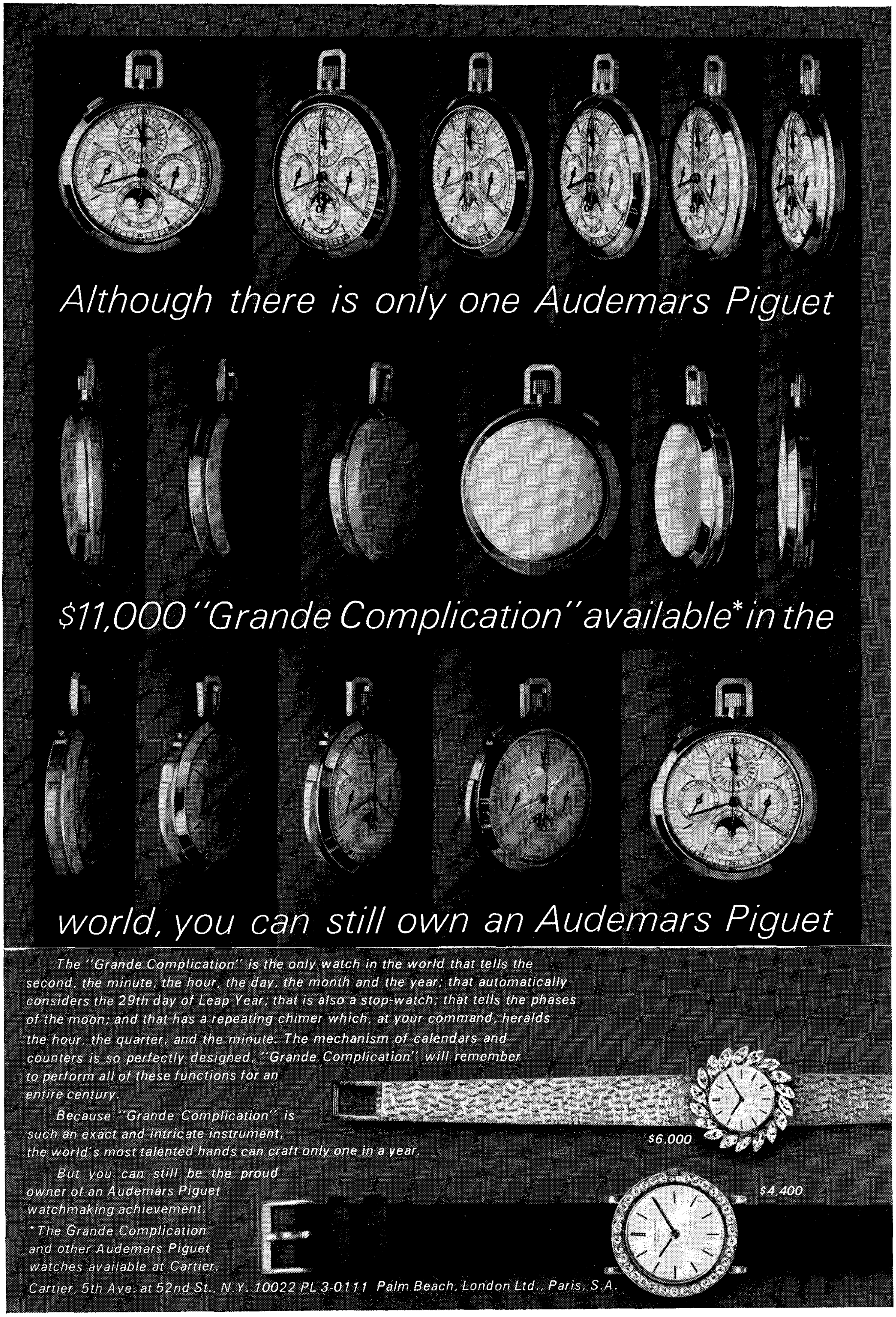
Quaint, it ain't.

LearJet stereo 8

You only hear what you want to hear.

"See your Lear Jet Stereo 8 dealer for my step by step golf instructions on Lear Jet Stereo 8 cartridges —plus a 24-page illustrated book."

Arnold Palmer



Although there is only one Audemars Piguet $11,000 "Grande Complication" available* in the world, you can still own an Audemars Piguet

The "Grande Complication" is the only watch in the world that tells the second, the minute, the hour, the day, the month and the year; that automatically considers the 29th day of Leap Year; that is also a stop-watch; that tells the phases of the moon; and that has a repeating chimer which, at your command, heralds the hour, the quarter, and the minute. The mechanism of calendars and counters is so perfectly designed, "Grande Complication" will remember to perform all of these functions for an entire century.

Because "Grande Complication" is such an exact and intricate instrument, the world's most talented hands can craft only one in a year.

But you can still be the proud owner of an Audemars Piguet watchmaking achievement.

*The Grande Complication and other Audemars Piguet watches available at Cartier.

$6,000

$4,400

Cartier, 5th Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y. 10022 PL 3-0111 Palm Beach, London Ltd., Paris, S.A.

Some People don't buy a Hasselblad because they think they know a camera that's almost as good. And so on.

"Almost as good" can mean anything you want it to. Mostly it means "half the price."

If you want the very best camera you can afford, and you can't afford a Hasselblad, we understand. But don't read any further, because we're going to explain why there's no other camera in the world almost as good as the Hasselblad, and we don't want you to feel badly.

Let us begin with the idea of a system. Hasselblad is surely not the only "system" camera, but The Hasselblad System has major features that other systems lack.

Most significantly, it is a 2¼ system, which offers you the speed and mobility of 35mm equipment plus the superior image quality of a larger format camera. With the Hasselblad, you can view your image better while you're shooting, after you develop your slides and contacts, and when you enlarge your pictures.

Another major difference between the Hasselblad and any camera you might want to compare it to is our five interchangeable magazines, which allow you to make 12 or 16 exposures on 120 film, 24 exposures on 220 film, and 70 exposures on 70mm film, as well as permitting a choice of three different formats (2¼ square, 2¼ X 1⅝, 1⅝ X 1⅝). You can also load one magazine with color film, one with black and white, and then switch back and forth between them without losing time or film.

Every system offers lenses, but it is the range and quality of Hasselblad lenses which sets them apart from lenses in other systems. Ours are made by Carl Zeiss and there are 8 of them – 40, 50, 80, 120, 135, 150, 250, and 500mm. Each lens has a built-in Synchro Compur shutter, with automatic stopping down at the moment of exposure, and manual preview for depth of field checks. Every lens has both M and X synchronization, allowing the use of flash and strobe up to speeds of 1/500th of a second.

The System not only offers multiple lenses and magazines, it offers multiple Hasselblads. First, the standard 500C, a 2¼ square format single lens reflex viewing camera which lets you see your three dimensional picture on the ground glass screen in two dimensions, the same way a view camera does. The reflex viewing on an enlarged screen allows you to compose and frame your shot more accurately, with no fear of parallax error. The large 2¼ format also lets you be a better judge of your focusing, so that you may increase the sharpness of each individual shot. And since your contacts and slides will also be larger in proportion to the camera, you can more easily select the ones you want to enlarge. You will also benefit from the superior image quality of 2¼ over 35mm when it is enlarged to any degree.

Second, we have the Hasselblad Super Wide C. Equipped with a 38mm, 90° angle of view Zeiss Biogon f/4.5 lens, this camera allows you to take pictures previously considered impossible. The superb optics of the lens assures perfect distortion-free horizontal and vertical delineation, with sharpness of image from corner to corner of the negative area, even at full aperture. (Depth of field at f/22 is from 12 inches to infinity.)

Third, there is the electrically driven Hasselblad 500EL. This camera automatically advances the film and cocks the shutter, permitting you to make a rapid series of exposures, either by use of the camera release or long release cords, timer, or remote *radio control.*

Last, there is the 70mm Hasselblad, which is electrically driven like the Hasselblad EL, with a 70mm film magazine allowing 70 exposures on cassette loaded 70mm film. This camera gives you total freedom from mechanical necessities when a job requires a large number of exposures.

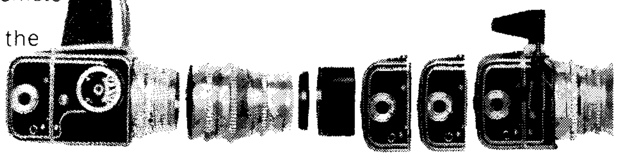
The Hasselblad System also offers a huge range of accessories. Proxars. Extension tubes. Bellows extension for close-up work. Filters. Transparency copy holder. Cut film back. Eye level prism finders. Sports view finders. Sun shades. A rapid winding crank. Quick focusing handles. Grips. Underwater housing. Ring light. Microscope attachments. Carrying cases.

We would be the last ones to say that there are no other fine cameras available to you. We only want you to realize the error of comparing any of them to Hasselblad.

The Hasselblad System is a system unto itself.

For more information and a free 40 page catalogue, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036.

The Hasselblad System



Last Time
229

JAMAICA

In Jamaica, you can sail a 19th century rum-smuggling ship over seas that hide 16th century Spanish gold and a 17th century sunken city.

The "Caribee" still sails with a load of rum on.

(Daiquiris. Planter's punches. Swizzles.)

Board at midday and whip into the blue, sails billowing, mahogany decks swaying, feeling like Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Swashbuckle. Sun. Raise a tankard or two. Get back in time for dinner. Drunk with the past.

The gold? You can scuba to hunt for it yourself. But, these days, finders *not* keepers. To the government go the spoils.

The loot you *can* take home is counterfeit. Pewter copies of coins from Port Royal, our watery Pompeii.

The city, once pirate Henry Morgan's treasury, slid into the sea from an earthquake 275 years ago as "retribution for his sins."

Today, it's being dug up. And duplicated. (Pirate-era spoons, jars, plates look like new again.)

Though piracy is *out*, adventuring is still *in* in Jamaica.

Explore our "jungle" (Cockpit Country), a thicket of strange mounds that "look like women's bosoms all covered in green." Meet our Maroon "tribesmen." See them dance a wild quadrille.

Spelunk.

Hunt boars.

Race in a motor rally.

Scale Blue Mountain. By mule, then foot, huffing and puffing the last steep 6 miles after midnight to reach the top in time to see the sun rise. Whew. Wow.

For less exciting things to do, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal.

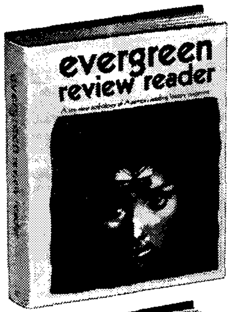
© JAMAICA TOURIST BOARD

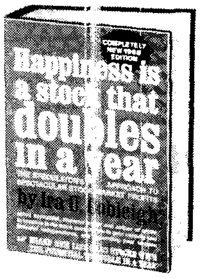
86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

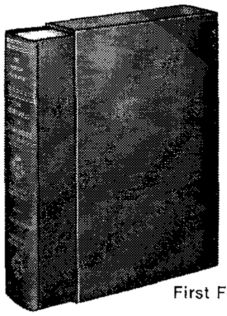
"an inch of
Pinch, please."
Cartier
Pinch
Twelve
Years Old
86° PROOF
This whisky is 12 years old

12-year-old Pinch:
The aged inch is
at ease in the grandest
Christmas happenings.
Like a private shopping
party. At Cartier.
Cartier wouldn't give
anything less than
Haig & Haig Pinch.
Would you?

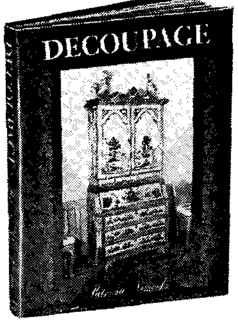
Christmas is coming! Soon! Soon!

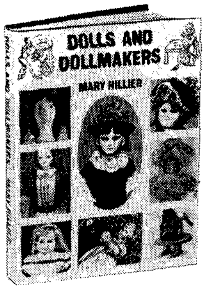






First Folio





25J. EVERGREEN REVIEW READER. *Ed.: Barney Rosset.* A 10-year anthology of outstanding fiction, poetry, articles and photos from one of America's most exciting literary magazines. Lavishly illus., 16 pp. in full color. 8¼ x 10⅞. Grove. $20

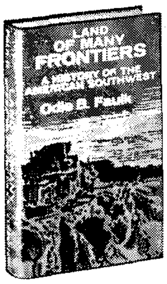
25D. HAPPINESS IS A STOCK THAT DOUBLES IN A YEAR: Completely new 1969 Edition. *Ira U. Cobleigh.* Updated version of the bestselling guide to spectacular market profits. Last year, 31% of stocks listed by the author doubled or better. Try your luck this year! Geis. $6.95

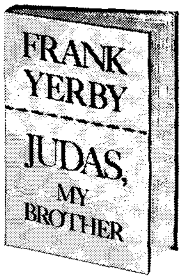
3F. THE NORTON FACSIMILE: THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE. The best of 80 editions of the First Folio, painstakingly reproduced, plus fascinating notes. A magnificent morocco-bound gift volume. 10 x 14. Slipcased. Norton. After 12/31, $75; now $65

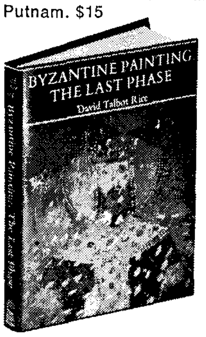
20J. DECOUPAGE. *Patricia Nimocks.* The art of decorating furniture, accessories, or anything with applied paper cut-outs—popular since the 18th century—is here explained, with full instructions, step-by-step diagrams and photos. Scribners. $9.95

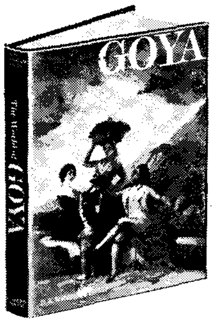
20K. VOGUE'S BOOK OF HOUSES, GARDENS, PEOPLE. *Valentine Lawford. Foreward: Diana Vreeland. Photos: Horst.* Over 200 exclusive color photos display the homes of famous families who set the trend in luxurious living. 9½ x 12¾. Viking. After 12/31, $25; now $22.50

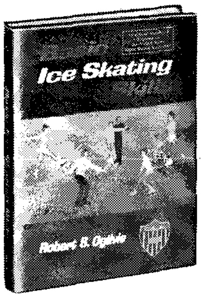
28D. DOLLS AND DOLLMAKERS. *Mary Hillier.* A magnificent, lively history of the world's dolls—from primitive ritual objects to today's walking-talking models—plus colorful stories of the dollmakers. Over 200 illus., 32 in color. Putnam. $15

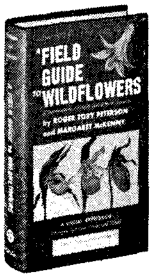


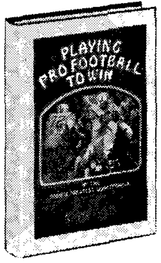


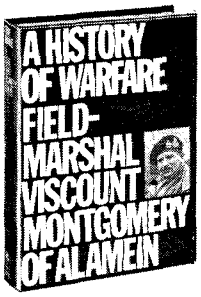












Chagall Unpublished Drawings

9D. LAND OF MANY FRONTIERS: A History of the American Southwest. *Odie B. Faulk.* The story of this unique region, from before the first Spanish explorers to today's aerospace projects, is vividly told by a native southwesterner. 5 maps. Endpapers. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50

5X. JUDAS, MY BROTHER. *Frank Yerby.* A stunning and controversial re-creation of the beginnings of Christianity. Yerby strips the veil of myth from history, leaving it passionate, human, epic. Dial. $6.95

12L. BYZANTINE PAINTING: The Last Phase. *David Talbot Rice.* A fascinating study of Byzantine art from the twelfth century through the fifteenth. Over 100 pp. of illus., 16 in color. Dial. After 12/31, $22.50; now, $17.5

12A. THE WORLD OF GOYA. *D. B. Wyndham Lewis.* 135 black-and-white illus., 41 in full color and [illegible]2 pp. of photogravure, plus spirited biography of Goya as artist and man. 7½ x 10. C. N. Potter. $10

3G. HENRY MOORE. *Henry Moore and John Hedgecoe.* A magnificent photographic book. The autobiography of Henry Moore plus vivid record of his art. 51[illegible] pp. 12 x 9½. Presentation slipcase. Simon and Schuster. $35

3D. AGES OF ELEGANCE: Five Thousand Years of Fashion and Frivolity. *Gisele D'Assailly.* A light-hearted view of styles and fashions from prehistoric times to today. 500 illus., 250 in color. 10 x 13¾. New York Graphic. $25

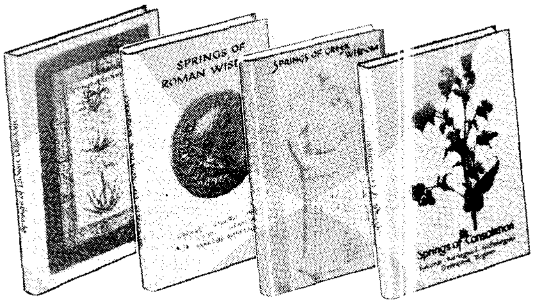
31H. BASIC ICE SKATING SKILLS: An Official Handbook Prepared for the United States Figure Skating Association. *Robert S. Ogilvie.* Complete basic instruction for the beginner, with over 300 illustrations. Lippincott. Cloth, $6.95. **31J.** Paper, $2.50

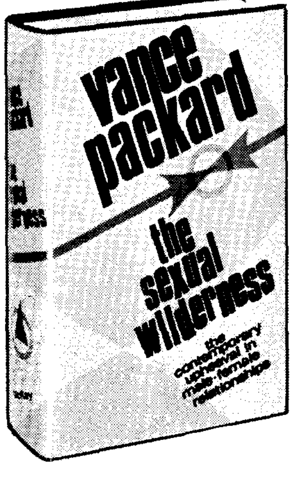
32T. 1, 2, 3 TO THE ZOO. *Eric Carle. Illus. by the author.* Joyously colorful animals ride to their new homes at the zoo in this delightful, versatile counting book for the youngest book lovers. Ages 3-7. 8½ x 1[illegible]½. World. $3.95

37G. A FIELD GUIDE TO WILDFLOWERS of Northeastern and Northcentral North America. *Roger Tory Peterson and Margaret McKenny. Illus. by Roger Tory Peterson.* Helps you recognize 1,300 species by color, form, detail in 1,344 illus. Houghton Mifflin. $4.95

31D. PLAYING PRO FOOTBALL TO WIN. *John Unitas with Harold Rosenthal.* The great quarterback of the Baltimore Colts describes some of the memorable plays that have made professional football history. Illus. with photos and diagrams. Doubleday. $4.95

21H. A HISTORY OF WARFARE. *Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.* The first general history of warfare—from the Greeks to Vietnam—by the great British commander. Over 200 illus. 32 pp. in color. 7-1[illegible]16 x 9¾. World. After 12/31, $15; now $12.95



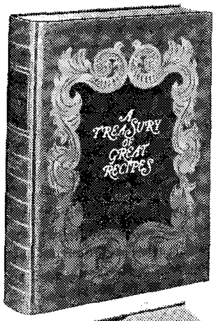


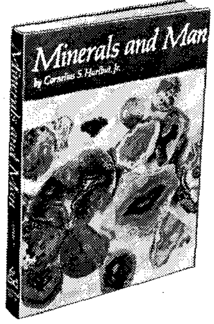
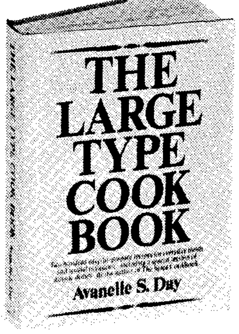
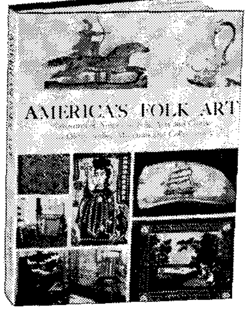
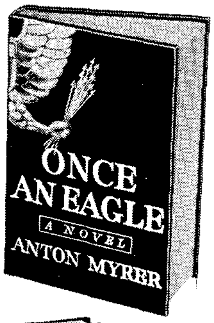
14C. CHAGALL UNPUBLISHED DRAWINGS. *Jacques Lassigne.* 45 drawings chosen by Chagall himself from those he considers his best. Most never before published, these selections span the years 1908-1967, and open a door to Chagall's private world. Skira. $7.50

5A. SPRINGS OF CONSOLATION. Gems of thought illus. in color. Herder. $1.50. Also in the *Springs* series: **5B. ROMAN WISDOM. 5C. LOVE. 5D.** Deluxe Leather. **5E. GREEK WISDOM. 5F. JOY. 5G.** Deluxe Leather. **5H. ORIENTAL WISDOM. 5J.** Deluxe Leather. **5K. HUMOR. 5L. INDIAN WISDOM.** Ea. $1.50. Deluxe Leather $5

23J. THE SEXUAL WILDERNESS: The Contemporary Upheaval in Male-Female Relationships. *Vance Packard.* One of the most astute observers of the contemporary scene now turns to an exploration of the changing roles of men and women today. A provocative, candid, often funny book, it is the most comprehensive survey-study of the current sexual climate since Kinsey, and answers the pressing question: are we moving toward sexual anarchy, or a new morality? McKay. $6.95

So, before you do another thing, get a



19A. A TREASURY OF GREAT RECIPES. *Vincent and Mary Price. Edited by Darlene Geis.* A handsome collection of great recipes from 8 countries, plus the Prices' own specialties, helpful charts and tables. Illustrated. 8¼ x 10⅞. Doubleday. $20

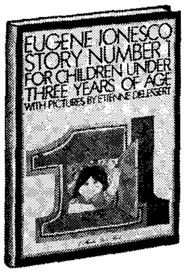
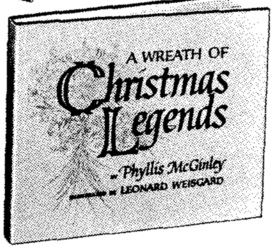
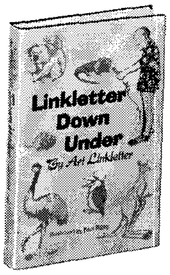
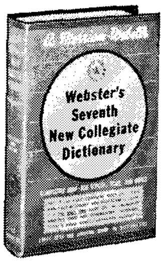
36F. GREAT CLAUS AND LITTLE CLAUS. *Hans Christian Andersen. Illus.: Rick Schreiter.* 2-color drawings by an award-winning artist add extra delight to this beloved story which will charm young readers again and again. 10⅛ x 13. Ages 4 to 8. Grove. $3.95

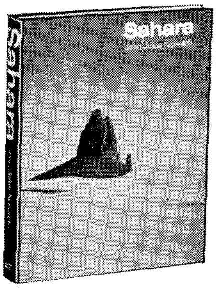
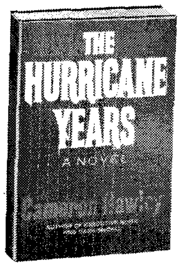
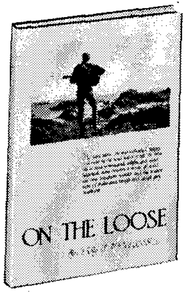
28B. MINERALS AND MAN. *Cornelius S. Hurlburt, Jr.* Informative, anecdotal volume shows how the world's 150 principal minerals are formed, found, mined, processed. 217 illus., 160 in color. Random. $15

18A. THE LARGE TYPE COOK BOOK. *Avanelle S. Day.* See your way to delicious eating with this complete cookbook, in extra-large, easy-to-read print. Incl. 300 easy-to-prepare recipes from appetizers through desserts. White. $7.95

24F. AMERICA'S FOLK ART. *James A. H. Conrad.* The folk art treasures of distinguished museums and private collections are richly displayed and analyzed in this beautiful book. Over 200 photos, 50 in color. 9 x 12. Putnam. $12.95

6G. ONCE AN EAGLE. *Anton Myrer.* The novel of the U.S. Military in the 20th century threads two world wars and the present to confront the moral problems of patriotism itself. A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection. Holt, Rinehart. $7.95

40F. STORY NUMBER 1. *Eugene Ionesco. Illus.: Etienne Delessert.* The famed Ionesco now tells the delightful, serious, funny tale of a three-year-old caught in the topsy-turvy world of words. Fully illus. in color. Ages 3-up. 8½ x 11. Harlin Quist. $3.95

5W. A WREATH OF CHRISTMAS LEGENDS. *Phyllis McGinley. Illus.: Leonard Weisgard.* Fifteen unusual medieval legends of Christmas, enchantingly retold in a verse to delight the young and old. A magical gift for all. Macmillan. $3.95

9B. LINKLETTER DOWN UNDER. *Art Linkletter.* The greatest treasure of Art Linkletter's prospecting adventures in Australia is here in this book—an affectionate character sketch of the land and its people, written with irrepressible wit. Prentice-Hall. $4.95

4D. WEBSTER'S SEVENTH NEW COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY A Merriam-Webster. 20,000 new words, meanings. 130,000 entries. Biographical, geographical sections. Based on the unabridged Webster's Third New International. Indexed. $6.75. **4E.** Red Fabrikoid. $8.75. **4F.** Black Leather. $12.50. **4G.** Brown or Blue Pigskin. $15

6D. A MOMENT IN CAMELOT. *Maggie Rennert.* This panoramic novel of American politics reveals the public triumphs and personal tragedies of a handsome young President and his wife at a time of world crisis. Geis. $8.95

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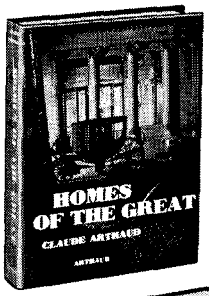
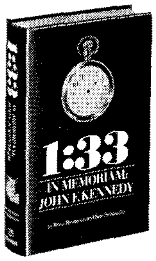

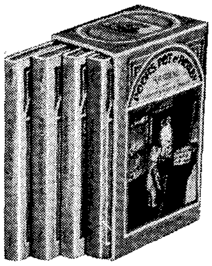

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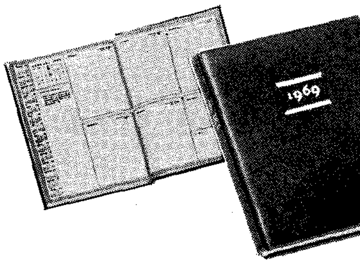

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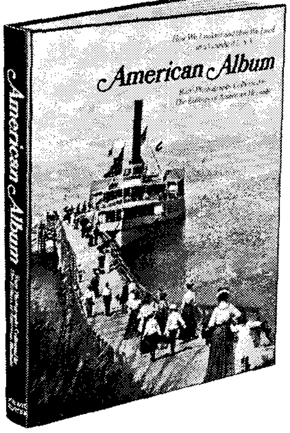

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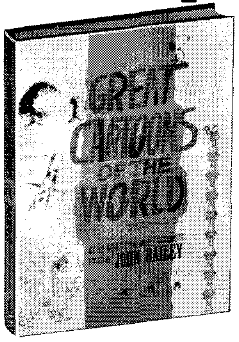
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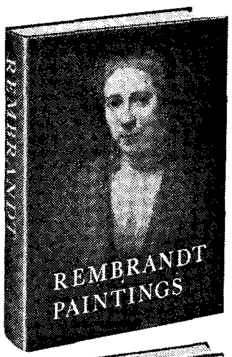
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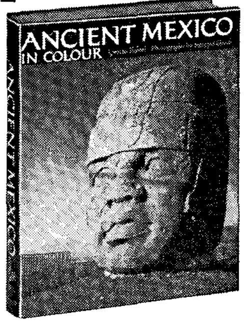
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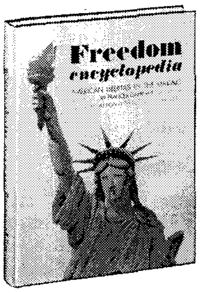
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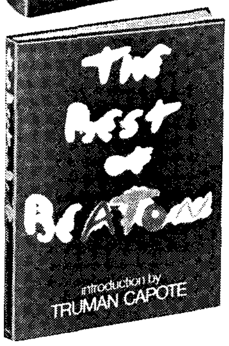
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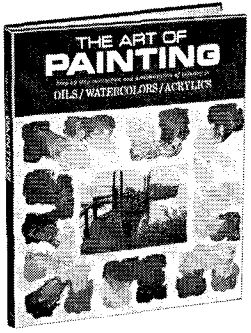
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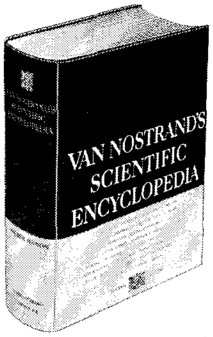
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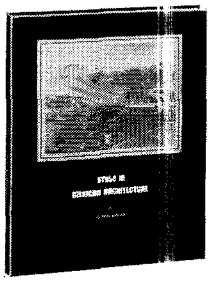

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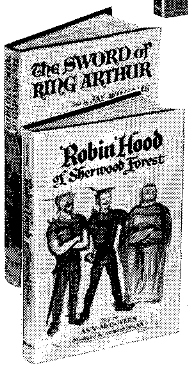
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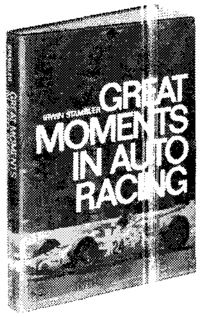
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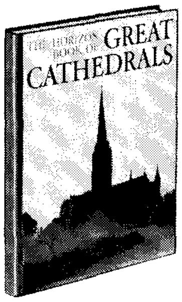
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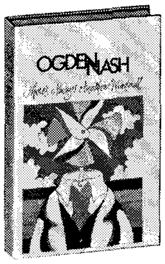

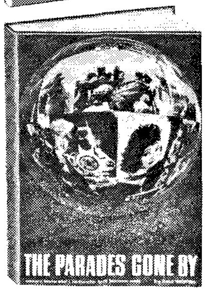
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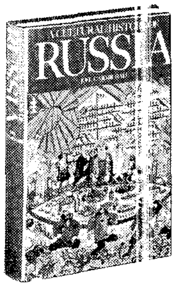

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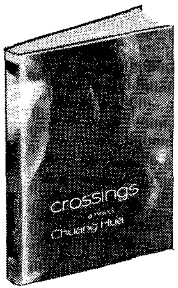
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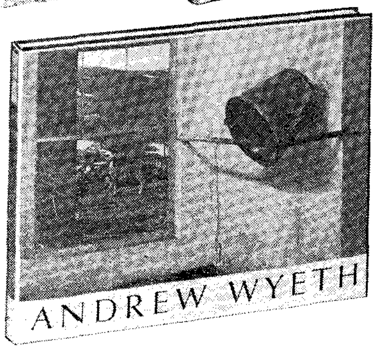
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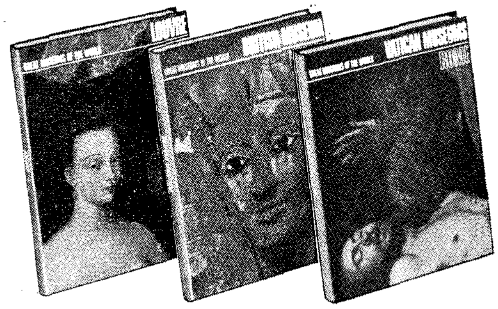
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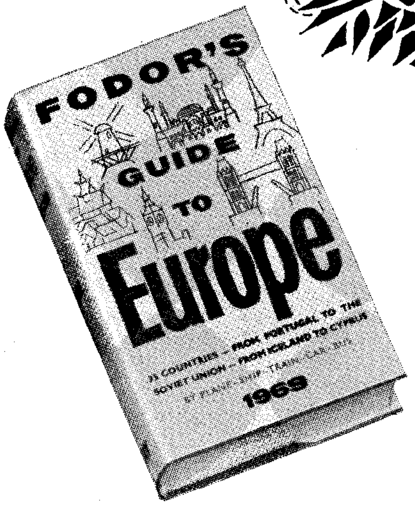

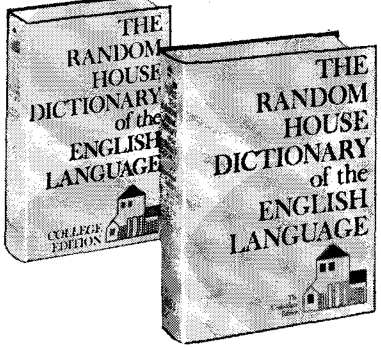

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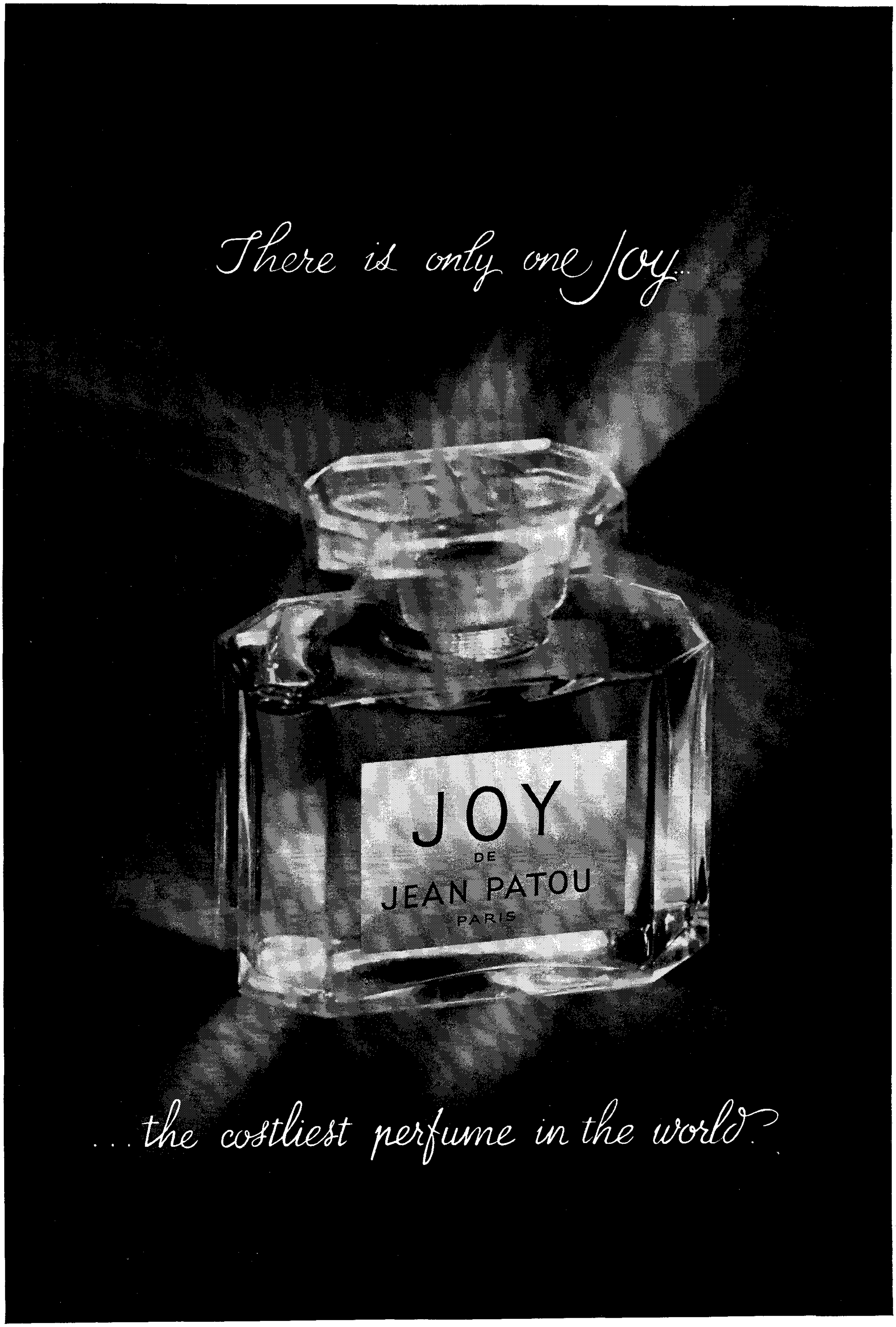
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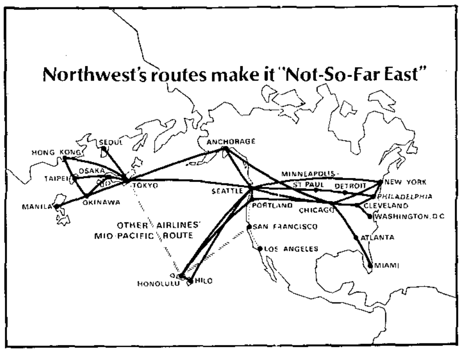

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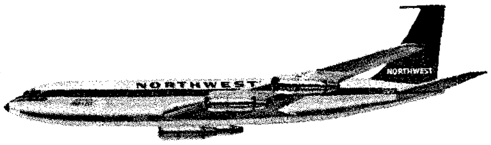

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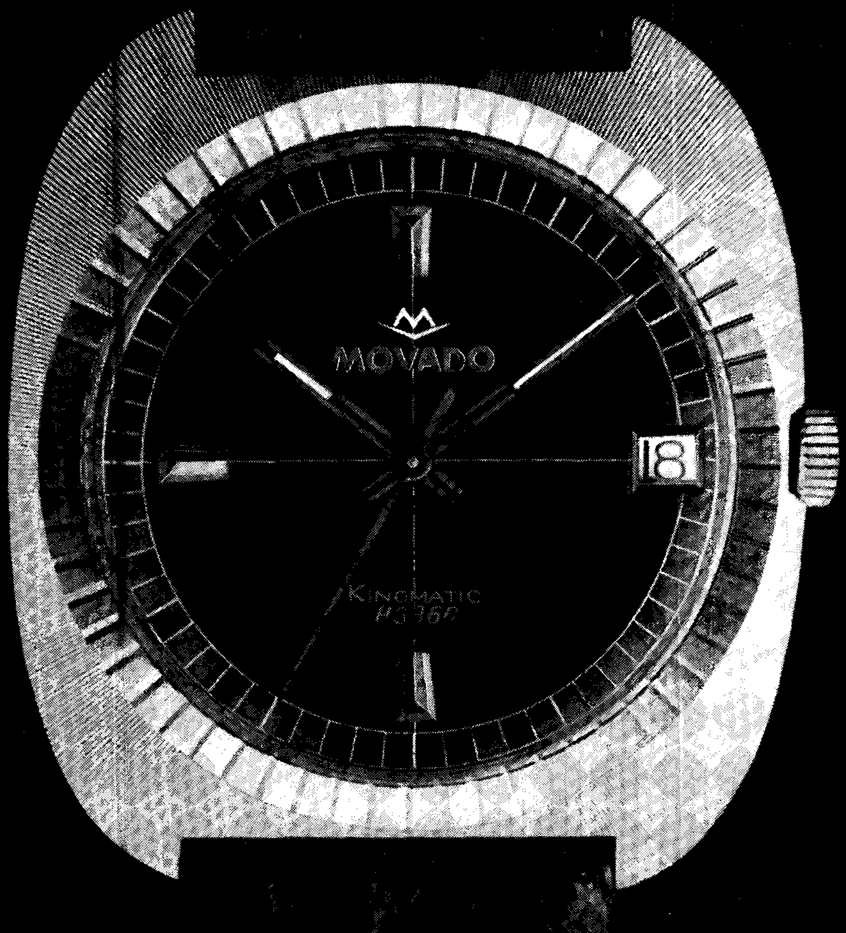

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Notes and Comment

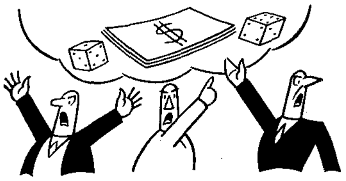
OUR civilization has a great gift for painting itself into corners. One of the liveliest such corners, just now, is to be found on Long Island, where the jolly troopers of the Parkway police are conducting a campaign for higher wages. Scorning the banality of a strike, the policemen have devised a strategy that is marked by the simplicity of genius and the iridescence of madness. They are working at their jobs. They are doing what they are paid to do. When they see a motorist violating the law, they give him a ticket. In five days, they

have issued about thirteen hundred summonses (their previous rate being around forty a day), and traffic accidents have fallen off sharply. Motorists have discovered that it is no longer safe to ignore the signs saying, "Construction. 25 M.P.H.," and the discovery has angered them, leaving them with the feeling that they are being deprived of a sacred right—one guaranteed by the Constitution. Everyone is agreed that there is something unethical about enforcing the law, but no one has come up with a plausible counter-argument or a reasonable alternative. The *Times* has editorially rebuked the conscientious wits among the Parkway police, and the officers have replied by pointing to the distinct improvement in highway safety. A Long Island lawyer has obtained a court order challenging the move, and the troopers' lawyer has answered, with impeccable logic and a perfectly straight face, "I can't see how the Long Island State Park Commission can ask its police authority not to enforce the law." Once again, society finds itself in the familiar corner, with a dripping brush, a tacky floor, and no exit in sight. We are inclined to believe that the police will win their raise, after which they will amiably avert their eyes once more and Long Island motorists, with grunts of pleasure and nudges of the accelerator, will resume their wonted merry pursuit of injury and death.

But the troopers have uncovered a weapon of incalculable potency. To a surprising extent, our industrial civilization is based upon the solid understanding that no one is going to work very hard at his job. Suppose the automobile workers, for instance, abandoned the strike and the slowdown as instruments of coercion and simply insisted on making the best cars their skill and care would allow, each man fussing over his particular contribution until he had got it exactly right. A factory's production would sink, of course, to something like ten cars a day, but what cars they would be—the finish impeccable, every strip of chrome wedded firmly to the body, every window and door snug and leakproof, every handle and knob stoutly attached to its spindle! Management would learn to cower among its cost accountants when union stalwarts set up the threatening cry "A decent day's pay *or* a decent day's work!" The civil-rights movement might also profit by selective browsing among the tangled laws of city, state, and nation. Perhaps a colossal demonstration of "civil obedience" might prove more effective, more disruptive than— But enough! Our own argument has convinced us that we must abandon this theme, leaving its thought unfinished, its prose unpolished. Who are we, after all, to jeopardize society by the reckless pursuit of completion and excellence?

Lottery

FOR a hundred and thirty-four years—beginning when the legislature, in 1833, outlawed a lottery system, calling it "radically vicious"—New York was without a state lottery. When it finally got one, last year, the proponents of the scheme predicted that it would be a boon to education—fifty-five per cent of the take goes for the support of schools, scholarships, and the like—and its opponents conjured up the spectre of a glittering, Las Vegas-style perdition. What has actually developed during the eighteen months since lottery tickets went on sale has been neither a great public benefit nor a shortcut to hell but, rather, something resembling a wistful, sporadically beguiling soap opera. We recently looked into the lottery, and found that the problems faced by the Division of the Lottery—a branch of the Department of Taxation and Finance—have been fully as intractable as those faced five afternoons a week by the characters in, say, "The Edge of Night." The first episode was a statewide referendum in 1966, in which the voters were asked to approve the creation of a state lottery. Despite opposition from many groups in the community, the voters did, by a three-to-two margin. After that, one trauma followed another. On April 2, 1967, amid warnings of fire and brimstone from several of its members, the state legislature approved a bill establishing a lottery. Governor Rockefeller signed the bill on April 18th, and prophets of doom were heard again in the state. (The Reverend Dr. Charles Howard Graf, of St. John's in-the-Village Episcopal Church, urged his congregation to boycott banks that co-operated with the "immoral" enterprise.) But soon after June 1st, when tickets went on sale at a dollar each, lottery-watchers began to see that the most relevant question was not one of



virtue or vice but one of sales. People were not rushing to buy tickets as they had been expected to, and no one was quite sure why.

The main difficulty, according to spokesmen for the Lottery Division, was that the original sales prediction—three hundred and sixty million dollars a year—was an unrealistic figure, which had been advanced in the legislature for various political reasons. Another difficulty was that almost all advertising outlets—including radio, television, and newspapers that entered the mails—were barred to it by federal statutes, and that postal communications even within the lottery system itself were illegal. Sales outlets were limited, too, for the new law authorized the selling of tickets only through hotels and motels, banks, certain state and local offices, and telegraph companies. Many hotels and motels refused to sell lottery tickets, saying that the profit the Lottery Division permitted them—five cents a ticket—was too low. Several banks abstained for that reason or for reasons of propriety, and the only telegraph company that had agreed to sell tickets, Western Union, decided to back out. With the kind of grit one admires in characters confronting an implacable fate, the Lottery Division predicted that sales would soon rise. Alas, sales fell. Sales in June, 1967, were $6,447,605, and sales in July were $4,125,698. In August, they did rise, but only to $5,987,201. Not until October did they reach six million again, and they have never climbed as high as the sales of the first month.

Meanwhile, in Washington, an even more ominous threat to the lottery was developing. In June, Representative Wright Patman, a Texas Democrat, introduced a bill that would prevent federally insured banks from selling lottery tickets. Spurred by some incendiary rhetoric—Mr. Patman accused Governor Rockefeller of going "into partnership with the gambling underworld"—the bill passed the House and Senate, and President Johnson signed it on December 15th. The lottery might have come to an untoward end if, on February 28, 1968, the state legislature had not passed a bill that authorized most retail businesses to sell tickets, the only exceptions being bars and liquor stores. On April 1st, some twenty-five hundred banks went out of the lottery system and some four thousand retail businesses went into it. Ticket sales remained about the same, however. At the end of its first year, the Lottery Division reported that it had sold almost sixty-two and a half million dollars' worth of tickets, with thirty-four million dollars of the proceeds going to education, eighteen million to prize-winners, and ten million for administration. In March, the *Times* had called the lottery a "gigantic fiasco." In September, the Commissioner of Taxation and Finance announced that he hoped soon to hold drawings every two weeks, in order to stimulate new interest.

So far, drawings have been held once a month, and, each time, a hundred-thousand-dollar top prize and two hundred and thirty-nine smaller prizes have been awarded for each million dollars' worth of tickets sold. The odds against winning anything have been estimated at forty-one hundred and sixty-six to one, so although taxes on the winnings are high—a winner of a hundred thousand dollars may pay taxes of more than sixty thousand—it seemed to us that if any group might feel that the lottery was *not* a fiasco, it would be the prize-winners. Accordingly, we decided to set down the reactions of some of those lucky people here. The lottery's first winning ticket, drawn in July, 1967, belonged to Charles M. Huckins, Sr., of Leominster, Massachusetts. When Mr. Huckins' wife was informed that her husband had won at least a hundred and fifty dollars, and perhaps a hundred thousand dollars, she said, "I'm a little surprised." A few days later, John Boccalupo, of Brooklyn, was told that he had won one of the top ninety prizes. Mr. Boccalupo said, "Holy mackerel!" In January, 1968, sixteen nuns at St. Joseph's School in Paterson won a hundred thousand dollars for their school. They said that they had prayed for the money. In March, the Commissioner announced that one of the tickets eligible for the annual superprize (two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is awarded at the end of the fiscal year) had been made out, by some generous citizen, to former Governor Thomas E. Dewey. Mr. Dewey said, "I certainly would not take any money from the lottery." Later that month, the superprize was awarded to the family of Michael Pasek, of Greenfield Center, New York. A son-in-law of Mr. Pasek, Larry Porter, said, "Wouldn't it be funny if we got in a big fight over the money, with lawsuits and everything?" In April, Mrs. Perleen Baker, of Brooklyn, won a hundred thousand dollars. She said, "I'm going home and fall on my knees." In May, Mrs. Artmessia Herd, of Brooklyn, won a hundred thousand dollars. She said, "Maybe I'll take a vacation." One of the first people to win a hundred thousand dollars—in July, 1967—was Miss Helene Brennan, of Hazleton, Pennsylvania. Miss Brennan refused to talk to reporters and fled from photographers.

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OVERHEARD on the New Haven Railroad:

Commuter: You said this was an *express*.

Conductor: It is. We're just making all the local stops.

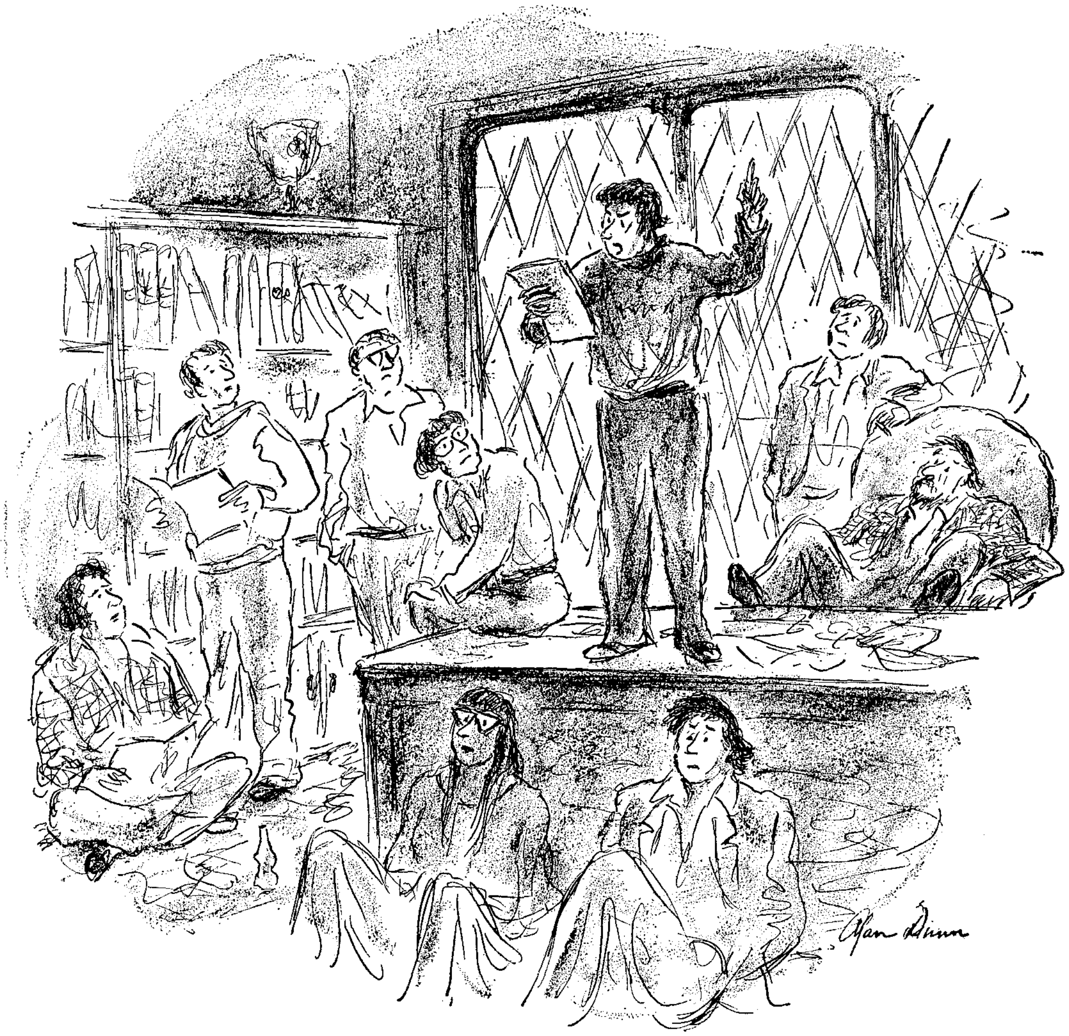
Urban Developer

AMORY H. BRADFORD, former vice-president and general manager of the *Times* and the chief negotiator for the Publishers Association during the 1962-63 newspaper strike, has just written a book, "Oakland's Not for Burning," which is an account of nine months he spent in 1966 trying to help solve the hard-core-unemployment problem of Oakland, California. The vehicle of this attempt, which was designed to provide nearly three thousand jobs, mostly for Negroes and Mexican-Americans, was the allocation of some thirty million dollars to Oakland by the Economic Development Administration of the Federal Department of Commerce. In the course of directing the spending of this sum, Mr. Bradford, who was a consultant to the E.D.A., managed to break a longtime deadlock between the Oakland ghetto and the local business and government Establishment. "I started out as a corporation lawyer—Davis, Polk—and joined the *Times* in 1947," he said to us when we asked him some questions the other day. "Soon after leaving the *Times*, in 1963, I decided to look around for a more interesting way to spend my remaining years. I wanted to do something that might not be comfortable but would be worth doing. I *had* had some extra-business interests. I was president of the Regional Plan Association from 1959 to 1962, and raised around a million and a half dollars in foundation money toward its work; I was on the advisory committee of a 1959 study of the future of the New York region by the Harvard School of Public Administration; and I was on the board of the Union Settlement House, in East Harlem. But these concerns were peripheral. My mother and father met at the Settlement House. He was a resident there while studying at Union Theological Seminary, and she was teaching there, after graduating from Pratt Institute."

We asked Mr. Bradford who his father was.

"Arthur H. Bradford," he said. "He was an active minister for fifty-five years. He retired from the Central Congregational Church in Providence in 1952, but for the next twelve years he took interim ministries in fourteen towns in New England. He's now eighty-five. *His* father was a Congregational minister, and so were the rest of the family back for seven or eight generations. My mother's father was a Methodist minister."

Mr. Bradford's search for a better life bore fruit late in 1965, when Eugene P. Foley, Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Economic Development, appointed him to the Oakland job. Its ups and downs, involving spirited confrontations with bankers, mayors, labor unions, and the desperately poor, are vividly described in his book. "I think one of the strongest stabilizing influences in Oakland now may be the Black Panthers," he told us. "They favor militant political action, but they are opposed to riots. Although our program in Oakland was aimed not at immediate riot prevention but at long-term elimination of one of the causes of riots—joblessness—I feel that the fact that there was no riot there in the 'long, hot summer' of 1967, and hasn't been one since, may be an indication of its success." ("It is my own feeling that Mr. Bradford's work in this area will become a landmark not only in the economic development but also in the whole subject matter of ghetto affairs," Mr. Foley said, in a speech, at the conclusion of Mr. Bradford's stint.)



"They agree to turn over control of the university to us, but there's an 'if' to it. We have to grant the administration the same right to sit in, protest, and dissent that they granted us!"

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The landmark's architect, who is six feet four, habitually very well dressed, the oldest of a family of six, the father of five, an enthusiastic skier and dry-fly trout fisherman (he has a place in Aspen), and a Yale man (he worked his way through), is currently engaged in another good-works assignment—the launching in Jamaica, Long Island, as consultant to the Greater Jamaica Development Corporation, of a Regional Plan Association urban center of offices, apartment houses, and retailing, medical, and cultural facilities. It is hoped that the center will provide fifty thousand new office jobs by 1985, and another fifty thousand by 2000. "South Jamaica has the third-biggest black community in the city," Mr. Bradford said. "It's in better shape than Harlem or Bedford-Stuyvesant, but *because* it's in better shape it doesn't have first claim on funds, which are, of course, essential. In Oakland, where we built an airport hangar and support facilities, a marine terminal and access roads, and a thirty-acre industrial park, and also access roads to the Coliseum area, we *may*, perhaps, have solved from a fourth to a third of the hard-core-unemployment problem. Unfortunately, nothing more is being done there now. But in general I'm optimistic. I assume that Mr. Nixon will have to face up to this problem when he is President. We have to catch up with twenty years of neglect."

We asked Mr. Bradford about his book.

"I'd never written a book before," he said. "It was much more difficult than I expected. The first two chapters, about the groundwork I put in in Oakland, were easy, but the remaining ten, about progress and results, were much harder. I came to realize that I'd talked about the preliminaries so much at dinner parties and in speeches that they had jelled in my mind. I hadn't talked so much about the rest, which was less colorful. I was greatly assisted by long letters I wrote to my parents. They kept them, and let me have them. After all my years on the *Times*, I developed, more strongly than ever, a great admiration for anyone who made a living out of writing."

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THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN: Barnes' Original English Crumpets ("Enjoyed by millions for over 300 years") are baked in Lincoln, Rhode Island, and the package they come in contains a recipe for Crumpet Pizza.

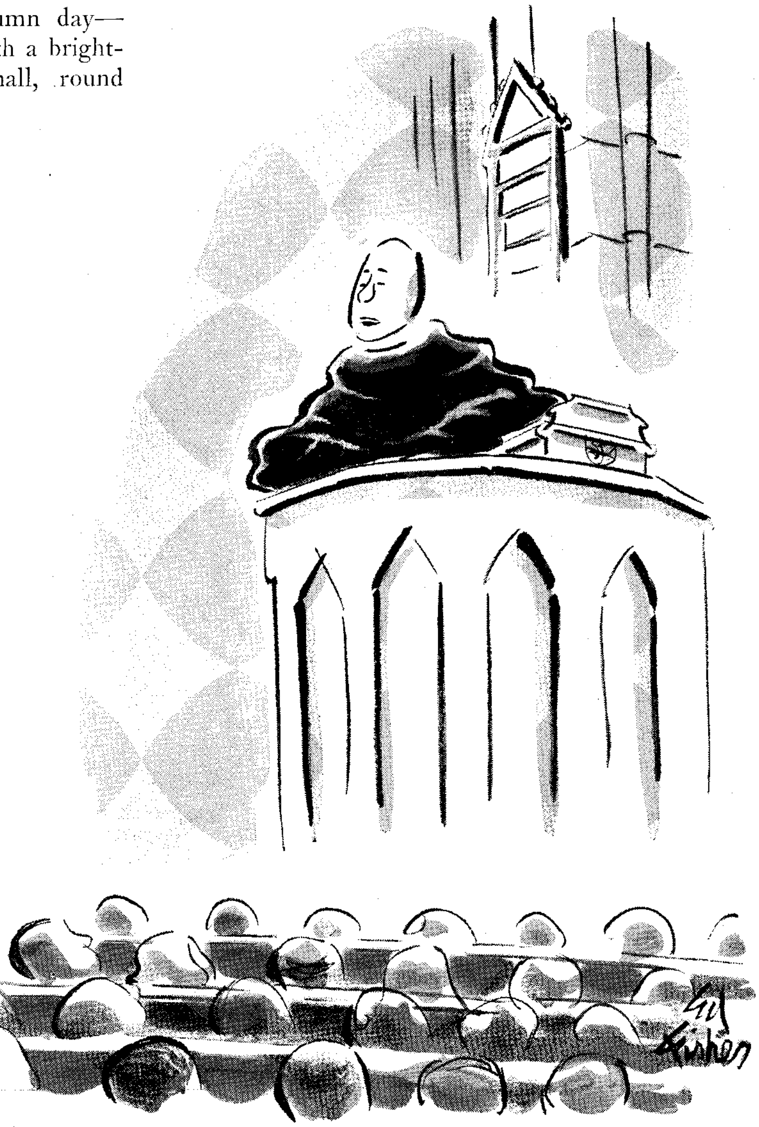
Troops

THE Friends of Central Park, that quietly vigilant organization dedicated to preserving the Park as a natural green oasis in a city of stone, glass, and asphalt, sponsored a volunteer trash-picking expedition recently in the Ramble, the heavily wooded section north of the Lake. The starting point was the fortresslike Belvedere Castle, and when we arrived there we found forty people, of all ages and descriptions, assembled on its terrace, where the organizers of the expedition, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Rogers, and Mrs. Theodore E. Dennis, were handing out trash pickers' sticks and brown shopping bags stencilled with the words "Smash Trash" in large red letters.

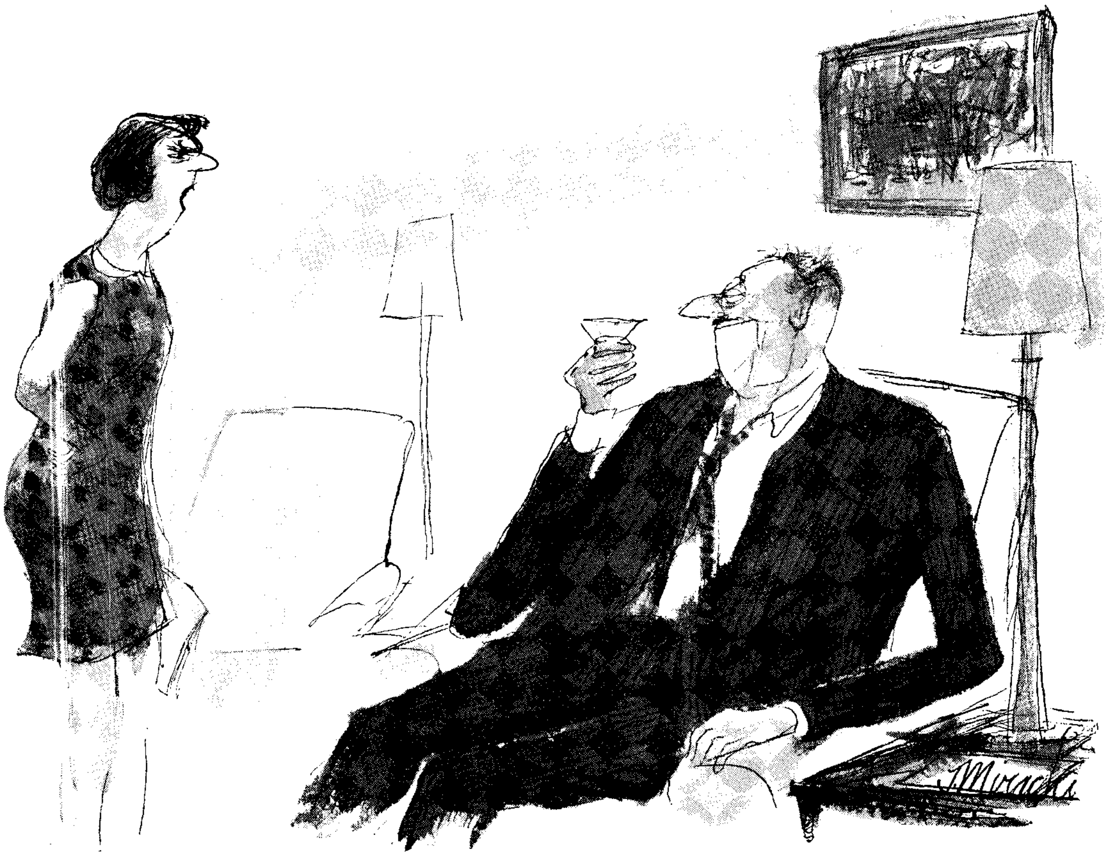
It was a sparkling autumn day—brisk, clear, and sunny, with a bright-blue sky flecked with small, round white clouds that appeared stationary and ornamental. When all the volunteers were equipped, Mr. Rogers began to speak through a red-and-white bullhorn: "Ladies and gentlemen—*troops!* As we embark on this campaign against litter, I have three announcements. First, if you acquire any splinters, or if you inadvertently spear anyone, please return here, and Mrs. Dennis will provide first aid. Second, use your sticks with great caution. Third, go in groups of three or four. You will be assigned areas of high-litter content to attack. Please return your sticks here for use in subsequent campaigns."

The first group to depart consisted of three young men in beards, blue jeans, Indian beads, and leather jackets. They were followed by three women in bell-bottom trousers and ski parkas. We approached Mrs. Dennis, who was wearing Wellington boots, a miniskirt, and a khaki safari jacket, and heard her giving an assignment to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers ("Go toward the azalea pond and constantly move east"). As the Rogerses moved off, accompanied by a hippie, who said his name was Bill, we asked Mrs. Dennis to tell us something about herself. "Just a moment," she said, bending down to listen to a small, blond boy, whom she introduced as Ian, her son. Ian, who is three and a half, and who also wore Wellington boots, was complaining that he had not been given an assignment. Over his protests, we learned that Mrs. Dennis is an assistant curator of Western European arts at the Metropolitan Museum, and, having learned that, we hurried down the path behind the Belvedere and caught up with Mr. Rogers, whom we had met at the final sailing of the Queen Elizabeth. He is an admiralty lawyer with the firm of Burlingham Underwood Wright White & Lord. "This is the second trash-picking expedition sponsored by the Friends of Central Park," he said, stabbing a large, soggy paper bag that was lying on the path. "My wife, Elizabeth, organized the first one, last summer, in another part of the Park, and it was quite successful. A lot of people who happened to be in the Park joined us and got into the spirit of it. We ran into an ideological conflict with some hippies playing Frisbee. They asked us why we weren't cleaning up the ghettos. We replied that we would offer our services to clean up a ghetto if they, the hippies, would stop playing Frisbee and help us clean Central Park. They kept on playing Frisbee." Mr. Rogers nodded toward a clump of shrubbery, from which emanated a clanking of empty cans, and said, "Talk to that fellow named Bill. He's a different sort of hippie."

Bill stepped out of the shrubbery carrying three shopping bags, one of them stuffed with empty beer cans and old newspapers. We asked him his full name, and, after a long pause, during which he seemed to be contemplating the entire course of human history, he said his full name wasn't important. We then asked him why he was picking up trash in Central Park. Another long pause ensued, during which he stabbed a Cracker Jack box lying beneath a Japanese knotweed, whose full name, incidentally, is *Polygonum cuspidatum*. Finally, in a solemn tone appropriate to Mazarin instructing the young Louis XIV in statesmanship, Bill replied, "I woke up earlier than usual this morning and decided to come on over." He started down the path, spearing newspapers to right and left, and telling us, as he speared, "I'd seen a notice about this litter thing in the *East Village Other* or the *Village Voice*. I don't usually get up until around two in the afternoon, unless I'm on the farm.



"... and as part of our duty to render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's it behooves us all, dear brethren, to use our Zip Code numbers."



"This different drummer you march to—does he happen to own a distillery?"

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I'm a musician in town—clarinet—and I'm a farmer when I'm in Hope, New Jersey. I belong to a commune there called The Family. There are a hundred and twenty people in my family. I really dig Central Park, and I think it's a shame the way it's dirty. When you're doing this type of thing—picking up litter—you're a Digger. It's like painting a house or running a free store. It doesn't matter what your ideology is; if you're doing something like cleaning up the Park, you're a Digger." He wandered off into the shrubbery and attacked a small hill of rubbish lying between a shagbark hickory and a tulip tree.

Again we caught up with Mr. Rogers, who was now working one side of a path near the Lake while his wife worked the other side. "In our last campaign, we had prizes for the best litter," Mr. Rogers said, scooping up a *Daily News*. "In the category of 'Most Apt,' the winning litter was a piece of cardboard that evidently came with a camera, and was imprinted with the words 'Don't place this card in camera. Please put it in wastebasket.' In the category of 'Least Palatable,' the winner was a yawning, waterlogged shoe with nails sticking out."

"The prizes were boxes of stationery with Park scenes," said Mrs. Rogers. "But I think wastebaskets would have been more appropriate."

Beyond Mrs. Rogers, the Lake lay glistening in the sun. Rowboats slid slowly across it. The sounds of oars moving in oarlocks, and of laughing voices, skimmed across the water. Mr. Rogers bent down and picked up a negative and a cardboard film pack from a Polaroid camera. "Polaroid is a great offender, because it's a throw-away operation," he said, handing us the negative, which showed the Lake seen from the spot at which we were standing. While we were contemplating it, a group of students enveloped in ponchos and carrying guitars stopped to ask Mr. and Mrs. Rogers what they were doing, and, having been told, continued on their way. We noticed a man who looked very much like W. C. Fields sitting on a bench nearby, and asked him why he wasn't helping the litter pickers. He pushed his hat—a porkpie—back on his head and nodded toward the Rogerses. "They seem to be doing a pretty good job," he said. "I don't want to interrupt them."

Just then, Mr. Rogers impaled an old shirt and tried to get it into his shopping bag, which was so full it was threatening to burst. "We've been working nearly an hour, and we've passed only one trash can," he said. "The whole Park needs more trash cans and more maintenance men. The Parks Department is no doubt underbudgeted and understaffed. We can't do anything about that, but we *can* try to show the public that every individual can help just by stooping down and picking up some of the litter he sees. If everybody did that, the Park would be much cleaner."

Reappearing from behind a pagoda tree, Bill produced a huge transparent-plastic bag, into which he and the Rogerses poured the contents of their shopping bags. A young couple, passing by, stopped and offered to help. They promised they would carry the plastic bag until they found a trash can. By now, the Rogerses and Bill had dust all over their clothes, but they continued working with relish, filling their shopping bags again. "You find that you really get carried away. You want to pick up every bit. It becomes monomania," said Mr. Rogers.

"You can become an expert at trash collecting, just like anything else," said Bill. "I find that, as in most things, I am a middle-of-the-roader, tending to pick trash first to the right and then to the left, but remaining, like, generally on a center course." He was now using a white shopping bag with red-and-black lettering that read "Carry O'Dwyer to Victory." Its message irked a young man who was walking along with a turned-off transistor radio in one hand. He stopped and, in an irritated tone, asked Bill about the bag. Bill told him that one of the other volunteers had brought a bunch of the bags, and that since it was too late to do any good, there was no political intent.

"We'll be happy to give you equal bag time," Mr. Rogers said.

"Whatever your bag is, we welcome it," said Bill.

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MEMORANDUM written on a solitary notebook page and discovered near the Columbia University campus:

1. Brown leather outfit.
2. White panty hose.
3. Take bath.
4. Clean room somewhat.
5. Prepare things for tomorrow.
6. Get hold of myself.

PHILADELPHIA

Reading a Book

With a soft touch of his white hands, Mr. Flax read a book. In the evening he came across this amazing sentence: "A weakening of the libidinous interest in reality has recently come to a close."

That's True

Flax closed the book but left his thumb in it to keep his place. With his other hand he slapped his leg several times. By God! By God! That is true! If I understand it correctly. What is meant by the libidinous interest in reality? I suppose I'll have to read some more books to find that out.

Flax Thought About His Dead Son Killed in a Training Accident

I must have whacked him a thousand times. That was not the relation I wanted to be in to him. But something happened.

Everybody Get Into the Car. Bring the Thermos Bottles

The damaged picnic ground was spread with rubber sheets. The girls were not happy. Why are there rocks under the rubber sheets? Why are the sandwiches damp? Why no red wine? The girls pouted and looked in the trees for some other picnic to go to.

The Leaning Tower of Philadelphia

Flax leaned against the Leaning Tower of Philadelphia. "These Philadelphia people think they're so fine. Why, I can't imagine. Max Ernst doesn't live here. A lot of other interesting people don't live here. Our self-inflicted wound rate is one of the highest in the country. Yet—" Flax gave the Leaning Tower of Philadelphia a fat push with his hand. It trembled. Exquisite Philadelphia!

Experiences Among the Wapituil

Thinking to divert the girls Mr. Flax related his experiences among the Wapituil. "We uncovered them when we were drilling, or trying to drill, the Mohole. We were supposed to drill, you recall, into the region below the Mohorovičić discontinuity. That was the plan, anyhow. We never did really drill because of, oh, several reasons. But our preliminary studies uncovered this strange people that had never been studied before, the Wapituil."

They Are Very Like Us

The girls were showing signs of being bored, but Flax went on. "The Wapituil are like us to an extraordinary degree. They have a kinship system which is very similar to our kinship system. They address each other as 'Mister,' 'Mistress,' and 'Miss.' They wear clothes which look very much like our clothes. They have a Fifth Avenue which divides their territory into east and west. They have a Chock Full o' Nuts and a Chevrolet, one of each. They have a Museum of Modern Art and a telephone and a Martini, one of each. The Martini and the telephone are kept in the Museum of Modern Art. In fact they have everything that we have, but only one of each thing."

Fully Industrialized

"We found that they lose interest very quickly. For instance they are fully industrialized, but they don't seem interested in taking advantage of it. After the steel mill produced the ingot, it was shut down. They can conceptualize but they don't follow through. For instance, their week has seven days—Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, Monday, and Monday. They have one disease, mononucleosis. The sex life of a Wapituil consists of a single experience, which he thinks about for a long time."

All the Sleeping Girls Fell on Flax in a Big Pile

I wish my picnics were more successful, Flax said to himself. But maybe it is in the nature of picnics to go flat. I had many more interesting observations to make about Wapituil culture, and some scorching side remarks about those who bungled the Mohole project, too. But maybe in this drugstore here I can find . . .

A Rexall Drugstore

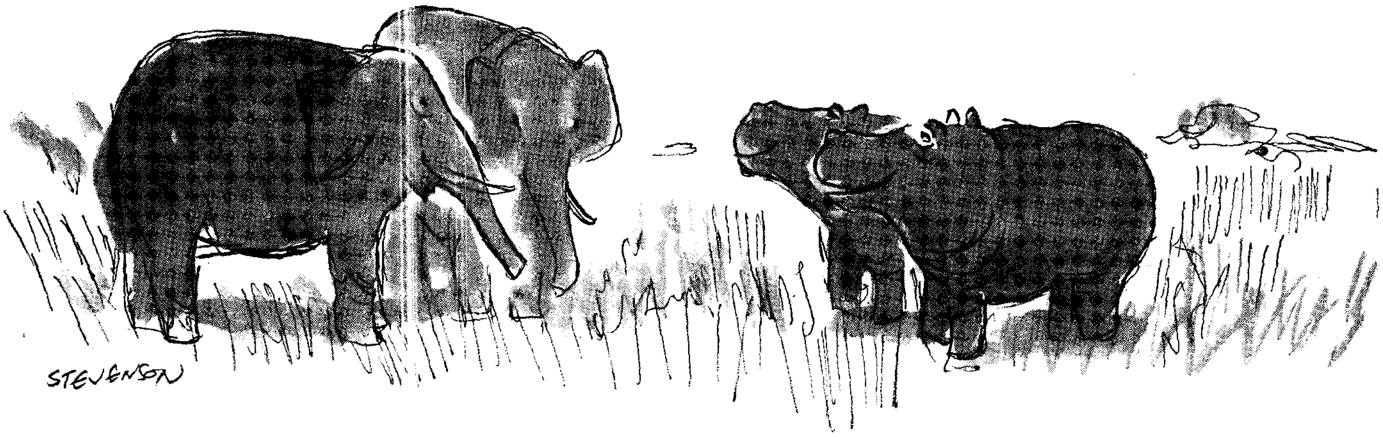
In the Rexall drugstore Flax found a group of nuns drinking milkshakes at the long yellow marble soda fountain. "You ladies don't mind if I sit down next to you, do you?"

An Elegant Conversation

Flax had an elegant conversation with the sisters, some of whom told him their real names. Going out to the trunk of his car he found a peck of shiny new silver thimbles. He gave one to each of the sisters, in case they needed to mend a wimple or something, from time to time.

The Peck of Pleased Sisters Gambolled on the Grass

"Goodbye, Mr. Flax! And thank you a whole lot. We will remember you in our prayers!" Driving home to Philadelphia, Flax thought about the meeting with satisfaction.



"We're hoping you can join us for a little drink at the water hole at dusk."

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Zbigniew Flax Is Far Ahead in Those Fields He Chooses to Enter and Leave, Emily Read in the Newspaper

Flax took the newspaper story from her hands. "The *Inquirer* exaggerates a lot. They have to, to keep the public interested. By the way, you don't happen to know what the phrase 'libidinous interest in reality' means, do you?"

This Photograph Makes Him Look Like a Barber

"No," Emily said. Perhaps it is the cheap paper they use, she thought. His real achievements—miracles of personality—are not likely to be known to the press.

Tops

From the tops of the ten highest buildings in Philadelphia, Flax distributed informational materials. A WEAKENING OF THE LIBIDINOUS INTEREST IN REALITY HAS RECENTLY COME TO A CLOSE. PHILADELPHIA, AWAKE! YOUR GREATNESS DOES NOT HAVE TO BE IN THE PAST! IT CAN BE IN THE FUTURE, TOO! Hopeful bumper stickers were distributed. "I don't know how much good all this does," Flax said. "Stupor is the word for this city, in my opinion. But we must make the effort." He turned to the foreman of his factory. "How many units have we turned out this quarter?"

1,785,000

"1,785,000," Howard Johnson said. "I am a little bit afraid, however, that that is more tongue depressors than the market can comfortably absorb. But the flu outlook is good. The North Korean flu is moving westward across the country and will link up with the eastward-moving Byzantine flu at about Hays, Kansas." "If we could get some of that flu action for Philadelphia," Flax mused, "then we would not have to ship so far or pay outrageous air-freight charges. But on the other hand, I want Philadelphia to be a city of light and air and paper flowers and preventive medicine. I am of two minds about this." He turned to the manager of his bunny club. "O.K., what about your operation?"

Not So Well

"Well, Mr. Flax, I have to tell you that the bunny club is not doing so well. Your notion of using real bunnies instead of artificial girl bunnies has just not proved out. It's innovatory, but a flop. After having given the bunnies their lettuce, carrots, and so forth, the people just stand there and look at them with disgusted looks. Then the people go off to the brothels of Philadelphia, where the girls are."

Tired

Tired of business and politics, Flax took Emily to the circus.

Words of a Wirewalker

But the circus artists were all gathered together in a gigantic work stoppage. They were refusing to perform. There seemed to be no particular explanation for the crisis. A sullen mood hung over the area like a Sunday afternoon. The wirewalker regarded his wire. "I can make the bicycle leap," the wirewalker said. "Over a barrier in mid-wire. And come down softly on the other side. This is done on no other continent." "I would like to see that," Flax said. "So would a lot of people," said the artist.

Empty Spotlights Raved the Deserted Rings, Trying to Find a Performance

The refusal of the artist-hero to perform made Flax think. It must be that this wirewalker has not heard that a weakening of the libidinous interest in reality has recently come to a close. Otherwise he would be up there walking his heart out. I must give him the news. Without the news he is in a bad way, as disadvantaged as a Wapituil, who only does anything once.

Flax whispered the news to the wirewalker. But the man's feet remained solidly planted in the tanbark. "This dismal circus atmosphere is ruining my happiness!" Flax cried. Taking Emily by the hand . . .

The Three Girls Were Just Sitting There on the Tub's Edge

Flax put on a gold chain around his neck. "Uncork" your ideas and enthusiasm too frequently and you "evaporate" their qualities. He turned to the girls on the tub's edge crowded with sensuous detail.

How Do I Look?

"How do I look?" he asked them. They said he looked fine. With white hands he opened a number of doors. Zbigniew Flax moves forward under conditions that would stop a sensible man in his tracks.

Breaks the Glass

Flax stood against his office window with its floor-to-ceiling glass. He was explaining what he had read, but perhaps not fully understood, but still felt to be very important, in Ehrenzweig's book. "I am not making fun of it; I believe in it. I believe Ehrenzweig is right." The six elevator girls paid attention. Flax made a tense gesture with his elbow. He broke the glass. Broken glass on the white carpet. A hole where the window was. Flax stuck his head out of the hole. He regarded the citizens rolling about like BBs on the pavement fifty-six stories below.

Yells

"*A weakening of the libidinous interest in reality has recently come to a close!*" he yelled. Yells fell like . . . Parts of yells in the blue Philadelphia air.

Things Said About Flax, in the Industry

(1) He knows silicones. (2) He is not the last man to hear of new developments. (3) He has a certain vision which helps him when he looks ahead. (4) He is a smart hombre. The elevator girls were standing very close together. One girl put a candy bar into another girl's mouth and then another girl put a hamburger into another girl's mouth. Another girl put a Kodak Instamatic camera to her eye and took a picture of another girl and another girl patted another girl on the shapely caudal area. Emily ran her fingertips over the Flax portfolio. I will adopt his son. Paul will be my son, too. We will discover his true age, by research in old parish records covered with blue dust. His oscillating identity will be fixed. He will be a fourteen-year-old, then a fifteen-year-old. Then other ages. In this way we will pull him up to human standards. He will be touchingly grateful. But I don't want his gratitude. I don't even want his father. I want long grass blown in the window by the fierce spring winds!

We Will Send the Monks to You

The Mother Superior spoke. "No, Mr. Flax. It cannot be. It is not that I don't believe that your renunciation of the world is real. I believe it is real. But you look like the kind who is overly susceptible to Nun's Melancholy, which is one of our big problems here. I know that you are regarded, in the industry, as quite a competent individual and, indeed, a farseer. We would like to have the advantage of your business judgment in handling our interests. But full membership is impossible. We will send the monks to you, at the end. The monks sing well, too. We will send the monks to you, for your final agony."

Silver Bells, Silver Bells

"Do you think Philadelphia will ever regain its former national importance?" Flax asked. "Do you think the Congress will ever sit here again?" Emily was wearing a transparent glass shirt and silver bells, silver bells. "They turned you down, is that it?" "Yes," he said. "Precisely." Emily wiped his head with a soft towel. "Well, I will have you," she said. Giant aircraft passed in the sky, their passengers bent over with their heads between their knees, in pillows.

May Perpetual Light Shine Upon Her

There is always someone who will have you, Flax thought to himself. Thank God for that. Maybe the recent event of which Ehrenzweig speaks will bring grace to Philadelphia. Maybe not. I have a suspicion that nothing is going to happen in Philadelphia. All of the institutions of Philadelphia are one institution and its name is Don't Move. They may paint it, Philadelphia, but that's all they'll do.

The Strangest Thing That Ever Happened to Me

"Do you know the strangest thing that ever happened to me?" They were drinking a cream soda. "What?" "I was walking down the street." Flax told the story. Emily looked at him alertly. Flax told Emily an interesting story which wasn't true. Some people feel you should tell the truth, but those people are impious and wrong, and if you listen to what they say, you will be tragically unhappy all your life.

—DONALD BARTHELME

USED IN THE HIGHLANDS SINCE TIME IMMEMORIAL

MARY talked to herself at one time, in both languages, English and Gaelic. This was not long after the First War, when she was young and newly married. "Mhairi. Are you there, then, Mary. Are you busy. Are you pleased"

"No. Chan an eil neach sam bith an so. No, I am not very pleased."

"What is it that is on you, then"

"Everybody is emigrating, leaving Inverness-shire, and we pretend that they are not. Also, Callum is taking me up the Hill to stay at Croichar, and I want to live where I am."

Mary had not said that aloud, but Shonach the cow, the long-horned, long-haired orange cow, came to the kitchen door as if she had heard something, and stood. Mary was baking scones, going back and forth between the kitchen table and the fire. Shonach stood, seriously waiting. Matted hair hung over the cow's face and gave her a Viking look, eyeless and berserk, but she was tame enough; if Mary said the right things to her, she would let herself be milked in the open, on the Hill. She was a useful cow. After a while, Shonach began to swing her head from side to side, and her horn spread was so wide that, with her face looking in at the open door, one tip knocked the kitchen windowpane. Still Mary had no time for her. At last the cow groaned—a sound so deep that the pendulum clock on the mantelpiece stopped for a second and pinged in response.

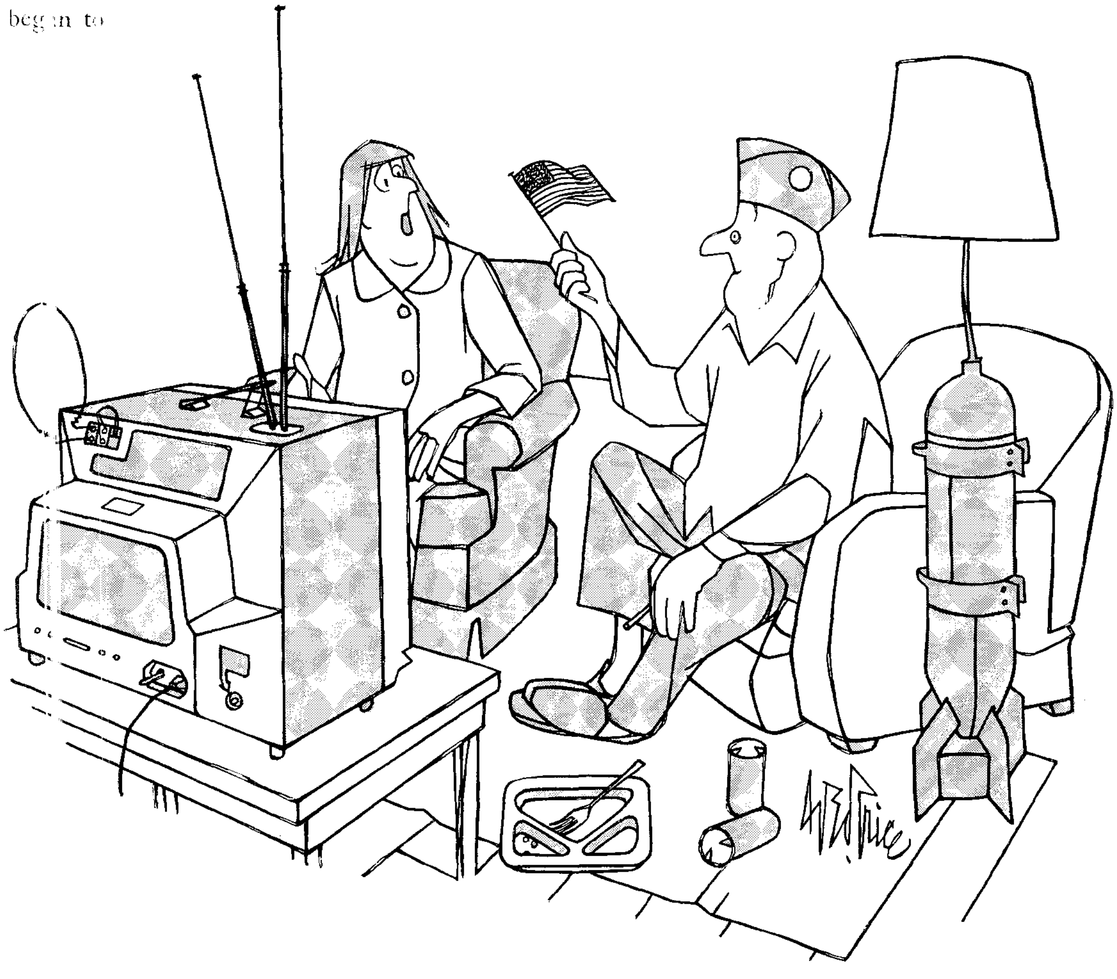
"Bi samhach," said Mary sharply, to both of them. She took a new scone, split it, buttered it, put on the jam, and brought it steaming through the door to Shonach, who opened her slimy mouth and lapped it in. Mary went back to work, wiping her hand on her cardigan. The cow's own milk was in the scone, after all. Shonach went away.

Mary did the baking now that her mother was dead, and she was prepared to go on doing so for the rest of her life. That was not bothering her. Every other day, she made oatcakes, pancakes, and scones. When she had been a little girl, they had not used any store bread, but now the baker's van came up twice a week and she bought one or two plain wrapped loaves as well. Still, her own baking was important, and she measured it carefully: so many for Callum, her husband—he was big; a few for herself; an extra few to go with the tea she would give to the shepherd, or the gillie, or the van men, or the postman. The postie did not often come. But that day she had to double the amount, and bake twice.

Four people would be with them in the afternoon, and she knew exactly what it would be like because it had happened before, with other sisters, brothers, cousins. They would knock and come in at the front door, not through the kitchen. That was meaningful, and meaning would gather about every little thing they did all afternoon, until at last they would sit bristling like gorse bushes with silent communication. They would go into the Room and have tea, looking at the formal fire. They would start to talk at random, about the weather or the sheep, without looking at each other or saying one word about their purpose. Then something would take hold of them, some last protesting kink in their spirits, and the kink would work itself out—not in sorrow, which would have made sense, but in malice. They would choose a victim, usually someone who was not there, and grind him up with small gossip. The best insults would be the softest ones. After that, they would stand up and go out through the front door; they would not say slan leat, beannachd leat, goodbye of any kind; and Mary would never see any of them again.

"When people die," said Mary, "we go on and on about it. A death is the most interesting thing we have."

Her mother had died in the windowless room off the kitchen and had been laid out in the formal Room across the hall. There had never been such a long party with them before, and Mary had done most of the work. The activity had excited her and made her think. She could bake and milk and straighten the Room without noticing, so she spent a lot of work time thinking. Why, for example, was death a



"For goodness' sake, can't I raise the teeniest objection to our foreign policy without you waving that flag in my face?"

"Well, would you make a house call if we brought the house over?"

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long party, while this emigration—and what was it, after all, but just a family going to live in another place—was a catastrophe that made people go quiet and look the other way? When Mary did not understand something, she was still young enough to fume and talk to herself about it. She was alive in both languages. Gaelic was the best for muttering and subtlety. Knowing Gaelic, she did not need to be educated.

Mary rolled the dough with a floury bottle, swung the griddle down over the peats—the fire was cooler now, burning blue—and when the new bread was baked lifted it off, piece by piece, and stacked it around her, flicking it out like a gambler dealing cards: the only cards she would ever play, being Free Church. The deck came up triangular scones, gray oatcakes, fawn-colored dry pancakes. The peat fire made Mary sweat, and her skirt stuck to her ankles. Outside, there was no wind. The pine trees in the steading sagged around like old brooms. Wasps came in the door, droning and singing, crawling toward the syrup. She whacked them dead with the ladle. It was a thick, gray day. Mary was not at peace in summer; it didn't suit that country, or herself. In summer everything was feverish, overworked, straining to grow in the short, white nights. Summer was an intrusion—"sgimeilearachd" was her word, which is contemptuous. Winter was the proper state of things. This was, at least, September.

And it was the last time she would do the baking in that dim, low kitchen. Tomorrow, the croft-changing would begin. They had bought a bed and Callum had made a table for the new house, but everything else in the whole steading was waiting to be moved:

"The two work garrons," she said. "The black bull. Shonach.

"The hens. The stirks. The five black cows.

"The Cheviot ewes—thirty of them. They are not my affair. And the Border Leicester tup. Nor is he. Fochan and Callum will see to the sheep." Fochan was the shepherd.

"I will drive the beasts up on the Monday. Callum will see to the plough. The harrow. The harness. The cart. What am I going to do about the milk bowls and the churn? And everything else, my God."

They were going to leave Cnoc-na-Coille, where Mary and her family had always lived. As the oldest child, Mary owned the crofting rights to Cnoc-na-Coille, to use or rent or sell back to the Laird. She had decided to let the house to a neighbor's daughter and have Callum continue to farm the land. They were going to live at Croichan, the last and furthest hill croft above that valley, which was called Strath-Ard. Callum's family kept the rights to Croichan, but the steading had been abandoned for fifty years. Now he insisted on going there.

Mary was afraid of that place. She had only seen it as a square of foundation rubble, windswept out of line, and an empty cow byre and barn. The byre roof had been still thatched in the old way then, with heather sods—prickly, reaching divots that made the building look like a live animal, humping across the empty space. That was Croichan, wind and space: so much wind and space that the brain lost all support and thoughts peeled away like gray gelatine leaves. Above Croichan to the west was the Keeper's Cottage. Maggie Harrower, the gamekeeper's wife, kept hens and an Ayrshire cow and grew a few rows of potatoes, but they did not try to farm. Above the cottage was the moor, sliabh monadh, the Hill, where it was not possible to live.

Mary was afraid of Croichan, but she did not fight back, because she was even more frightened of Callum. She did not know him and she was not sure yet why she had married him. It had happened too quickly for her to be sure. In 1918, unlike many of the young men from Strath-Ard, Callum had come back alive from France, and before the excitement had died down he had married Mary, persuaded the Laird to let him reclaim Croichan, and built a new house on the old stones. He was a craftsman; he could mix mortar, lay bricks, slate a roof, and do anything with wood—but slowly, as if he were thinking about something else.

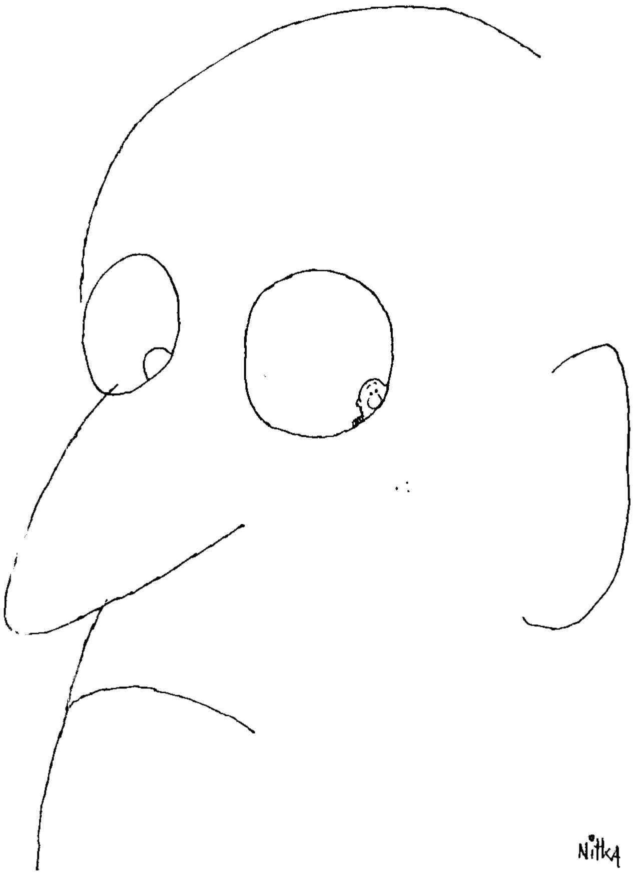
While he was building the new house, he started to fix up the byre, too. Slowly, ponderously, he tore down the black furry thatch of the old roof, swearing in Gaelic and English, burying himself in spiders and rot. The joists were still sound, but there was no man left in Strath-Ard who knew how to build a heather thatch. So Callum decided to put on a tin roof, but he had trouble with it. He was up on the walls holding down the corrugated sheet and trying to nail it in place when the wind caught the flat metal and scooped it up on end, knocking Callum backward into the byre. Then the wind took the roof away and walked it across the road, over the fences and down the hill, in no hurry, corner over corner in the sun. The tin went flashing corrugated gleams like water, very pretty. It got lost in thick woods in the river valley.

Mary thought Callum would go mad with rage, but he did not even waste time swearing. He went to find the roof and dragged it patiently out of the trees and across the boggy open ground. Slowly, but not angrily, he tied it onto the turnip sledge and went behind the sledge, guiding it, while the two work ponies hauled it up the wet and tangled hillside back to the steading. Then he set it in place again, weighting it with rocks, and nailed it down hard. It was what he did next that frightened Mary. He let all his other work go while he sat underneath the roof all day, inside the byre, with his eyes closed; the sun slid in bars across the cobbled floor, and he sat listening to the tin rattle and struggle in the wind.

Today, that last day at Cnoc-na-Coille, he was up at Croichan finishing the well while Mary prepared the Room for tea. First, she set the chairs in a formal square against the walls. Nothing would be said, but it was understood that there had to be courtesies. People had been emigrating for so long that the good manners had all gone quiet; but there was a shape to the silence. If they still made up songs, which they did not, there might have been singing. Once there had been. Now singing was too obvious and would have embarrassed them. It was no outlet anymore. The awful shivering half-notes, the olive-green and blue sounds, had all gone inside, and were making trouble there.

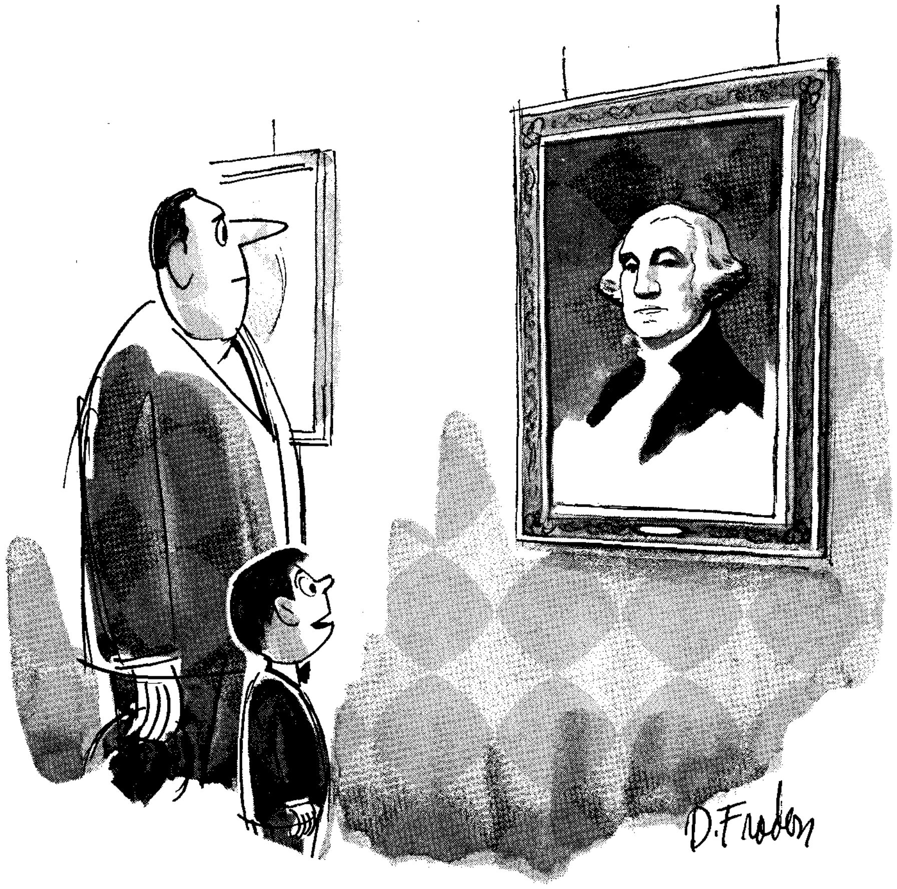
Mary lit the fire. The walls and floor around her smelled damp, but that was proper for a Room; it proved that it was a real parlor, seldom used. First she lit birch twigs, then small wood, then put on a few peats in a standing triangle. The flue was stone-cold and feathers of smoke came curling out at her. Perhaps there were jackdaws living in the chimney again. When the fire was going—soggy, but snapping and burning a little—she left it alone and got four small tea tables from the corner and put them squarely between the chairs. Then she took four starched white tablecloths and spread them out on the tables. They would use the good cups, and the saucers as well.

She heard Callum come in and go upstairs to the loft bedroom to put on his other clothes, and at the same time the wind changed and kicked into the house, a sudden gale blowing from the west. The fireplace smoke belled heavily into the Room and then changed direction, too, and went tunnelling up the chimney with the new draught, jackdaws or not. Callum was so vague, and so fair, and so big all over that he seemed to jar loose bits of weather as he walked around. He would slam the door, and rain would come showering down. If he went West to cut peats on the Hill, grouse and hares and even ptarmigan would explode out of cover, and he would smile. They would never jump and run so for anybody else. Mary was getting used to it.



LATE in the afternoon, past milking time, the MacRae family walked up the road from their croft, Balmacarra, through the woods to Cnoc-na-Coille. These lower crofts were in clearings between woodlots; only Croichan was above the tree line. The sun came in low, dusty lines of light through the tree trunks, and the wind was a hard blue slant from the west. The women's skirts and scarves blew out behind them, hard as wood in the gale. There was one old woman, Mrs. MacRae, and her two sons, Kenny and Duncan MacRae. There was Jessie, Duncan's wife, who was Mary's younger sister. Jessie was five years younger, and softer than Mary in every way. There were Jessie's two little boys, who were wild and did not want to learn English, and flickered like rabbits in and out of the bracken by the roadside. All these people were going to Canada together. They did not really know who to blame for sending them there.

Mary watched them through the back-bedroom window, which had a bench set below it, especially for watching. When they knocked on the front door, she pretended that she had been busy in the kitchen. She was supposed to watch and she was supposed to pretend. To change the rules would have upset everybody. They greeted each other quietly in the hall, and the MacRaes went into the Room while Mary made jam pieces for the boys in the kitchen. They were not allowed into the Room. She split the new scones, buttered them, put on the jam, and handed them through



"Have we had any other Presidents who never told a lie?"

the door to the little boys. Like Shonach, they went away.

Then she took the teapot into the Room. They were all sitting, at first, as the chairs were placed: upright, knees together, apart from each other.

They would speak in Gaelic, through the afternoon. Old Mrs. MacRae began, saying, "It was warm, earlier, the day. It was very close."

Mary said, "It was."

Jessie said, "It is a fine gale now, however. It is refreshing."

Mary said, "It is."

Callum walked in wearing his uniform with the Cameron Highlander kilt, and of course they could not let that get by. Kenny MacRae began it, saying, "Och, see the kiltie. See Himself. What an awful toff he is, dressed like that. Indeed, I would not know how to speak to him."

Callum blushed. He was fair enough to do that. He had a high forehead, and the skin on top, which was covered by a cap outdoors, was not even weathered and went blazing purple. "Shut your mouth," he said. "It is my Army dress. I have not got any other. Shall I go and put on the trousers I was digging the well in, the day?"

Everyone sat sipping tea and looking at the Room's flowery best wallpaper, while the wind outside pushed and swung about the house. They decided without saying it: Not him, not Callum; find somebody else.

Kenny MacRae said, "Surely not. The well, then. Speak about that. Surely there must have been a well at Croichan already."

"There was," said Callum. "But it was only a spring, West, between two rocks. Mine will be an improvement."

"Without it, I would be carrying all the water fifty yards uphill," said Mary. Callum looked mildly at her. The well was an improvement to his croft, not to her housekeeping. She knew that.

"How will it be getting on, then," said Duncan MacRae, who was more serious.

"I dug seventeen feet down," said Callum, still in Gaelic. "That will be far enough. Then I started to work on the masonry. I had Hector Ross to help me, to stand on the planks, set across the well, you see, and he was to lower the bricks down to me in a sling. But devil a foot would he put on those planks. He would pretend to do so, while I was watching him, and then he would take a wee steppie backward and heave the bricks over the edge. Before we finished, he was throwing the bricks down upon the top of me."

There was a soft laugh around the Room, and soft comments—"Och, no," "And would he do that, then." Callum had given them a victim. Hector Ross was a fat and timid crofter who lived in the village. They called him *townie*. They leaned forward in their chairs, drew them in toward the fire. Peat smoke spiralled up from the grate, burning their eyes with its coal tobacco smell.

Jessie MacRae giggled and said, "And will you tell us now, Callum, has the furrow become straight yet," and again there was that murmuring laugh, as if the Room itself were laughing. They all knew about that. One day at the beginning of the war, before he had gone away, Callum had offered to plough one of the Cnoc-na-Coille fields for Mary's mother. Horses were scarce then, and he had borrowed Hector Ross's old white mare for the day. But the horse turned out to be exactly like Hector, fat and timid. It had gone mad at the harrow jingling behind it, and Callum had kicked it in a zigzag around the field all day, screaming *whore* and *bastard* at it in English. Callum won in the end, so the joke was on Hector and the horse; Strath-Ard had collected it and kept it for times of need.

Old Mrs. MacRae developed the theme, and the talk began to carry the rhythm of church—the sung-out line and murmuring response of their Free Church service. "And were you seeing Hector's brother Jimmie Ross when he came back from Edinburgh."

"No, we did not. How was it, then."

"He had come," said Mrs. MacRae with elongated irony, "to visit his *Ancestral Croft Home*." The last in English. They found English bitterly funny, because it was destroying them. "He came down the road, so, wagging his bottom (he is not so fat as Hector), on past me, quite the toff. He had a grand big pair of tackety boots on him, brogans with the flap and the wee tassels, and did he not have his *clan* kilt with his wee white knees sticking out, and a wee knife put into his stocking."

"Surely he would be cutting himself with that."

"'*Ah, Mrs. MacRae, good day.*' 'How are you the day, Jimmie.' '*I'm taking the air.*' In English, that grand. '*I can't resist the magnificent view.*' But it is Himself that is magnificent, is it not so."

"It is." They were in ecstasy, and the Room quietly laughed. Mary took the teapot to the kitchen fire for fresh water. It would not do to have the kettle boiling in the Room. She knew that they would wait for her. The talk made her uneasy, would make her discuss it afterward with herself but she was part of it, too. Jessie followed her out of the Room and went outside through the kitchen door. Mary thought she would be seeing to the children, making sure they were not guddling in the dairy or teasing the bull. A bucket was clanging and rolling in the wind, across the yard, chasing the hens. Some shirts that Mary had pegged out on the line were cracking like ship's sails. Jessie did not come back, and when Mary got tired of waiting she took the teapot into the Room.

There the air was thick with what was not said. They had waited, in their gentle silence. Mary poured fresh tea, and as the leafy steam rose up Kenny MacRae got them going again.

"I was there to see Jimmie as well."

"And will you tell us what you were seeing."

"I will tell you. Jimmie had a wee bookie under his arm. 'What is it that you are reading then, Jimmie.' '*Folklore*.' "

The English drone was devastating, but the more they liked it the quieter they got, until, when Callum finished it with "Jimmie, Himself, has seen the Water-Horse in the Knockmuie duckpond," nobody laughed out loud at all. It was inside. After that, there was not much left of Jimmie Ross. Hector had been used up before Jimmie. Outside, a pine branch began to swing in the wind and tap against the window, the way Shonach had knocked her horn on the kitchen windowpane for Mary. There was tension in the Room.

"Where is your sister?" said Duncan MacRae to Mary.

"Away out," said Mary.

"I know where she is," said Mrs. MacRae. "We are not to wait for her."

Callum went to the sideboard and brought out a small bottle of whiskey. Even Mary and Mrs. MacRae got some, which made it serious. "Slainte," they all said, not in chorus but in a sardonic and ragged agreement. Then they did not know what to say. After a long silence, Kenny MacRae thought of Croichan.

"Will you not show us around the new house, then, Callum. I have not seen it since the roof went up."

"I will, if you like," said Callum, but he was thinking about something else. "Croichan," he said. "I mind that name has got 'cross' in it somehow. There was a Museum Man up saying that there was a stone cross standing somewhere West, and I looked to find it, but I never did."

"And if you found it," said Mrs. MacRae, "would you be keeping it? Or would you be giving it away to the *folklore* man?"

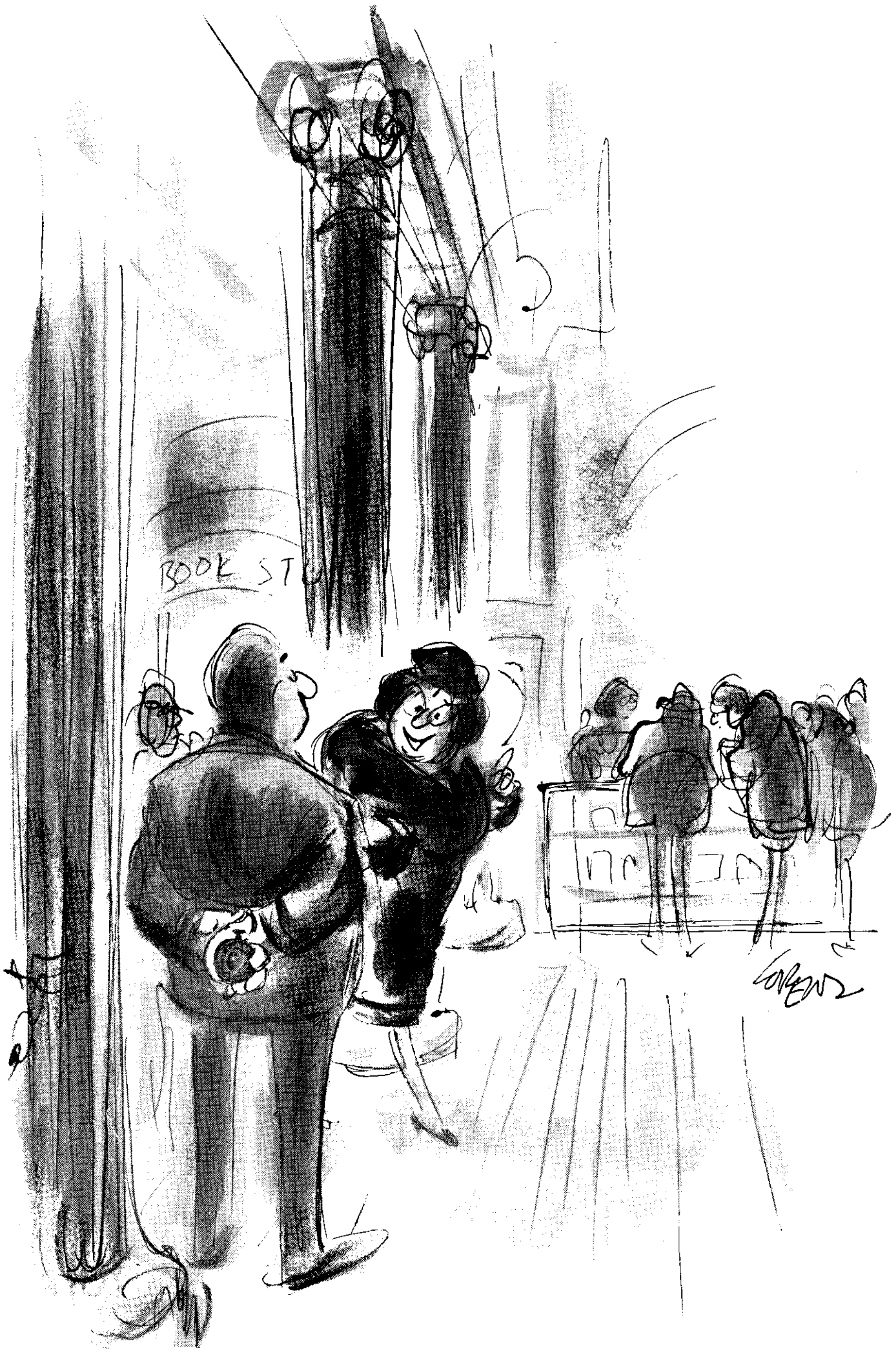
"Och, I would bury the thing," said Callum with distaste. "I would sink the whole thing in a bog."

Mary thought that was blasphemy. She did not like it at all.

THE MacRaes and Mary and Callum put on coats and scarves and buttoned up well against the wind. They went out through the front door—the occasion would be formal until the very end. The whole forest was roaring and swaying around the croft. The sky was still light, but the gale was so strong that the hens had given up and gone to roost. There was no sign of Jessie or the children.

"They have gone West the Road to get brambles," said Mrs. MacRae. "We will catch up with them."

They went down the Cnoc-na-Coille drive and onto the unpaved road leading up the glen. As they went by the pasture, the two work garrons stopped grazing and followed them along the fence. The garrons were short as ponies but square as draught



"Don't click me. I'm just here to buy cards."

FROM CANTO CXIII

Then a partridge-shaped cloud over dust storm.
The hells move in cycles,
No man can see his own end.
The Gods have not returned. "They have never left us."
They have not returned.
Cloud's processional and the air moves with their living.
Pride, jealousy, and possessiveness
3 pains of hell
and a clear wind over garofani
over Portofino 3 lights in triangulation
Or apples from Hesperides fall in their lap
from phantom trees.
The old Countess remembered (say 1928)
that ball in St. Petersburg
and as to how Stef got out of Poland. . . .
Sir Ian told 'em help
would come via the sea
(the black one, the Black Sea)
Pétain warned 'em.
And the road under apple-boughs
mostly grass-covered
And the olives to windward
Kalenda Maja.
Li Sao, Li Sao, for sorrow

but there is something intelligent in the cherry-stone
Canals, bridges, and house walls
orange in sunlight
But to hitch sensibility to efficiency?
grass versus granite,
For the little light and more harmony
Oh God of all men, none excluded
and howls for Schwundgeld in the Convention
(our Constitutional
17 . . . whichwhat)
Nothing new but their ignorance,
ever perennial
Parsley used in the sacrifice
and (calling Paul Peter) 12%
does not mean one, oh, four, 104%

Error of chaos. Justification is from kindness of heart
and from her hands floweth mercy.
As for who demand belief rather than justice.
And the host of Egypt, the pyramid builder,
waiting there to be born.
No more the pseudo-gothic sprawled house
out over the bridge there
(Washington Bridge, N.Y.C.)
but everything boxed for economy.
That the body is inside the soul—
the lifting and folding brightness
the darkness shattered,
the fragment.
That Yeats noted the symbol over that portico
(Paris).
And the bull by the force that is in him—
not lord of it,
mastered.
And to know interest from usura
(Sac. Cairoli, prezzo giusto)
In this sphere is giustizia.
In mountain air the grass frozen emerald
and with the mind set on that light
saffron, emerald,
seeping.
"but that kind of ignorance" said the old priest to Yeats
(in a railway train) "is spreading every day from the schools"—
to say nothing of other varieties.
Article X for example—put over, and 100 years to get back
to the awareness of
(what's his name in that Convention).
And in thy mind beauty,
O Artemis.
As to sin, they invented it—eh?
to implement domination
eh? largely.
There remains grumpiness,
malvagità
Sea, over roofs, but still the sea and the headland.
And in every woman, somewhere in the snarl is a tenderness,
A blue light under stars.
The ruined orchards, trees rotting. Empty frames at Limone.
And for a little magnanimity somewhere,
And to know the share from the charge
(scala altrui)
God's eye art 'ou, do not surrender perception.

And in thy mind beauty, O Artemis
Daphne afoot in vain speed.
When the Syrian onyx is broken.
Out of dark, thou, Father Helios, leadest,
but the mind as Ixion, unstill, ever turning.

—Ezra Pound

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horses; one was yellow dun and the other gray dun, and both had wild-horse stripes down their backs. With their chin whiskers and heavy heads, they looked like cave paintings, swamp ponies. The wind ruffled their fur and tore at their long whipping tails and manes. They did not look dangerous, like Shonach the cow, but if they got loose on the Hill they would never come back.

Leaving the horses behind, Mary and Callum and the MacRaes went on, uphill and west, toward Croichan. Soon they passed the tree line. In the open air, the wind was less savage, as if it had more room to move, and made less noise. They could smell the heather in bloom farther west. It was rich, like rotten honey. Here, instead of swaying trees, they were surrounded by little blowing plants: mosses and brown turf, tiny white flowers, blueberry bushes in a reddish-green mat along the road. The hedges were tangled with juniper scrub, birch, and willow, and the biggest trees were the rowans, their red berries marking a perspective down the hillside. In the sheltered hollows there were patches of bright-green grass and enormous orange toadstools, domed and spotted with white.

"I wonder, did the children see those," said Mrs. MacRae.

To the left were high banks overgrown with gorse and bracken; to the right was the Croichan field, sloping down through second growth to thick woods in the river valley. Callum's tin

"Holy Toledo! That's what I call a groovy wand!"

• •

roof had gone down into those woods. Most important, across the river was the long, cold, rising line of the hill Beinn a' Bha'ach Ard, purple just now with flowering heather, spotted with sheep like white cocoons.

At last they found Jessie and the children, around a bend, picking blackberries. All three of them had purple sticky hands. "I wish I had brought my basket with me," said Jessie. "The brambles are grand up here."

"There has been that touch of frost, to bring them on," said Mary.

"I have been wanting to make bramble jelly," said Jessie.

"Och, I haven't the patience for that," said Mary. "The pips, and the straining."

Jessie looked sideways at the children and giggled. "But it was not really the brambles I was after, at all," she said, and the boys looked sideways at her and grinned and giggled, and not one of them would tell Mary where they had been. As a rule, Mary would have been angry—she could be sharp with women and children and animals, though she didn't dare get angry with men. But now they were at Croichan, and for her it was another day before marriage. It was the last time she was going to be able to stand back and look at the place. From tomorrow they—she and Croichan—would be one thing.

The new house was built on the bank above the road. There was a green iron gate across the drive, joining the sagging wire fences.

"That is a new gate, surely," said Duncan MacRae, letting it swing heavily back behind them.

"It is," said Callum. "I put five bedsteads in it. There was every kind of useful thing lying about when I first came up here."

They stood drawn together in the yard. Croichan did not please them at first—it smelled of mortar and paint and fresh wood, and a croft was not supposed to smell of anything new. Mary, apart from them, still shared their one mind, and she knew how desperately they began to imagine the proper smells of peat smoke and cow dung and the soft, furry smell of hens.

Mrs. MacRae said, "I mind the old woman coming up here to get tree roots. That will have been your grandmother, Mary. She was a great one for spinning and dyeing, and she was always after this plant or that to color the wool. Apple-tree roots made a fine color, but I would not be knowing what color it was. There was an apple tree at Croichan then."

There was no apple tree at Croichan now. There was one crooked larch tree, bent into a puzzle shape away from the wind. Long ago, an orderly woodpile had been started against the tree; a few long bark slabs were still leaning upright against it. There was the splitting block and even a rusty bow saw lying nearby. But the woodpile had grown into a dump full of rotten logs, tin cans, broken carts, ploughs, gates, bedsprings, and strange fallen-down trash of all kinds.

"The tinkers will have been camping here during the war," said Callum. "Let them try to come back now."

Kenny MacRae laughed. He went off with Callum to look at the new tool shed, and the others just stood, trying to make something of the place. They had to. The steading yard was a muddy square. The house—square, too, and modern, with roughcast walls and a slate roof—was on one side, the byre and barn were on another, the dairy and a few sheds on the third, and the larch tree on the last. Behind the tree was a dry-stone wall separating the yard from the grazing and arable land. There were no animals yet, but Mary and the others saw animals. They made themselves see a three-way vision of Croichan poised between use, abandonment, and use again—it was literally alive to them as past, present, and future. They had to. They had a language that was unbreakably tied to the churns and peatstacks and scraggy details of the croft, and unless the croft was real their words and themselves would not be real anymore, either. Visions were the only way out. They found them very easy.

They could see the rubble and chunks of lime and new bricks in the yard, but at the same time they were perfectly aware of hens there and not there, of a dung cart with its shafts tipped up, smoking with use by the midden. Maybe Duncan went so far as to see unknown motorcars and machines, because he was a faintly practical man. But Mary, who was not practical, saw fully what was going to happen to them all in the end.

She suddenly understood that her language was fading, and all of them were fading, and in the future—if they managed to hold out that long—anyone who did not speak Gaelic would find them very dim indeed. They were not meant for English, though God knows it had been forced on them long enough; Gaelic had put them in a different color world. She also knew why she had married Callum, who scared her, who didn't love her or even notice her very much. It was not to have children—she had lost one baby already. It was just that they were two people who would not transplant. Someday they were going to be the only ones left.

Jessie was laughing at her. "Is she not seeing?" And the children were pointing and yelling, "Seall, seall, à Mhairi." Mary looked. She saw a string of funny shapes across the doorway of the new house. A ginger-colored barn cat had been clawing and batting up at whatever it was; now he couldn't stand the people so close anymore and ran sneaking away. He had been after a string of white oatmeal sausages hung from the lintel.

"Och, no," said Mary, forgetting and laughing.

"Take it down," said Duncan, but the children screamed, "No! No!," and Mary said, "Let it be," and ducked under the mealy puddings and went inside. In the new kitchen the table had been set with two places, but instead of plates and forks each place had a water bucket and a big tin skimming ladle. Jessie had even stolen the Cnoc-na-Coille butter churn and put it down as a centerpiece, and she had filled it with insults—a big bunch of the yellow flowers they called Stinking Willie, a poison weed, the farmer's shame.

"Now, Mhairi," said Mrs. MacRae. "Is that not a grand way to start housekeeping."

"Away, it is not," said Mary, still laughing. "What is it but cheek. The tinkers. Indeed."

Kenny MacRae and Callum ducked in under the sausages, Callum looking sour about it.

"Will you let me come in, then," said Jessie behind them.

"Come in, little sister, a graidh," said Mary.

When they were all inside—except for the children, who went tearing off south to the burn—Kenny MacRae brought out his own pocket flask to toast the new house. But there were no cups or glasses there yet, so they filled up one of the cream ladles and passed it from mouth to mouth. That sort of thing, like the singing, was too obvious, too stagy, for them now. It embarrassed them all.

"We are like the Lairds, passing the cuach," said Kenny nervously. "Are we not."

Callum said, "We are not."

They managed to exchange politenesses:

"An la chi's naich fhaic."

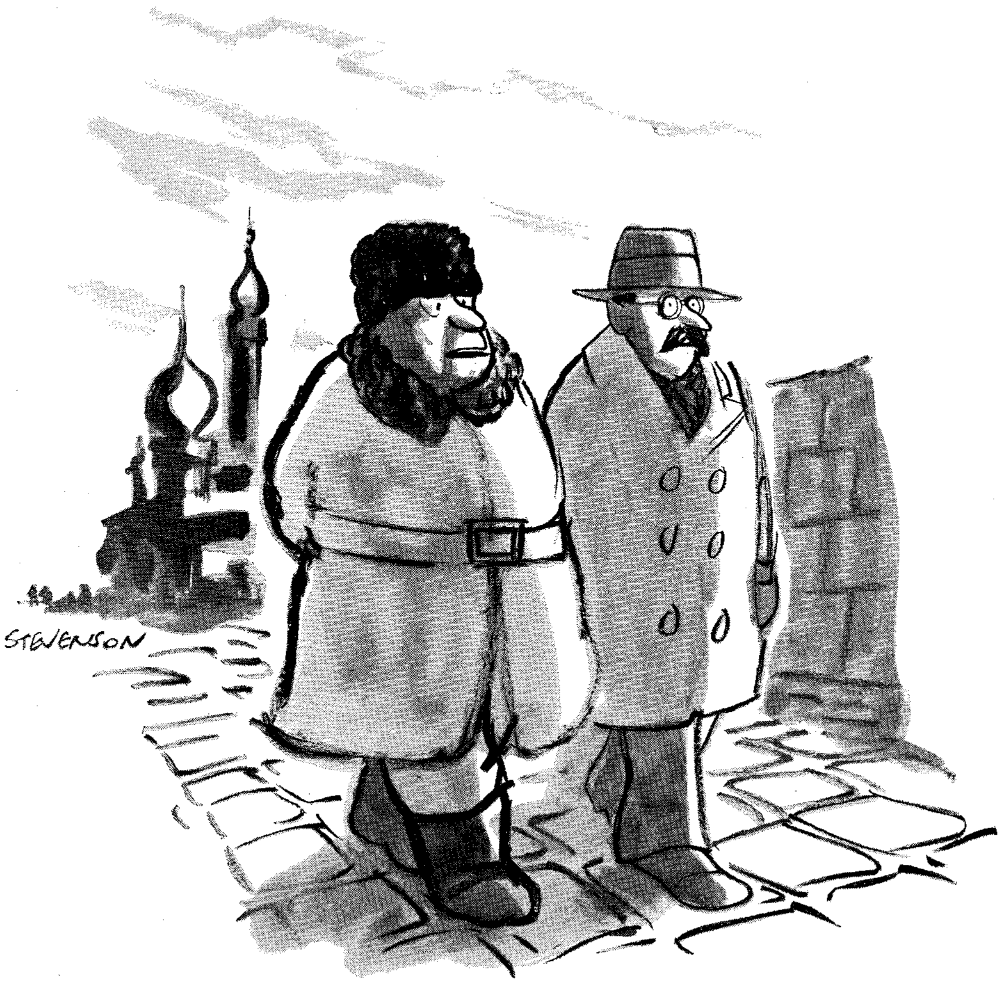
"Siod ort, sad ort, 's na faiceam cion ort."

And then they were all very tired. But Duncan MacRae had that rare thing, a box camera, and he wanted to show off and use it. "Let us have a photograph, then," he said.

"It is too dark," said Callum, who did not trust cameras.

"Och, well, let us have one anyway."

The sky outside was yellow in the west and dark blue around Croichan; the hillside had become infinite. Callum cut down the mealy puddings, in case the photograph came out after all. Then all lined up in the doorway, so tired that they seemed to flicker in



"No, no, it's Julie who's engaged to David. Tricia, according to our information, is unattached."

the wind. After the shutter clicked, Mary, looking down the line, realized that she did not know what these people looked like. If she were to meet them in a crowd somewhere else—unless they said something in Gaelic—she would not even know them. Mo Dhia, Mo Dhia, she thought, I am terrified of the future. Once they were gone, she would not be able to see them in her mind. Now they were going. One by one, they began to leave Croichan.

But one more thing happened to Mary that day. Jessie turned back and came to her on the doorstep and tried to give her a folded bit of paper and another photograph.

"It is odd that she should be mentioning the old woman and her colors," said Jessie. "Here. I thought this would be better with you."

"Why would that be so?" said Mary. She knew what it was, and she didn't want it.

"It will be of no use to me," said Jessie, surprised. "It is yourself that is staying here, and not me."

Their grandmother had left them a few things: two squares of coarse hand-woven wool, her handwritten list of plants and dyes, and her photograph.

"Och, don't be stupid," said Mary. "Have I ever spun wool, and will I? I wouldn't know the first thing to do with the raw wool off a sheep's back, and no more would you. Would either of us be fiddling with the wheel, and the loom, and all those dyes, and the lime solution? Do you remember the lime solution? The cailleach would save all the urine and keep it ripening by the fire in case she would not have enough alum to use. Do we not keep our bits of blanket as special things, that we could never make ourselves?"

She felt that Jessie was trying to push the entire responsibility for the past onto her, and in this last moment she was frantic to avoid it.

"Yes, well, I used my blanket for the ironing last week," said Jessie. "It does well as a pad underneath. It takes up the heat." She giggled. "Och, I was forgetting about the urine."

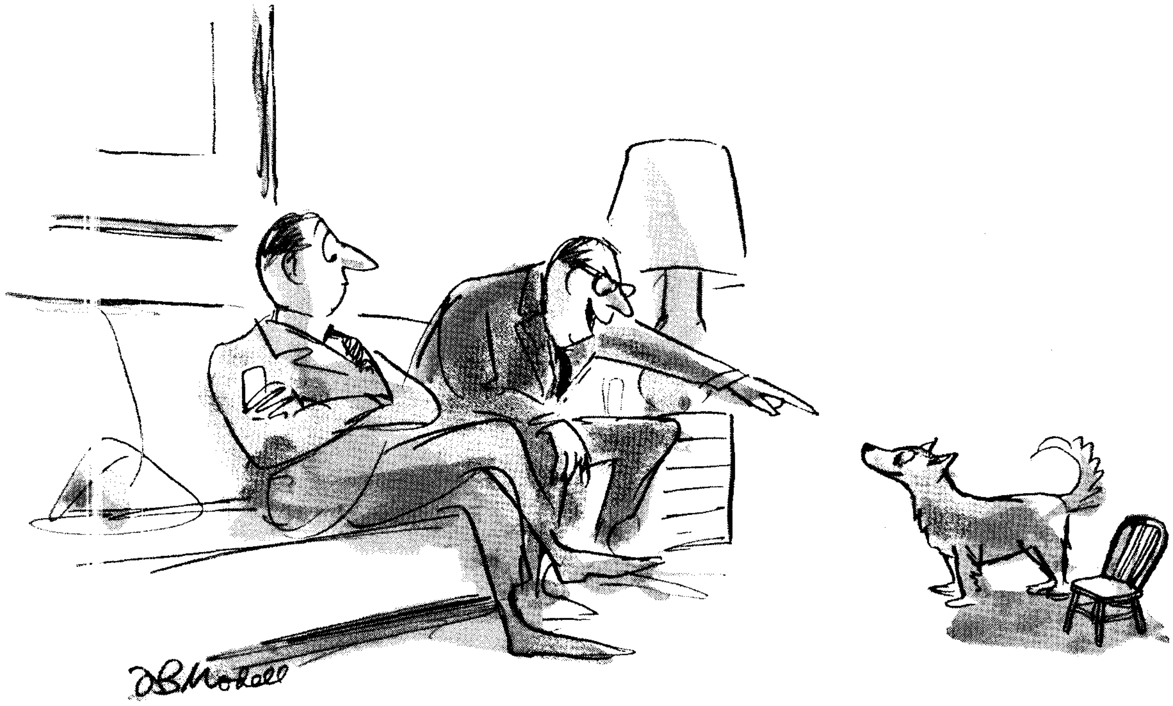
They looked at the photograph. It was very old, brown, and cloudy at the edges. It must have been made by a travelling photographer when they were too little to remember. It showed their grandmother, old even then, sitting by the doorway at Cnoc-na-Coille, with her fists crossed in her lap. Jessie and Mary had inherited her big shovel-like hands. She was wearing black, and a white frilled headdress, and a covering shawl. Her face was lumpy, malicious, and resolved.

"It is a face like a *cloutie-dumpling*," said Jessie, putting the Lowland words awkwardly into English. "A bheil cuimhn' agad oirre?"

"Yes," said Mary. "I do remember her. I thought well of her."

Then Jessie pushed the paper at her so that she had to take it, and turned and hurried off after the others. Mary stood there by herself. She looked at the photograph again. Things were most real after they were gone, thought Mary. So that was Herself. She had a face—we all have faces, shapes, like she did. Why did I never notice them before? It's too late now.

The list was wrinkled and creamy, ready to separate at the folds. The words were mostly in English, because only scholars, or eccentrics, or ministers could spell in Gaelic, and her grandmother had been a crofter wife who had not gone beyond the Strath-Ard school. In school, of course, they had been made to speak English—Mary, too. The few Gaelic words in the list were spelled as they were spoken, and the scientific phrases were probably all wrong. But Mary saw that the quality of the past was there: the crofting life had once been associated with learning, with grace. The handwriting was a slanted, delicate web. Mary hung on to the fluttering paper in the wind, and resigned herself to keeping it. In the near dark she read the list she would never deserve or use:



"Now watch this. Sit!"

• •

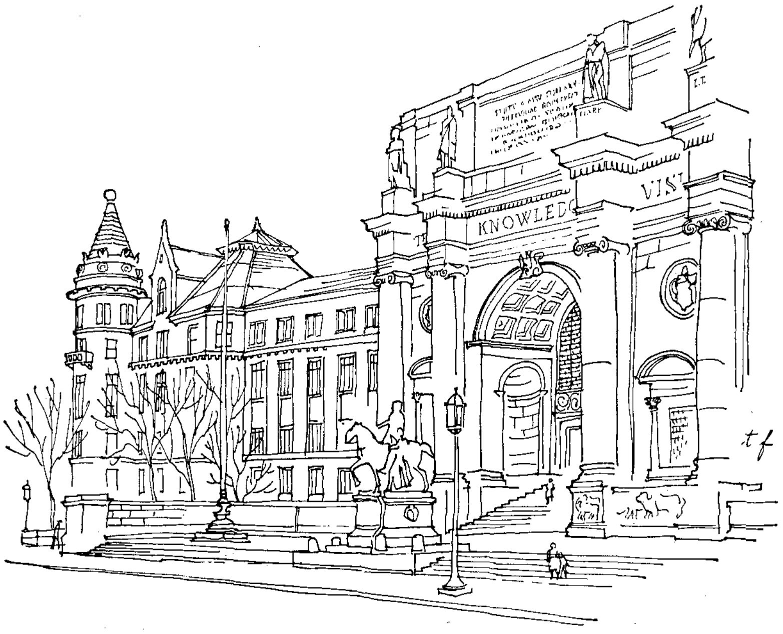
NATIVE DYES
"Prepared and used in the Highlands
since time immemorial."

Heather with alum	brown.
Crottle lichen (*Parmelia saxatilis*)	yellowish brown.
Crottle Corozir (*Lecanora tartarea*)	scarlet or Crimson.
Common yellow wall Lichen (*Parmelia parientina*)	brown.
Rock lichen (*Ramalina scopulorum*)	red.
White crottle (*Lecanora pallescens*)	red.
Limestone Lichen (*Urcedaria calcarea*)	scarlet.
Dark Crottle (*Parmelia ceratoph*)	brown.
Whin Bark (furze or gorse)	green.
Dulse, a Seaweed (duilisg) "the leaf of the water"	brown.
Soot (of Peat)	dirty yellow.
Evonymus (Spindle tree or Burning Bush)	purple.
Apple Tree, Ash, Buckthorn, Poplar and Elm	yellow.
Broom (common)	lovely Green.
Roid or Bog Myrtle	yellow.
Carmeal (braoom Fraoich)	violet.
Tormentil (also used for Tanning)	red.
Bracken Root	yellow.
Sundew (*Drosera rotundifolia*)	purple.
Root of Common Dock	FINEST BLACK.

—JOANNA OSTROW

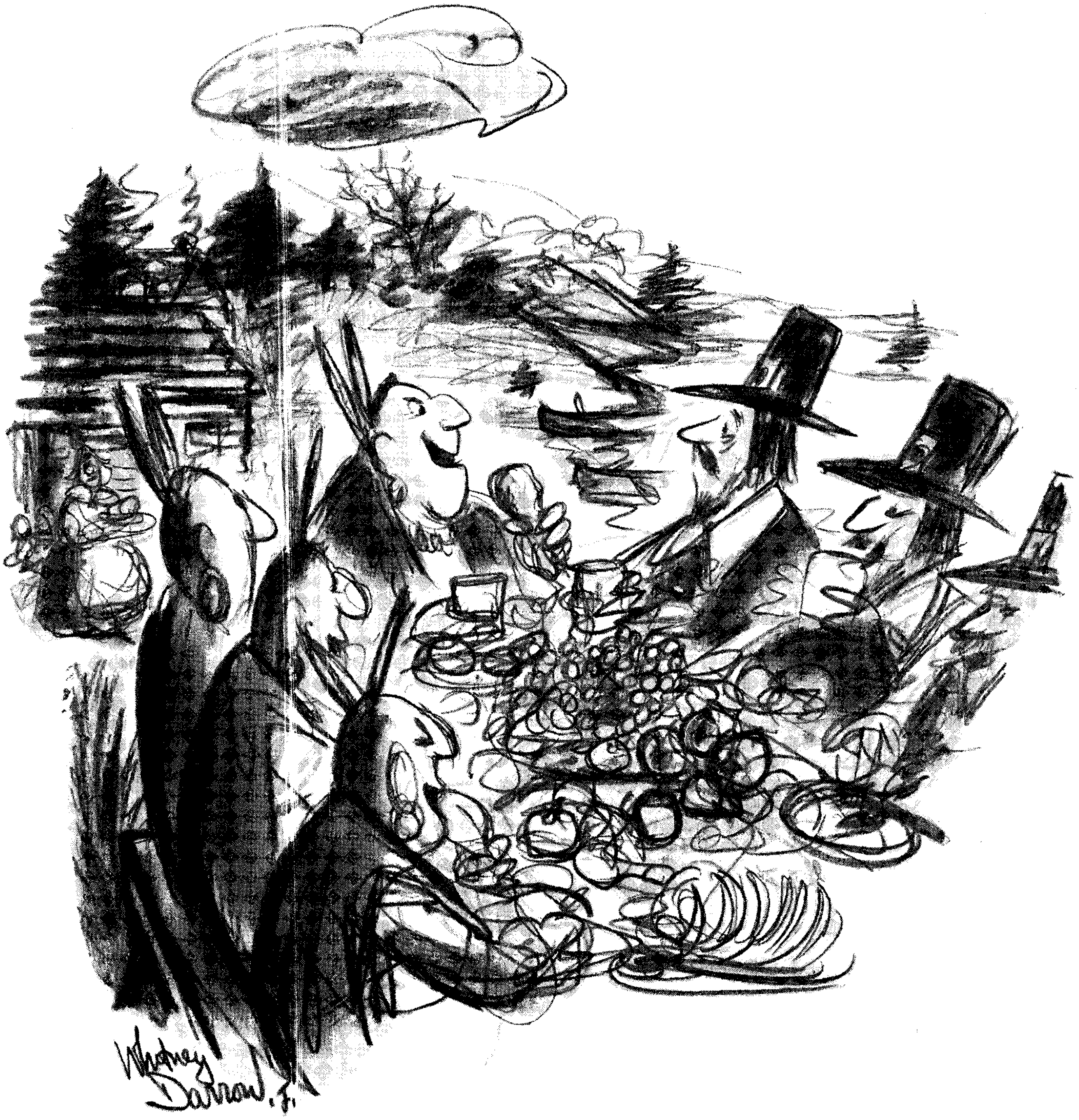
PROFILES

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM—I



THE American Museum of Natural History, the grandest and most spectacularly laid-out such repository in the Western Hemisphere—more than sixteen million mammals, minerals, meteorites, jewels, insects, arachnids, birds, fish, reptiles, amphibians, fossils, artifacts, rotifers (minute aquatic animals, remarkable for the astonishing diversity of their forms) and glass models thereof—is housed in nineteen interconnected buildings on a twenty-three-acre quadrangle, once known as Manhattan Square and now officially called Theodore Roosevelt Park, that is bounded by Central Park West, Columbus Avenue, and Seventy-seventh and Eighty-first Streets. Although this complex is architecturally disharmonious (from the west and the north, where its insides show, it looks like nothing on earth), three of its components have been designated by the Municipal Art Society of New York as "structures of great local or regional importance which should be preserved." The first of these is the original red brick Victorian Gothic building in the center of the Museum complex, completed in 1877 from designs by two Englishmen who came to this country in their Victorian twenties—Calvert Vaux, one of the landscape architects of Central Park, and his colleague, Jacob Wrey Mould. The others are the façade of the south wing, constructed by J. Cleveland Cady, the architect of the Metropolitan Opera House, between 1890 and 1900, and cited by the Art Society as one of the finest examples of Romanesque Revival in greater New York, and, facing the Park, the Ionic-colonnaded Roman Eclectic Roosevelt Memorial, by John Russell Pope, a specialist in monumental buildings harking back to Greece and Rome, which opened for business in 1936. The Museum's thirty-eight exhibition halls, containing more than two hundred habitat groups and several thousand other displays, along with the connecting Hayden Planetarium, which is administered by the Department of Astronomy, are annually visited by over three million people. These include vast hordes of schoolchildren (sixty per cent of the visitors are of high-school age or under), whose inquisitive hands during the past three decades have worn away the bronze of three Carl Akeley lion-spearing sculptures in the great hall of the Roosevelt Memorial to a point where the nose, tail, and outstretched left forepaw of the central lioness glisten like gold. The Museum's junior visitors clog the elevators and bug the curators, but staff criticism of them is muted, since their teacher-supervised and Museum-instructed presence (the Museum's Department of Education also teaches their *teachers*) encourages the City of New York to underwrite the institution's guard-and-maintenance forces and its Department of Education to the tune of $1,870,000 a year, or approximately forty-four per cent of the total operating budget. The rest of the Museum's income derives from private endowment funds of $56,000,000, membership dues, sale of publications, gifts, and federal grants—over a million dollars in the past couple of years.

Most of the Museum's offices, study collections, and laboratories are on an enormous fifth floor, seven hundred and ten feet long, on the Seventy-seventh Street side. The office rooms are high-ceilinged, mostly un-air-conditioned, and often furnished with roll-top desks, generous bookcases, rickety typewriters, and skeletons, stuffed birds, Peruvian artifacts, and the like. These offices and research facilities are staffed, on the curatorial and research-associate levels, by some hundred and twenty-five men and women, nearly all of them doctors of philosophy, science, literature, or law. (Research associates, who are given houseroom but no salaries, are, typically, scientifically inclined men and women of means, former curators, and investigators from other institutions.) The Museum likes to call its friends Doctor whenever this is feasible, and sometimes when it isn't. Its *Annual Report* is one of the few publications in which the author of "The Lone Star Ranger," "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," and "The Call of the Canyon," who in 1926 gave the Museum some of its largest saltwater fishes, among them a sunfish weighing a ton, is called Dr. Zane Grey (he was a Doctor of Dental Surgery at the University of Pennsylvania), and in which David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank and a part-time coleopterist, who has given the Museum thousands of beetles and the land for one of four Museum-owned or Museum-connected field stations (the Southwestern Research Station, in Portal, Arizona), is referred to as Dr. David Rockefeller (he is a perfectly good University of Chicago Ph.D.). Less grandly accredited visiting researchers have occasionally been startled by being addressed as Doctor by the staff. Curatorial non-doctors were tolerated—nay, welcomed—in the Museum's early days, but today no top staff jobs are open to an unadorned Mister. Until quite recently, a great and exceptional throwback to a more permissive period survived in the shape of Mr. Charles M. (Chuck) Bogert, who became an assistant curator of herpetology in 1940, a full curator in 1943, and chairman of this department in 1945. For twenty-three years, Mr. Bogert, whose professional standing is such

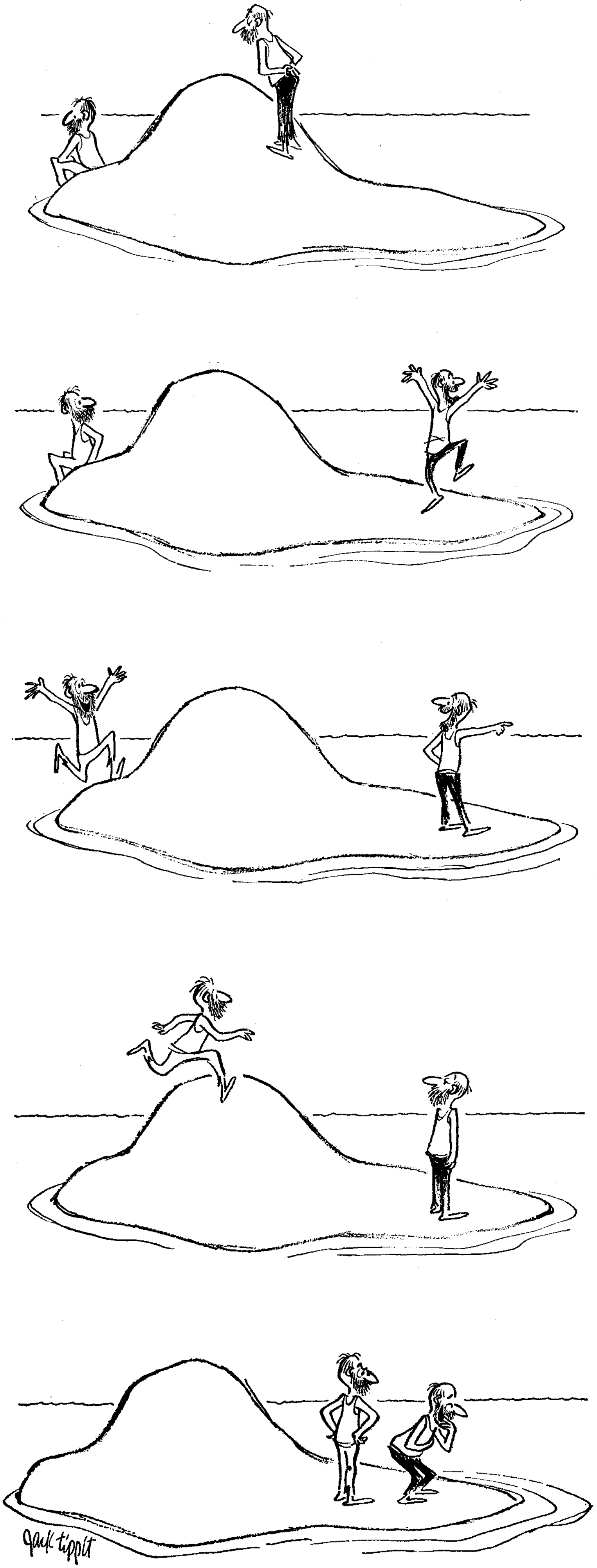

Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Well, looking on the bright side, if you hadn't had all that persecution back there, we wouldn't be having this bang-up feast here now."

• •

that he has served as president of the American Society of Ichthyologists and Herpetologists, was the only full curator whom the *Annual Report* had to call Mister. Bogert is a philosophical man, preoccupied with snakes, frogs, and toads (he maintains a small zoo of living snakes in his office suite) and this may or may not have nettled him but it *did* nettle Mrs. Bogert. At a Museum cocktail party celebrating the opening of a Hall of Indians of the Eastern Woodlands in the spring of 1966, she was overheard to say, "We're going out to the University of California next week. Thank goodness, I think Chuck's going to get it." The University, her husband's alma mater, came through with an LL.D.

Many of the Museum's doctors spend part of their time helping to turn out other doctors. A number of them double as Columbia, New York University, or City University professors, conducting undergraduate and postgraduate courses. Along with such chores, nearly all the Museum's doctors are busy (mostly in the summer but occasionally for several years on end) with outdoor research on things like—to quote from a recent list of projects—"A New Wolf Spider from the Southeastern United States" (Dr. Willis J. Gertsch, an entomology curator in charge of spiders) and "Population Dynamics of Ant-following Antbirds on Barro Colorado Island, Panama Canal Zone" (Dr. Edwin O. Willis, an ornithology research associate). The doctors also go in for indoor research on such subjects as "Accumulation of Data Relating to the Scroll-Wing Motif in Early China and Mesoamerica" (Dr. Gordon F. Ekholm, curator of Mexican archeology in the Department of Anthropology), "Revision of North American Mid-Tertiary Camels" (Dr. Malcolm C. McKenna, curator of the Frick Collection in the Department of Vertebrate Paleontology), and "Mating Behavior in Adult Female Cats Following Desensitization of the Genitalia" (Dr. Lester R. Aronson, head of the Department of Animal Behavior, primarily a research arm of the Museum that keeps a collection of living, breathing cats, rats, fish, ants, and birds in an attic and a glass-housed aquarium on the top of the original building, where it studies their behavior). The Museum's investigations have given rise to the publication of innumerable house treatises and monographs (issued in a series of fat books called "Bulletins" and brief papers called *Novitates*, meaning "new acquaintances"), as well as extra-house books, and the research itself, along with the Museum's teaching activities, has enabled the Encyclopædia Britannica to describe the place as "a centre for the study of many scientific problems of world concern."



A number of the scientific articles in the Encyclopædia (although not the one from which the above quotation is taken) have been written by Museum staff members, past and present. The lion's share of "Rotifera," for example, is the product of Dr. Libbie H. Hyman, a Department of Living Invertebrates research associate (retired) and a fellow-Ph.D. of Dr. Rockefeller from the University of Chicago, now nearly eighty. Part of her income derives from books about minute animals bearing titles like "Acanthocephela, Aschelminthes, and Endoprocta," illustrated with scientific line drawings by the author. Dr. Hyman, who lives around the corner from the Museum and used to lunch in her office on bread, cheese, and vegetable juice, was in vertebrates before she saw the light and got into the aforementioned *in*vertebrate worms, fishes, and mollusks. "Oh, the time I wasted on vertebrates!" she said to a reporter a few years ago, when she was awarded the Gold Medal of the Linnaean Society of London for zoology. "My original manual on them was published in 1922, and in the nineteen-forties I spent three years on a revised edition. The two editions have sold over two hundred thousand copies, and I don't know what to do with the money, but I still don't like vertebrates. I don't know *why* I don't like them."

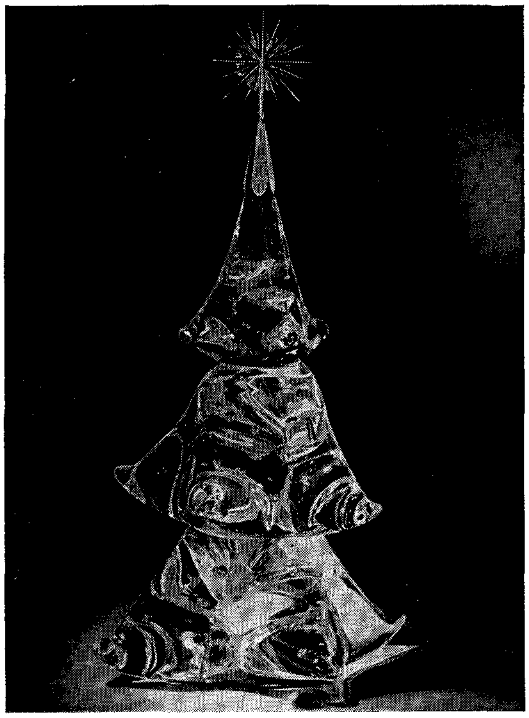
DR. HYMAN'S museum (and picnic ground) is referred to by most New Yorkers without its initial adjective, but in its habitat it is always called the American

this
is one
original
that
can't
be
copied
YVES SAINT LAURENT
Parfum
Y
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE. AVAILABLE AT FINE STORES.

Museum—except, perhaps, by its telephone-switchboard girls, who simply answer, "Museum." The Museum is jealous of its name. In 1914, when a Department of Parks sign in Central Park read, "To the Museum of Natural History," one of its trustees, Mr. Madison Grant, wrote the Museum's president, Dr. Henry Fairfield Osborn, "I think the Museum would do well to replace this at its own expense with a statement, 'To the American Museum of Natural History.' " Dr. Osborn took the matter up with the Commissioner of Parks, and the change was made.

The American Museum owes its existence primarily to Mr. Albert S. Bickmore, a man whose approach to the products of nature and the culture of man was initially—and, indeed, remained—more exuberant than scientific. The "Father of the Museum," as he was acclaimed by the Dictionary of American Biography, was born in 1839 in Tenant's Harbor, midway on the coast of Maine, in the commodious Mansion House, as it was locally known, of his father, a sea captain and shipbuilder. "When I was eight years old," the son recalled in 1908, in an unpublished autobiography, "my father, who was Captain of a fine barque, took my mother, my sister, and myself to Bordeaux, France. Our cargo on the outward voyage was staves, and we brought back wines, particularly the claret for which that part of France is famous." This fortunate youth graduated in 1860 from Dartmouth, where he specialized in chemistry, geology, and mineralogy. He moved on to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to study natural history under Louis Agassiz, the famous Swiss-born naturalist who had just founded the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard and was running it with an irascible hand. Agassiz, thirty-two years Bickmore's senior, soon made his pupil one of his assistants. "My enjoyable labor in his institution was to help take care of the Radiates and Mollusks," Bickmore wrote, and, again, "One of the greatest privileges of studying with Agassiz was to live in the delightful atmosphere of enthusiasm which always made his presence inspiring." Nowhere in his memoirs is there any overt criticism of his peppery chief, but the following passage gives a clue to an early rift in the lute, and more than a clue to the genesis of the New York museum:

> Harvard University has always had a magnetic attraction for visitors from London. . . . The most distinguished of such



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of glittering crystal crowned with star of 18 karat gold

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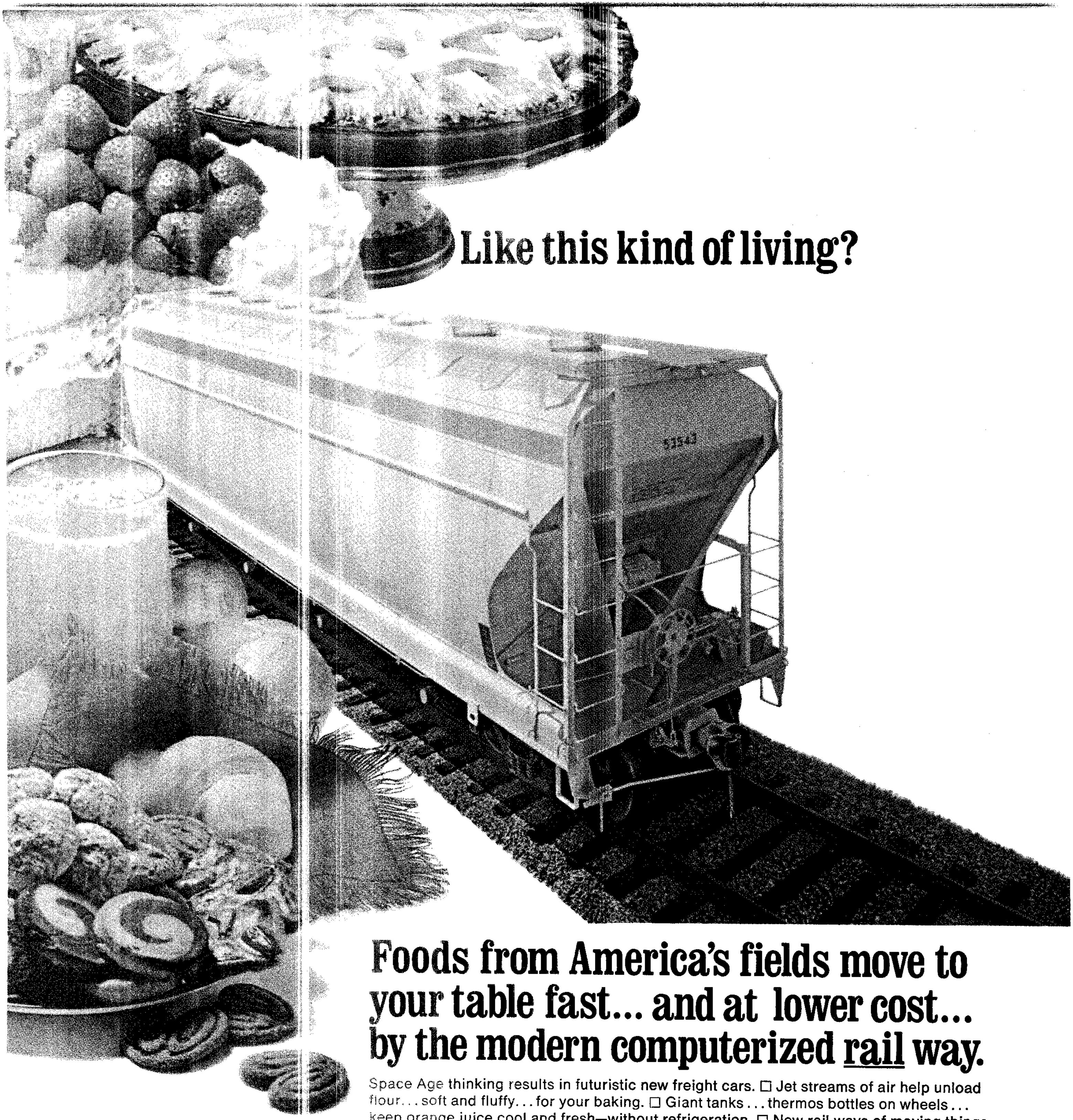

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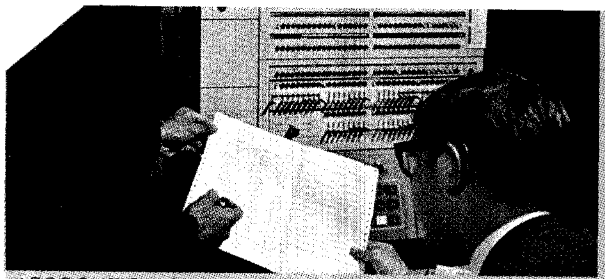
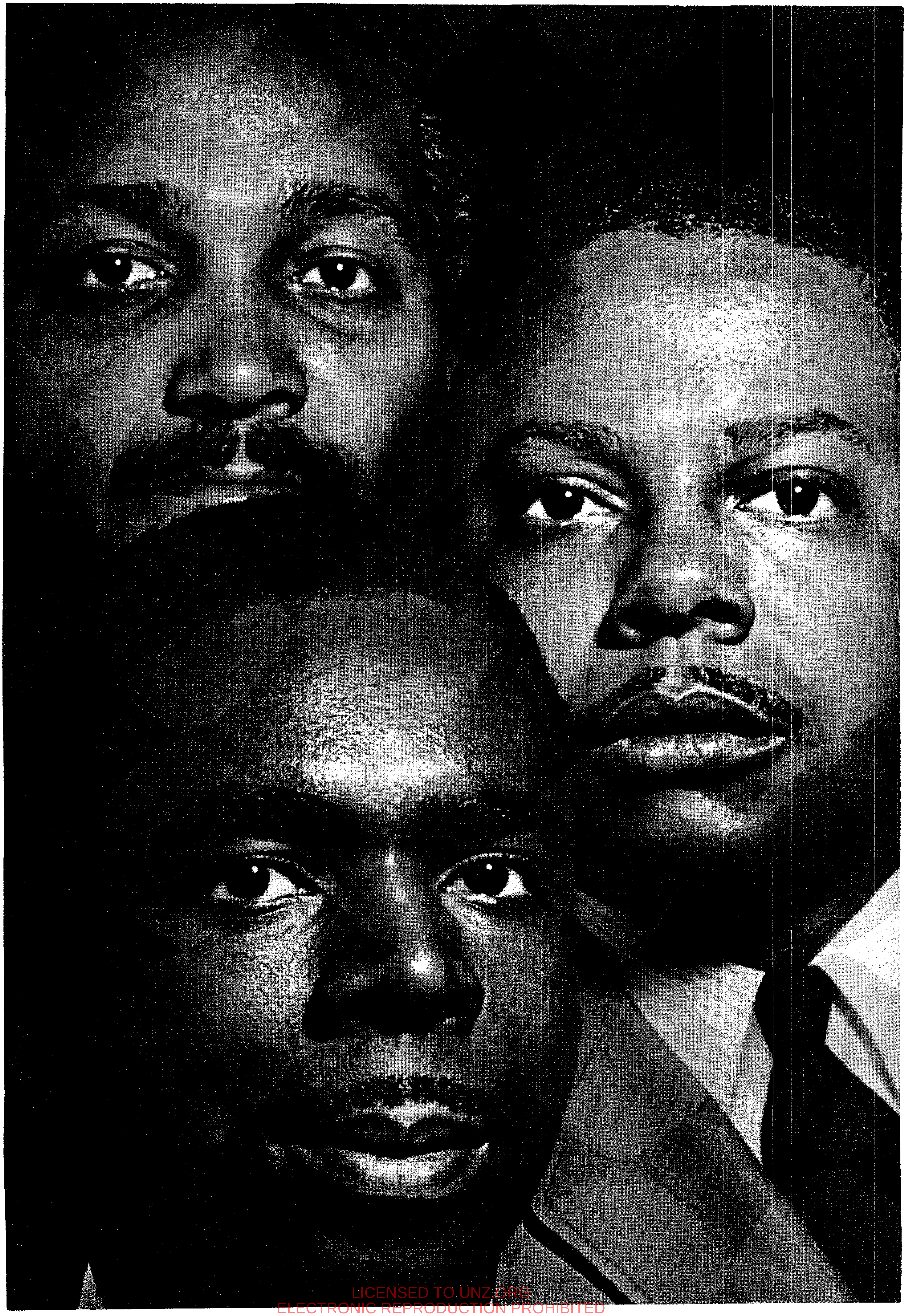
Space Age thinking results in futuristic new freight cars. ☐ Jet streams of air help unload flour... soft and fluffy... for your baking. ☐ Giant tanks... thermos bottles on wheels... keep orange juice cool and fresh—without refrigeration. ☐ New rail ways of moving things for the kind of living you like make average rail freight charges lower today than ten years ago. And we're constantly improving. ☐ In just one more generation there'll be 50% more people requiring more production of everything... and more good transportation. ☐ Dependence on railroads will grow and grow. And railroads will be ready.



ASSOCIATION OF
American Railroads

GROW, GROW
BY THE RAIL WAY



These men just joined the race to the moon.

A new aerospace firm is one of many small businesses working with General Electric...helping the U.S. get to the moon.

The man in the foreground is Ben Sallard. Behind him, on the left, is Brinkley Blackwell. The third man is Matt Allen.

They run a small business called Progress Aerospace Enterprises.

Ben is the General Manager. Brinkley is the electronics expert. Matt is the financial expert. And PAE is the first black-owned aerospace firm in the country.

Right now, PAE is turning out complex electronic components in Philadelphia for the Air Force, for General Electric and for Project Apollo.

With nearly $3 million in contracts, PAE is growing fast.

A black leader, the Reverend Leon Sullivan, had the idea of starting an aerospace firm. He says, "When the first man lands on the moon, we want him to have something with him that we have made."

Black capital and initiative are making his words come true.

What was General Electric's role? GE people provided technical, managerial and financial advice.

PAE isn't the first small business to win business from General Electric. In fact, most of GE's 50,000 suppliers are small. But it's not their size that counts. It's their ability to meet the highest standards. That's all that counts when you want to make progress.

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

guests formed the royal party of the Prince of Wales, now Edward VII, who visited America under the direction of the Duke of Newcastle in 1861.

One of the days of his visit to Boston was devoted to Cambridge. When they came to our Museum, Agassiz met them at the entrance and, taking the arm of the Prince, led the way through our halls. Next in order came the Duke, and with him a tall gentleman having a peculiarly graceful manner and refined air. He proved to be the famous Doctor [Sir Henry Wentworth] Acland of Oxford University, the man selected by the late Queen ... to be the tutor and personal advisor of the future King.... After the royal party had left the building, I remained alone in the unbroken silence to gain an hour's more study in the fading twilight, when, looking down Divinity Avenue, arched over by its magnificent elms, I saw this same remarkable man approaching unattended. I knew he was coming to the museum, for Agassiz had often told us of Doctor Acland and of the great museum of natural history he had just created in Oxford. He wished to go through our institution again and take time to note its treasures. He enquired for the Professor, and I replied that he had gone to his home, but that I would be more than gratified to conduct him through our halls and answer any questions within my limited knowledge.

As we were walking quietly along together, after some preliminary conversation, I ventured to say to him, "Doctor Acland, may I be permitted to ask you a question?" He promptly and cordially replied, "Certainly, my young friend. What is your question?" "Does it seem strange to you, sir, that Agassiz, our great teacher, should have located his museum of natural history for future America out here in Cambridge, while in Europe the institutions of this character are placed in the political and monetary capitals of the several empires, as London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and elsewhere, except your own museum in Oxford, which Agassiz always describes to us as the model one of them all?" "Yes," he answered, "it does seem strange, but what has suggested such a question to your mind?" I said, "Nearly all of the prominent men who visit our country come here to Cambridge and call on Professor Agassiz, and I have noticed that several of these gentlemen of broad and unbiased views have given partial expression to such a suggestion, for they have seemed to think that to reach our museum they had travelled nearly as far from New York, where the most of them had landed, as they had to come over the sea at all." I also remarked, in substance, that as science does not appear to create wealth directly, but only to use it for the higher and nobler purpose of promoting original research, it seemed to me natural that an institution, which must depend upon the interest which rich and generous men may take in it for its existence and prosperity, should be located in the immediate vicinity of their homes. Now New York (I said) is our city of the greatest wealth and therefore probably the best location for the future muse-

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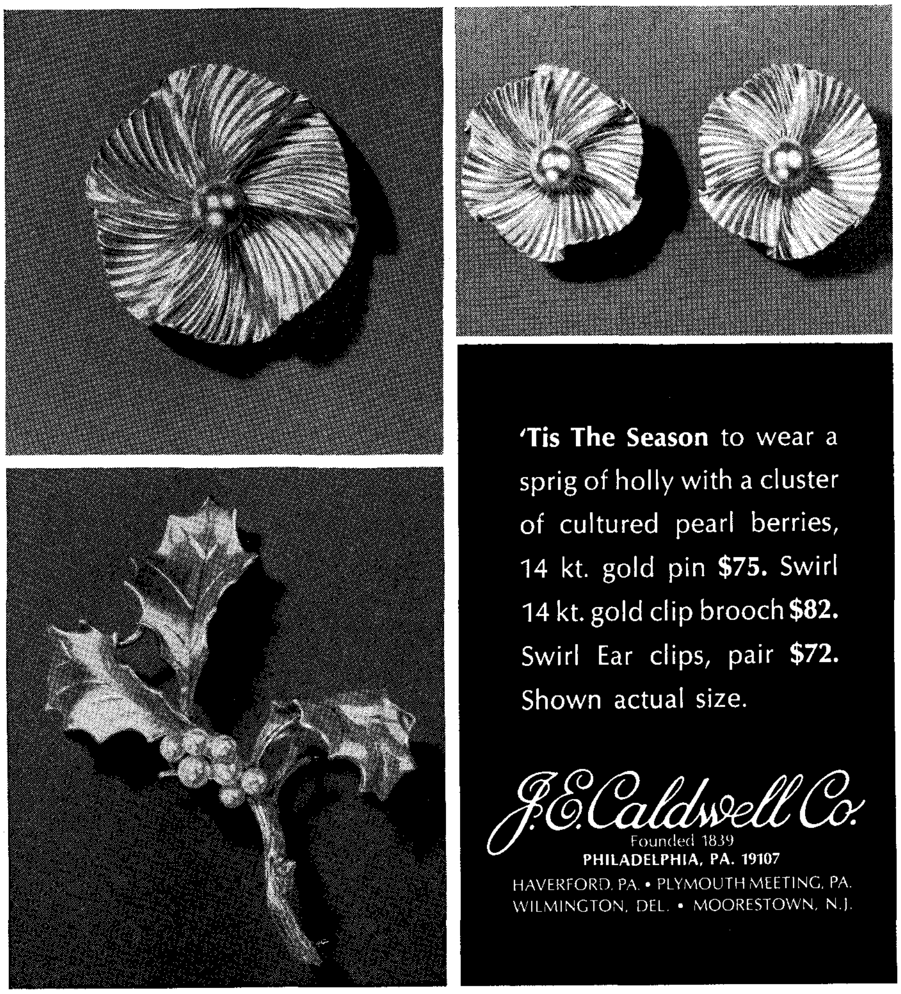
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um of natural history for our whole land.

In reply to this lengthy explanation of my views, he simply turned toward me, and, looking me straight in the eye, said, "My young friend, that is a grand thought."

This hearty endorsement by such an eminent authority of the desirability and feasibility of my youthful vision so completely captivated my imagination that I at once determined that I would work for nothing else by day and dream of nothing else by night until I had, at least in some degree, aided in establishing a museum of natural history upon Manhattan Island.

A more forthright picture of the Agassiz-Bickmore relationship is provided by Professor Edward Lurie, of Pennsylvania State University, in "Louis Agassiz: A Life in Science," which states:

> Agassiz felt that his students were not yet ready to publish their research and refused to grant them permission to do so.... Argument ensued, with Agassiz particularly furious over the fact that... Bickmore and others had tried to arrange for positions in Salem, Massachusetts, and New York City without his knowledge. Bickmore went so far as to solicit a popular subscription for a private research project of his own.... By December, 1863... Agassiz had had enough of such behavior and... refused to recommend to the faculty the permanent appointment of his students as museum assistants. Thus... Bickmore [and others] all left the museum.... Bickmore decided to found a museum of his own, which would be run on "democratic principles" in distinction to the "dictatorial methods" employed at Cambridge.... Bickmore's defiant declaration proved to be no idle boast, for he was able to interest a group of prominent New Yorkers in his idea and thereby provided the stimulus for what eventually became the American Museum of Natural History.

The private research project for which Bickmore solicited funds was a thirteen-month, six-thousand-mile trip through the Malay Archipelago and the Dutch East Indies, undertaken for the stated purpose of "collecting the beautiful shells of those seas." He followed this up with a year and a half in China, Japan, Siberia, and Europe. "I carried with me everywhere two things, a Bible and a sketch of a plan for a museum in New York," he wrote in his unpublished memoir. Back in Boston at the end of 1867, he lectured at that city's Society of Natural History on "The Ainos, or Hairy Men of Yesso." A reasonably hairy man himself, with a flowing beard, he is depicted, in full whisker, under the caption "Saved by Grasping a Fern," in the frontispiece of "Travels in the East Indian Archipelago," a book he wrote

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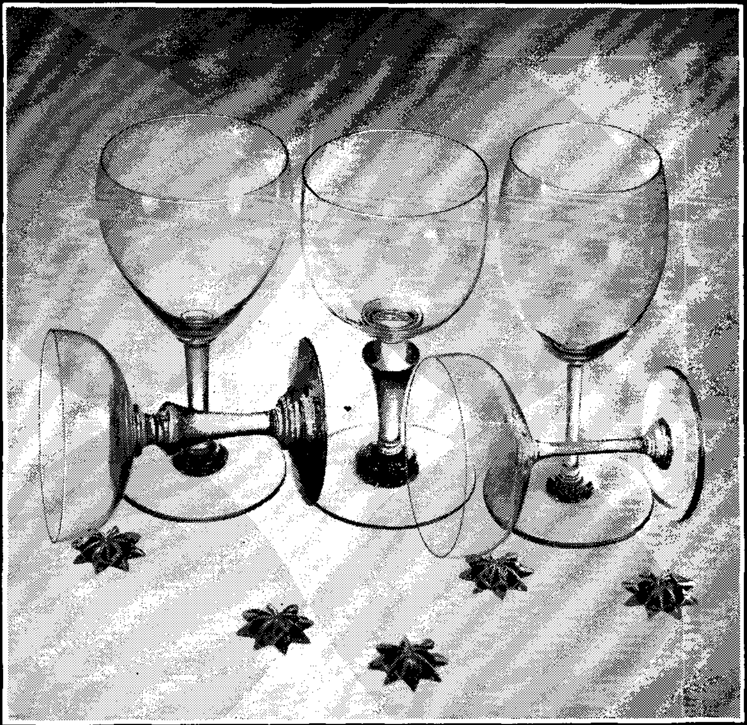

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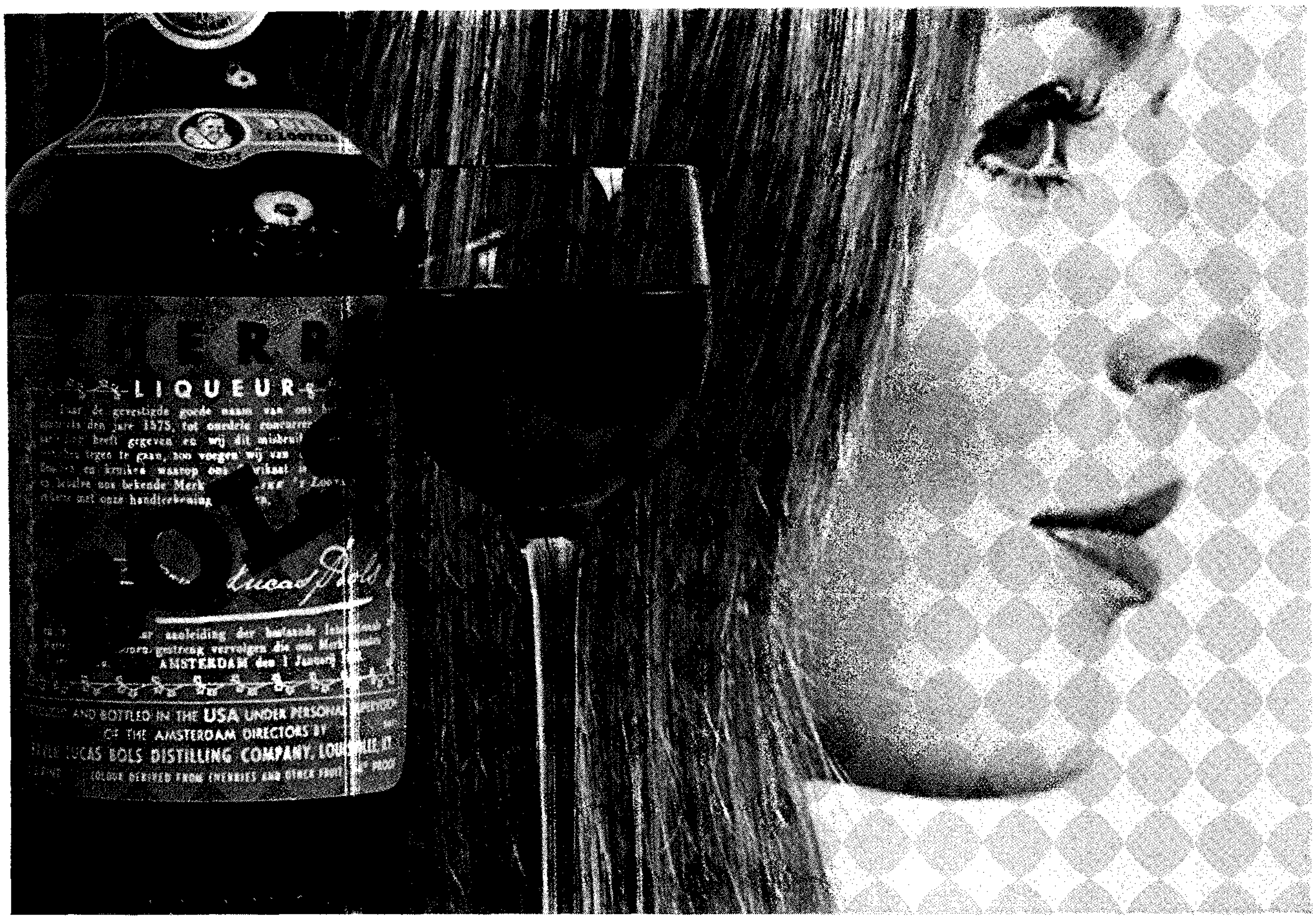
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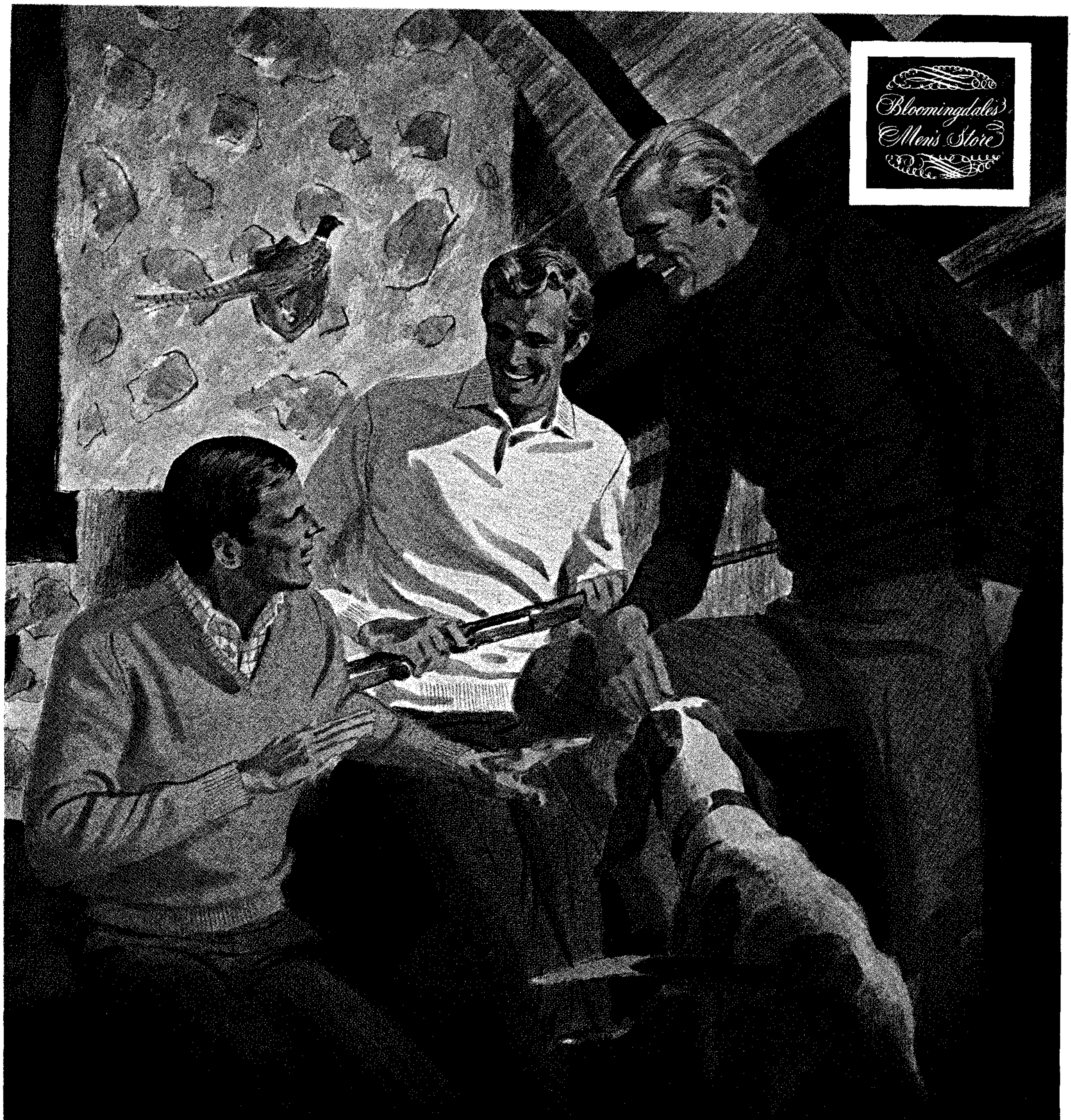

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His literary work out of the way, the debtor of the fern, whom a contemporary has described as a "live wire," began to buttonhole his group of prominent New Yorkers. At the time, he was stationed at Madison (now Colgate) University, in Hamilton, New York, as professor of zoology and geology, but his campus duties seem to have allowed time for expeditions to Manhattan business circles. William E. Dodge, Jr., a Phelps-Dodge copper scion, shell collector, and friend of science and other good works, who had helped underwrite the Bickmore trip to the Dutch East Indies, was now revisited by the Professor (the title by which Bickmore was universally hailed) but said that he was too busy putting up a building for the Y.M.C.A. to do much about a natural-history museum. Instead, he gave Bickmore a letter of introduction to a fellow philanthropist—Theodore Roosevelt, the father of T.R. (then ten years old), who had inherited a plate-glass business on Maiden Lane and was active in the Children's Aid Society. Other Bickmore contacts among rich and generous men were Benjamin H. Field, a retired merchant; Robert Colgate, a soap manufacturer; William A. Haines, a wholesale drygoods merchant; D. Jackson Steward, an amateur conchologist; and Robert L. Stuart, a sugar refiner who was an original backer of the S.P.C.A. and Presbyterian Hospital. Although several of these men, like Mr. Dodge and Mr. Steward, had cabinets of shells, they were not particularly interested in the spectrum of natural history. They were, however, patriotic New Yorkers, painfully aware that their city had nothing of any public consequence in this line, and they were eager to dissipate the local aridity. In December, 1868, nineteen of them addressed a letter to the Commissioners of Central Park, which read:

> A number of gentlemen have long desired that a great Museum of Natural History should be established in Central Park, and having now the opportunity of securing a rare and very valuable collection as a nucleus of such Museum, the undersigned wish to enquire if you are disposed to provide for its reception and development.

The undersigned of this historic letter, besides the aforementioned, consisted of James Brown and Howard Potter, partners in the then commanding banking house of Brown Brothers; Levi P. Morton and George Bliss, of

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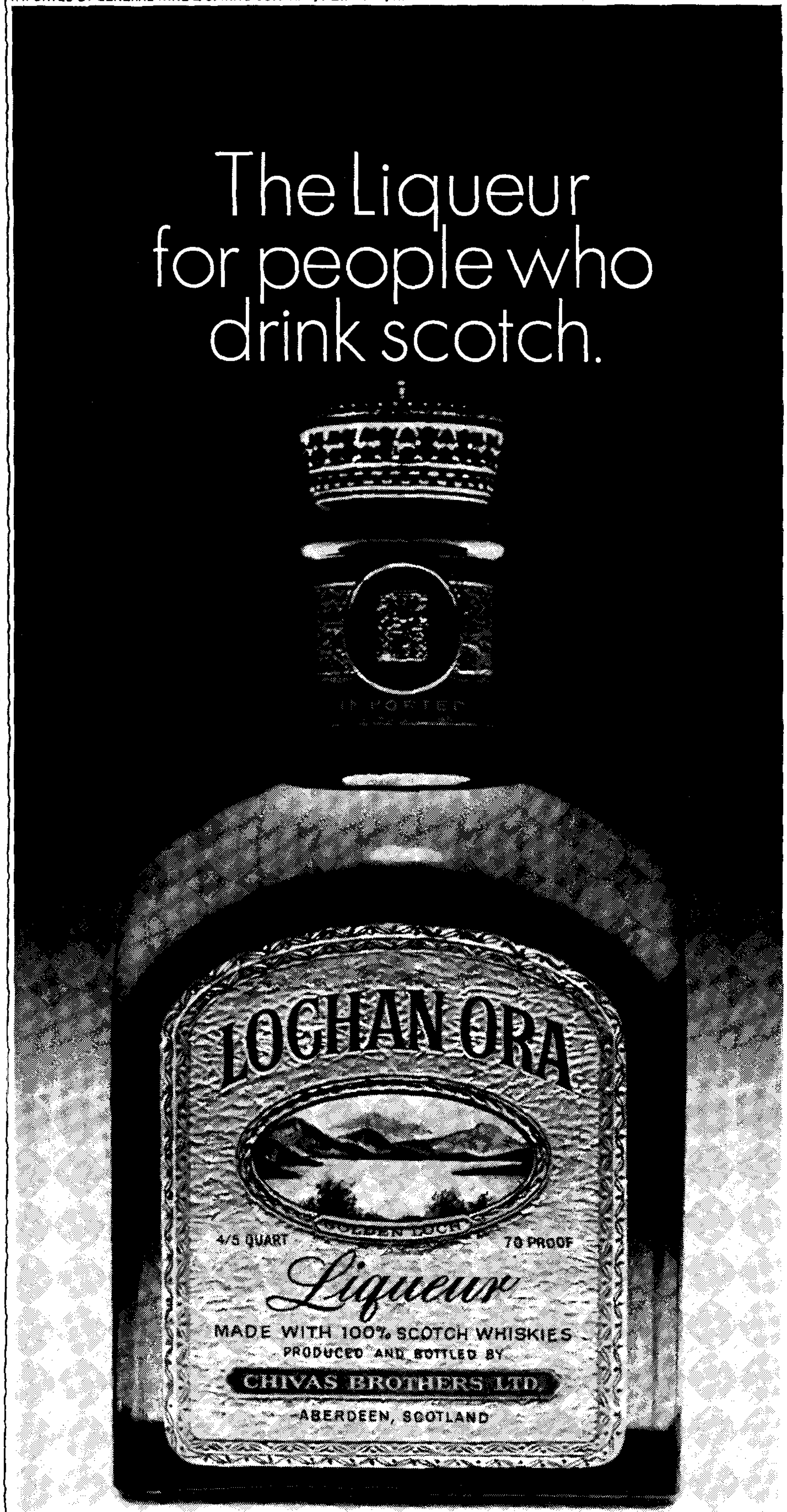

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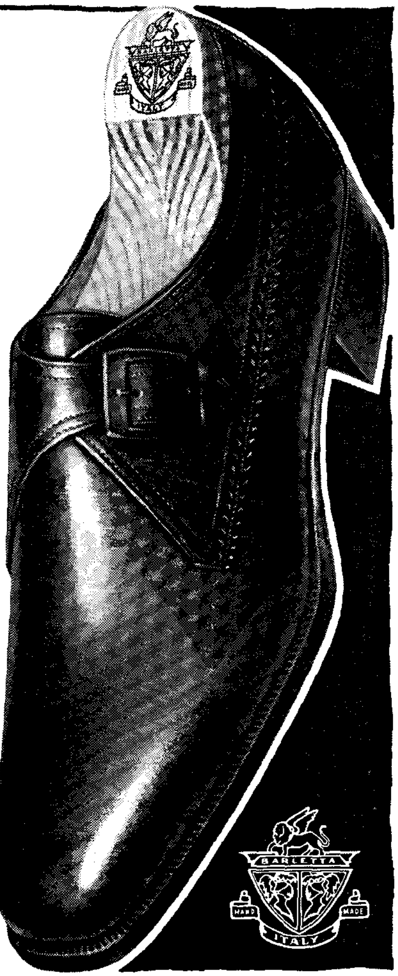

Morton, Bliss & Co.; three other influential bankers, Adrian Iselin, Morris K. Jesup, and J. P. Morgan; William T. Blodgett, a real-estate owner and varnish manufacturer; Marshall O. Roberts, a Civil War steamship millionaire; Alexander T. Stewart, proprietor of the largest retail store in the world; John D. Wolfe, a retired merchant; and two copper magnates, Isaac N. Phelps and A. G. Phelps Dodge, a brother of William. Their prayer was granted—"The Commissioners . . . will very gladly receive the collection . . . and will use their best exertions toward the establishment of a Museum of Natural History," Andrew H. Green, Comptroller of the Central Park, replied—and on January 19, 1869, most of the signers, plus four new sponsors, met in Mr. Field's house and appointed a committee to raise funds to purchase the rare and valuable collection. This consisted of several thousand mounted birds, mounted animals, and mounted skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles, and fishes assembled by Edouard Verreaux, a Paris naturalist, who had recently died. The Museum's sponsors decided, additionally, to seek a charter for their institution, and placed this matter in the hands of Mr. Joseph H. Choate, the lawyer, who drew up the necessary document. It devolved upon Bickmore to take the next step. A great chap for getting letters of introduction, he obtained one from Samuel J. Tilden, a political Pooh-Bah who later became Governor of New York, to State Senator William M. Tweed, a man not generally known for his good works. Bickmore presented this to Tweed in his Albany hotel, where a rather curious interview took place.

> I found him to be a man of portly dimensions and comfortably seated in a large arm chair [Bickmore writes]. I introduced myself and my business by saying, "Senator, I am honored by your friend Mr. Samuel J. Tilden, with this letter, and I have also these other letters from other leading citizens in New York City." "Well, well, what can I do for Mr. Tilden?" "These gentlemen, Senator, whose names are on this paper, have asked me to state to you that they desire to found a Museum of Natural History in New York, and if possible on Central Park, similar to Professor Agassiz's great museum in Cambridge—you know of that institution, Senator?" "Certainly! Certainly!" was his prompt reply (and now I must confess that for an instant a cruel doubt flashed over my mind as to whether he had ever really heard its name mentioned before in all his life). . . . I continued, "Senator, I hope you will agree with these gentlemen that to found such a grand institution as they

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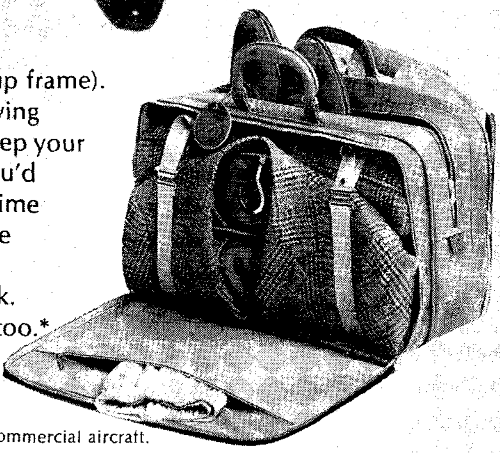

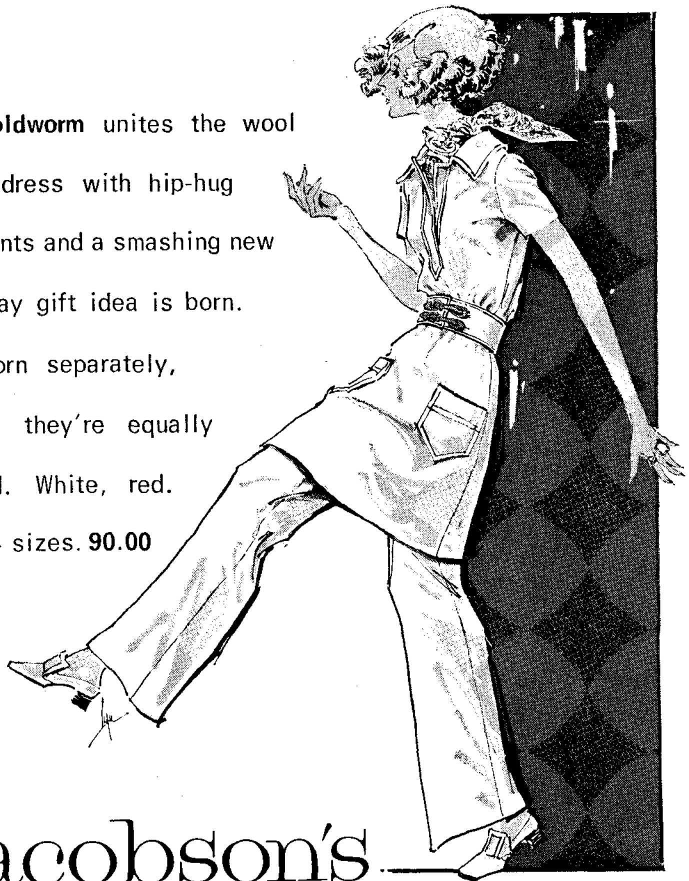

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have in mind, it is proper and necessary for them to have a charter, creating them a body corporate by a special act of the Legislature, and Mr. Joseph H. Choate, whom you know well?"—"Yes, he is a partner of Mr. Evarts"—"has carefully prepared this draft of a bill . . . and they have requested me to respectfully solicit you to do them the important favor to take charge of this measure." "All right, my young friend, I will see your bill safely through," was his reply as he thrust our carefully prepared document into his capacious outside pocket.

Tweed was as good as his word: on April 6, 1869, the necessary act was signed by Governor John T. Hoffman, a creature of Tweed's. "It certainly proved to be wise that we asked Senator Tweed to take charge of this important measure," Bickmore wrote, "because with his endorsement its prompt passage was assured, and also because it was certain that it would not be amended in the slightest degree, for no legislator . . . dared to suggest the slightest modification to a bill which had been introduced by Mr. Tweed." It is a melancholy commentary on political life that both Choate and Tilden were instrumental in sending Tweed—who was, in a way, too, the Father of the Museum—to prison four years later.

The Museum's first board of trustees, which included most of the Central Park petitioners, elected as its president Mr. Wolfe, then seventy-seven. As things turned out, the Verreaux nucleus (the Museum chose thirty-four hundred specimens, mostly birds), which cost sixteen thousand dollars, was outnucleused, by a few weeks, by twenty-five hundred North American birds purchased for seventy-three hundred dollars from Daniel G. Elliot, and by the acquisition, negotiated by the Messrs. Blodgett and Elliot on a European trip, of four thousand mounted birds, six hundred mounted mammals, and two thousand fishes and reptiles, mounted or pickled, from the heir of Prince Maximilian of Neuwied, a German explorer of Brazil. Presents also began to arrive. In 1870, Mr. Coleman T. Robinson gave ten thousand butterflies and moths, covering three thousand species; and another entomologically inclined donor, Baron R. Osten Sacken, the Russian consul-general in New York, sent along thirty-eight hundred insects, mostly beetles. The Museum had no home, and its birds, bugs, and so forth were at first stored, exotically, at Brown Brothers. Early in 1870, the trustees persuaded the Central Park Commissioners to give them exhibition space in

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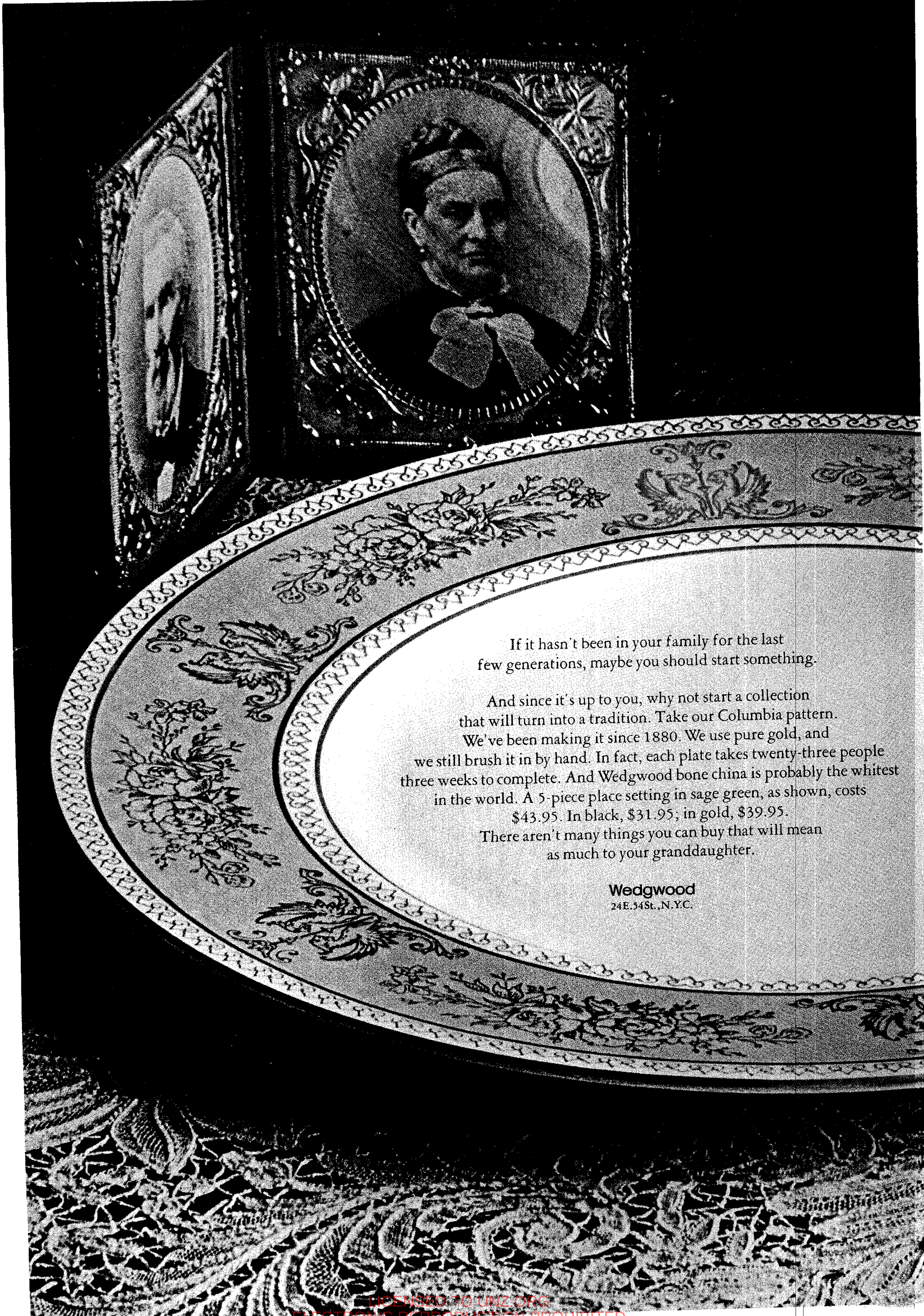

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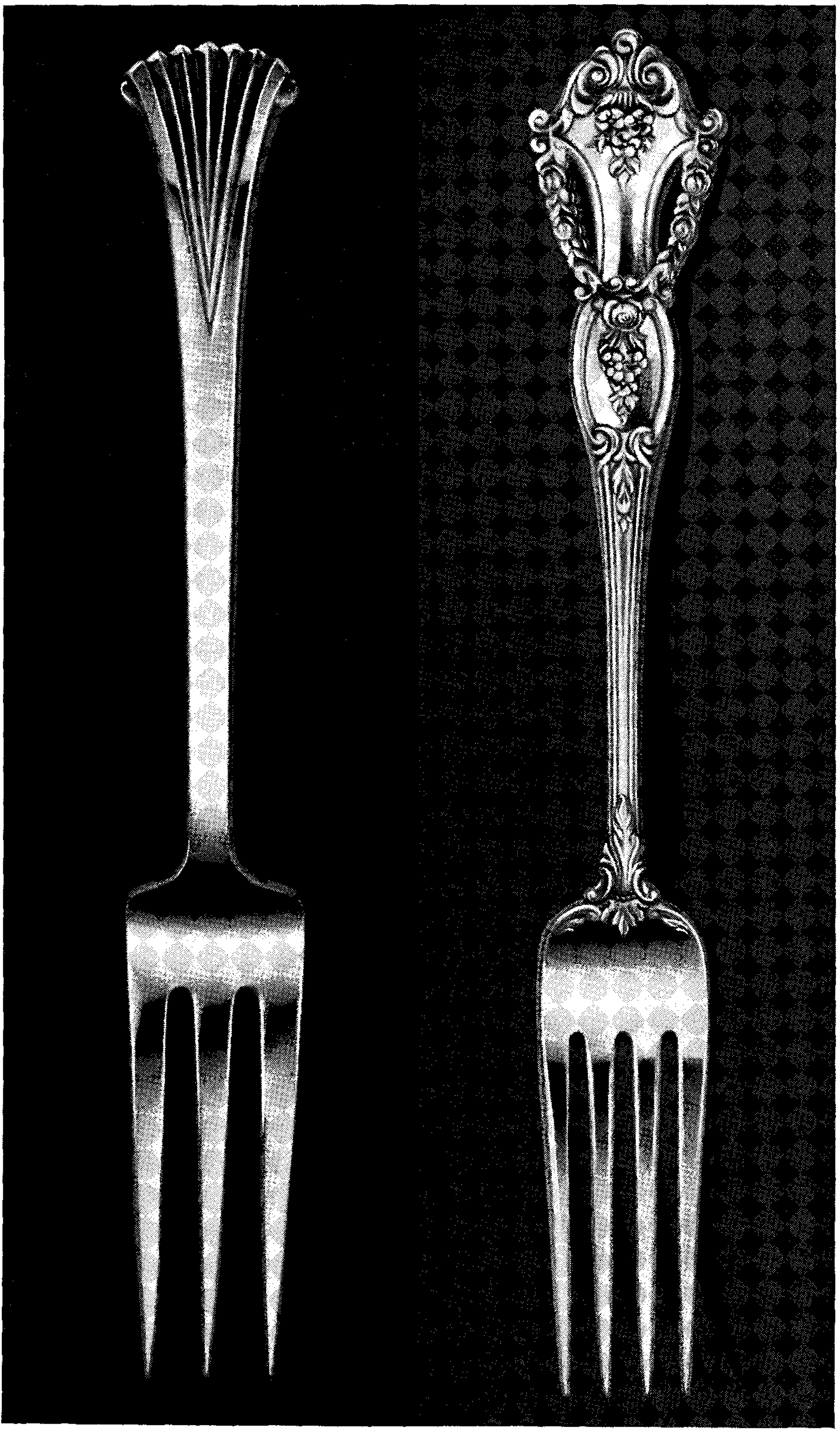
the two upper stories of the Arsenal building, on the east side of the Park at Sixty-fourth Street, and to provide them with suitable cases. Professor Bickmore, who had resigned from Madison University to become the Museum's superintendent (a title later changed to director), began to get things in shape, and in the spring of 1871 the collections were opened to the public.

President Wolfe died a year later; he had lived just long enough to see the dawn of achievement. His successor, Mr. Stuart, reviewing the seminal Arsenal days in the 1872 *Annual Report*, observed that "on nearly every day during fair weather, our halls have been thronged by visitors, not only from our own city and state, but from all parts of the country, numbering frequently from 5,000 to 10,000." The halls by this time had been additionally enriched by scores of donations, among them a fur seal, a giraffe, and a baboon from Mr. P. T. Barnum; a number of carcasses from the adjacent Central Park Menagerie (with which the Museum had, and still has, a mortuary-gift agreement); two hornets' nests from Mr. H. W. McKoon, of Sullivan County, New York, who wrote, "Believing a National Museum of Nautcheral [*sic*] History is a National Blessing I am ready and anxious to aid the enterprise in every way that I can;" and "1 Bat, 12 Mice, 1 Turtle, 1 Skull, Red Squirrel, and 4 Birds Eggs" from Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., whose father had brought him in while the Verreaux specimens were being unpacked.

The Arsenal space, at once filled to capacity, had been obtained as an emergency stopgap, and in 1871 the Museum joined the Metropolitan Museum of Art (incorporated a year after it) in a successful petition to the state legislature for permanent sites and suitable fireproof buildings. On June 2, 1874, the cornerstone of the American Museum was laid by President Grant with a trowel bought from Tiffany's. "My dear Mr. Haines," the founding Roosevelt had written his fellow vice-president on the board of trustees a few days before, "By all means order the trowel; one certainly must have it, and the President is entitled to a good one." Grant's trowel was swiped by someone who felt that *he* was entitled to a good one. ("After the laying of the cornerstone," the man who brought the trowel over from Tiffany's later reported, "General Grant left the trowel on the cornerstone, and when it occurred to Professor Bickmore to look



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for it, it had disappeared, probably forever.") The cornerstone itself, containing a copper box stuffed with Museum and Parks Department reports, a manual of the state legislature, a Congressional Directory, copies of twelve New York newspapers, three magazines, a paper dollar, a silver dollar, and some small change, also disappeared. At least, no one at the Museum knew where it was on September 17, 1941, when Mr. Wayne M. Faunce, the Museum's vice-director and executive secretary, wrote the late Edward Ringwood Hewitt, the country's leading dry-fly trout fisherman:

> I recall that at one of the annual meetings of the Anglers Club, held in the American Museum of Natural History, you referred to the fact that you had been present at the laying of the cornerstone of the Museum. It is a source of chagrin that no one now connected with the Museum knows the location of this cornerstone. . . . Can you throw any light on the matter?

Mr. Hewitt was seven years old when the cornerstone was laid. He was a son of Abram S. Hewitt, an early trustee, and a grandson of Peter Cooper, the founder of Cooper Union, who, besides money, gave the Museum its first whale skeleton. E. R. Hewitt's spelling and punctuation to the end of his days remained idiosyncratic; for one thing, he was a foe of the comma. He answered the vice-director on his typewriter:

> MY DEAR MR. FAUNCE:
>
> I was only a small boy when the corner stone of the Museum was laid and the wholeplace was covered with a cloth except the stone. There would be no way in which a small boy could tell where it was as there was a wooden stnd erectd all over the place. I cant see that the location of the corner stone is a matter of any importance at all.
>
> Yours truly.

The new building—the Vaux-Mould Victorian Gothic one—was designed, as the first of a series that would eventually occupy the entire square, after rough interior plans drawn up by Professor Bickmore. Well supplied with glass for its windows and showcases by Mr. Roosevelt's firm, it opened on December 22, 1877. President Rutherford B. Hayes was on hand, and laudatory speeches abounded; e.g., "In whose honor are the chief personages of the nation, state, and city here assembled? Whose palace is this? What divinity is worshiped in this place?" (Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the president of Harvard). The fact is, however, that no sooner had the Museum jumped across the Park than it almost went out of business. "The next day after our grandly successful opening we experienced the depressing effect of finding our spacious exhibition halls nearly deserted," Bickmore wrote. "We were . . . doomed . . . for a number of years to experience the unfavorable effect of our isolated position as compared to our former location in the old Arsenal, near the main entrance to Central Park." The site of the spacious exhibition halls had only recently been cleared of a litter of squatters' shanties, goats, and kitchen gardens. "It was practically out in the country then," the *Sun* wrote of Manhattan Square in 1911. "If the superintendent had wanted to secure a collection of goats or mongrel dogs or stray cats, he could have found them right on the site."

Within a couple of years, the spacious halls were rapidly filling with gifts and acquisitions, including what became known as the James Hall Collection of Invertebrate Fossils, acquired for sixty-five thousand dollars. This consisted of around a hundred thousand New York State and Middle Western specimens amassed by Professor Hall, director of the New York State Museum, in Albany. In 1877, to sort these out, the Museum engaged its first curator—Robert P. Whitfield, a former Hall assistant and a geology professor at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, in Troy, who, during his thirty-two years as a quiet worker in the Manhattan Square attic, labelled, arranged, and installed the specimens, wrote them up and drew pictures of their morphological structure in and for scores of scientific papers, and gave similar loving attention to the rest of the Museum's rocky material. He also carried on a protracted, unloving correspondence with his former boss, who had fired him when he objected to Hall's taking his, Whitfield's, name off a book that Whitfield had written, and who, year after year, kept asking the Museum to return fossils that he said had been sent to it by mistake, or that he wanted for further study, or both. The feud may have been salubrious. Hall lived to be nearly eighty-eight ("An irascible, great figure in American geology," Nathan Reingold called him in "Science in Nineteenth-Century America"), and Whitfield died a few weeks shy of his eighty-second birthday ("His associations with the objects that he loved, and which he conscientiously and unremittingly studied, remained unbroken to the

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Our proprietor didn't want Royall Lyme to be like any other product. He wanted it to be a distinctive lime scent suitable for (as he put it) gentlemen and gentlewomen.

He wanted it to be the freshness of the Island's breeze in a bottle.

A scent to be enjoyed after the bath, the shower, the shave, as an infallible refresher at all times.

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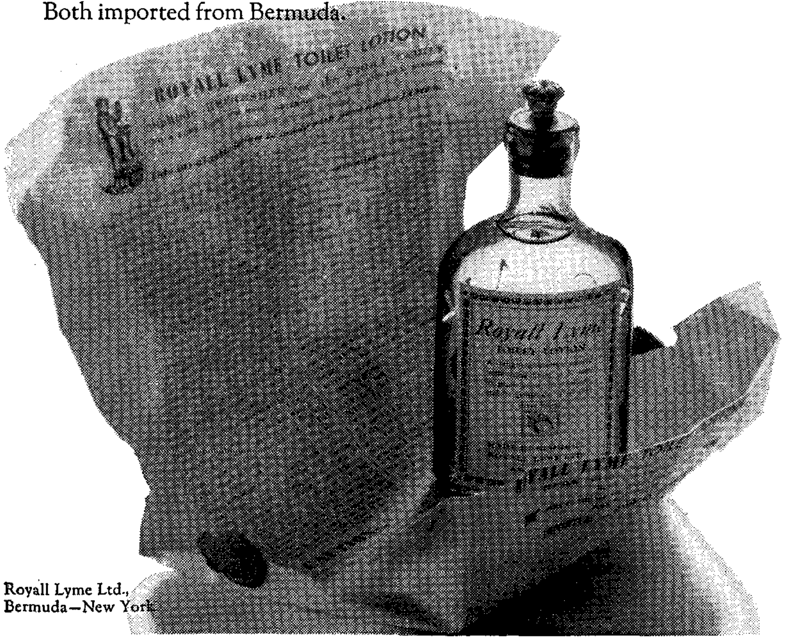

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end," the Dictionary of American Biography says of him).

THE second staff member after Professor Whitfield to have the word "curator" in his official designation—Assistant Curator of Mineralogy—was Mr. Louis P. Gratacap, a modest individual, unsung in the encyclopedias, who has so captured my fancy that I propose to give him ample exhibition space. Born in Brooklyn in 1851, he graduated at eighteen from the College of the City of New York, attended General Theological Seminary for two years as a candidate for the ministry of the Episcopal Church from the Diocese of New York, and then, changing his course, became a chemist for the Metropolitan Gas Light Company. On the side, he studied at the Columbia School of Mines (now the School of Engineering and Applied Science), where, in 1876, he received a Ph.B. Not a Doctor. That fall, after writing to Professor Bickmore for a part-time job ("I am anxious to secure scientific employment and have begun to search for it in various directions"), he began to sort out the Museum's mineralogical specimens, after hours. In 1880, he left the gaslight business for full-time Museum employment when he was appointed to his assistant curatorship. He later became Assistant Curator of Geology, and then Curator of Mineralogy and Mollusca. (Mineralogy, previously under Professor Whitfield's Department of Geology, was raised to autonomy, and a full curatorship, in 1901, in order to take care of twelve thousand minerals that J. P. Morgan had just bought from Clarence S. Bement, a Philadelphia collector, and presented to the Museum. Its mysterious bracketing with Mollusca may have been due to the fact that the Museum's staff was small and that Mr. Gratacap was fond of shells.) Gratacap's personality, and not a little of the Museum's early history, is reflected in bundles of his interoffice correspondence that are stuffed in steel cabinets in a windowless dungeon in the Museum known as Central Files. Many of these messages are addressed to Morris K. Jesup, who became the Museum's third president in 1881, when Mr. Stuart resigned. Jesup, whom Gratacap outlived, served as president for twenty-seven years, giving the curator time to write him a great many letters.

GRATACAP TO JESUP, AUGUST 16, 1881:

May I add that an almost indispensable requisite with our collection is a set of

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The paws that refreshes.

Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Mix a Maneater Martini. Grrrr! 94 Proof.

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Anyone who tells you he can save you money on stereo isn't doing you any favors. Because when you save yourself some money, you lose yourself some stereo.

That's why the price of our new compact system is going to leave you feeling a little bit queasy. Is it too low? How can we do it? Where'd we cut corners? What'd we cut out?

Not a thing.

So even if you don't feel good about the price, feel good about the elevator that raises the turntable when you raise the lid. And hides it away when you lower it. Dustproof. And compact.

So you don't have to put out an extra $15 or so on a dust cover.

Feel good about the visual meters that let you see where you're setting the treble, bass and volume controls for FM and AM radio or phonograph.

Check out a gizmo called FET found only in the most expensive high-fidelity instruments. It pulls in distant stations and makes sure you get only one at a time. That should lift your spirits a bit.

And the speaker system. Two beautiful walnut cabinets with 4 acoustic speakers. Two 7-inch woofers and two 2½-inch tweeters.

You'll see how much better you feel when you examine the balance control that lets you adjust the amount of sound in each speaker for stereo perfection. And the FM stereo selector that automatically selects only stereo stations. And the AFC switch that gives you drift-free reception on FM. And the Stereo Eye that tells you whether you're listening to stereo or not. And the jacks that let you play your tape recorder, TV, short-wave tuner or movie projector through the high-fidelity system.

See how you feel about the receiver. Even the back is finished. And the black-out glass that hides all the dial numbers when the set's not in use.

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blowpipe apparatus—many minerals *cannot* be determined by the eye, only by reactions—the price is $30 or less.

The blowpipe was approved.

IDEM, NOVEMBER 12, 1883:

There are at present in the Museum about 3,000 specimens of pressed plants, and they are in danger of suffering complete ruin unless attended to. I am a member of the Torrey Botanical Club and a botanist of a little experience. . . . I wish to make the proposal . . . to take the folios *home* and work them over.

Whether or not this request was granted, the Museum's herbarium never got off the ground in anything but a literal sense. In 1891, when the New York Botanical Garden was founded, the Museum, at the suggestion of the City of New York (which was helping finance both institutions), got out of the botanical business and turned its plants over to the Garden. Botany survives at the Museum only in the Hall of Forestry, and, peripherally and unlabelled, in the background of some of the animal and ethnological display cases. There is no curator of botany.

GRATACAP TO JESUP, JUNE 26, 1886

Mr. W. Wallace [William Wallace, the Museum's building superintendent] tells me that you were displeased at the throwing away of material from the Arsenal. I was requested to look after the cleaning out of the Arsenal building, [and told] that the work should be done at once, that the Department of Parks was importunate and needed the space. I went over and sent to the Museum *everything* that could be used for its purposes. I found a great quantity of useless iron ores which could be put to no possible use unless in an economic exhibit, and the localities had all disappeared from them. The rubbish represented all sorts of miscellaneous material brought from the [Philadelphia] Centennial which, had they been brought to the Museum, would only have been an aggravation and a ceaseless cause of annoyance. I consulted Prof. Bickmore who entirely approved of the work, as I feel confident you would have had you seen the distressful collection of odds and ends which were disposed of.

IDEM, FEBRUARY 23, 1887:

I received your orders in reference to remaining at the Museum on Holidays. I certainly have not been at the Museum on those days in the past, and I never doubted the propriety of my conduct, as it was never questioned by those over me in the Museum.

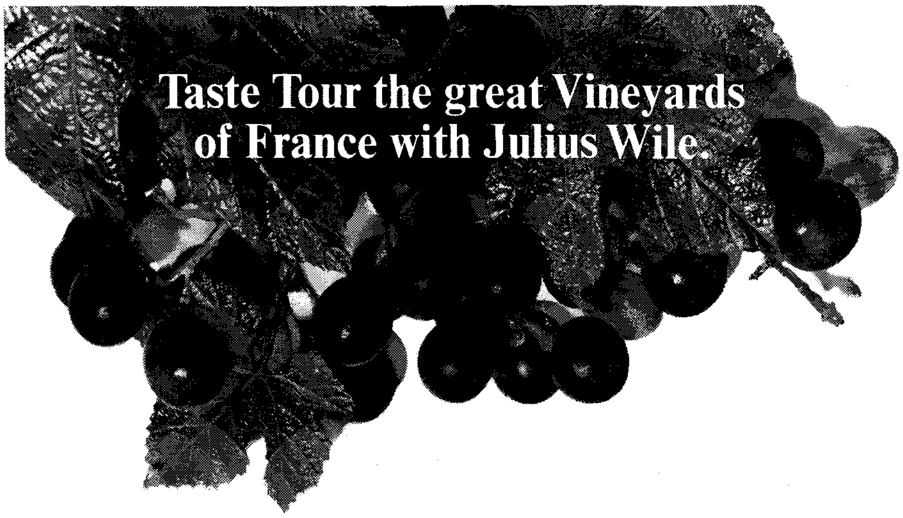
IDEM, DECEMBER 20, 1888:

I should very much like to remain at home on Christmas Day. . . .

Request granted.

IDEM, JANUARY 3, 1889:

I have this morning received your communication relative to the Evening Open-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ings and some plan as to public instruction.... For myself I must beg you to excuse me from the performance of a work for which I have a profound distaste. To teach a miscellaneous lot of careless men and women with no real curiosity to know anything about the objects they are shown—a sort of wandering caravan of stragglers and the odds and ends of the streets, hustling through the halls—is to me a dreary and repulsive business.... The difficulties are not inconsiderable to me, as I live out of New York and would reach my home at or after Midnight.

Gratacap, a lifelong bachelor, was living on Staten Island with his father and an invalid brother. His views on public instruction were not shared by the management; Professor Bickmore had been giving lectures on zoology to public-school teachers since 1880, and in 1884 he resigned as superintendent to become curator of a new Department of Public Instruction, which drew on the Museum staff for its talkers and expanded the Museum audience to include members, schoolchildren, and the general public. One of Gratacap's chores was to handle the lantern slides for Bickmore's talks, and he eventually fell into line as a lecturer himself, giving a number of discourses on things like "New York City, Past and Present," "The Parks of New York," "The Industries of the Sea," and "The Planets."

GRATACAP TO JESUP, MARCH 11, 1890:

May I... earnestly request that the rule laid down for me to be at the Museum at 9 o'clock A.M. be remitted. It is really so unnecessary, and imposes upon me a hardship from which no substantial benefits come to anyone. I leave my home now at 8 A.M. and reach the Museum at 9:40 A.M. Can not this continue?

It did.

IDEM, NOVEMBER 5, 1890:

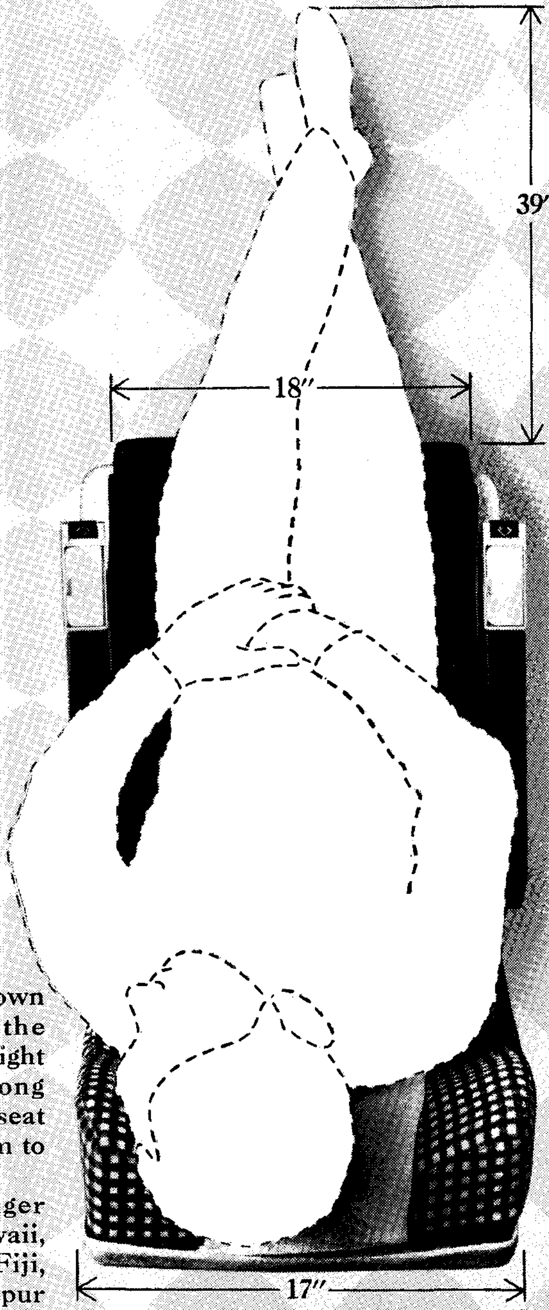
I am engaged upon a long and wearisome task: the making of a Catalogue of all the Cabinet Fossils belonging to the Museum. It would really assist me and certainly increase my comfort considerably, if the Museum would furnish me a reasonable and adequate chair. The perverse affair I use at present is detestable. I am compelled to put a board on it to use it at all, and it seems a fair and pertinent request to ask for something like a rotatory office-chair which affords its occupant some ease as well as assistance at his work.

Request granted.

IDEM, FEBRUARY 1, 1896:

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, informing me of my reengagement in the employ of the A.M.N.H. for the ensuing year, and of the increase of my salary. This increase was certainly un-

We built a seat that measures up to the Pacific Ocean.



Ask anyone who has ever flown to Sydney, or Auckland, or the Orient and they'll tell you—the flight across the Pacific is a long, long stretch. And an Economy Class seat simply doesn't offer enough room to stretch out in.

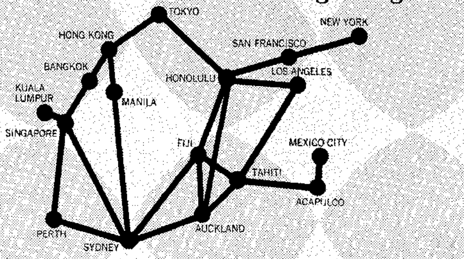
But now, for every passenger who has wiggled his way to Hawaii, who has felt fidgety approaching Fiji, who has arrived in Kuala Lumpur with lumps he didn't start out with—BOAC introduces the medically tested, scientifically cushioned, extra-roomy, totally new kind of sinfully luxurious Economy Class seat. It's a lot more than a boast.

What we did was take that bulky, space consuming metal frame used in airline seats since before the jet age, and replace it with a brand-new super-strong plastic shell. One that's incredibly thin for maximum elbow-room and contoured to support you where you need support most.

We knocked the stuffings out of the standard, clumpy woolen stuffings and replaced them with cool, synthetic foam padding that shapes itself to your shape. No matter what shape you're in.

And we angled each seat so that every passenger could stretch his legs to their fullest without running into the legs of the passenger in front of him. Even if we had a cabin full of basketball players.

Right now our new Pacific seat is crisscrossing that ocean each week from New York and San Francisco. With stopovers in Honolulu and Fiji at no extra air fare. And it costs no more than an ordinary jet seat. That's another comforting thought.



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expected, but I can assure you it is very welcome.

GRATACAP TO WHITFIELD, DECEMBER 2, 1896:

Please excuse my attendance at the Museum today. I'm detained at home fighting or helping (I don't know which) the furnace. We're just freezing here, and I want to see what I can do.

GRATACAP TO JESUP, NOVEMBER 23, 1898:

I visited Mr. Kunz at Tiffany & Co., as you desired, yesterday, and was shown the specimens which you may contemplate buying.

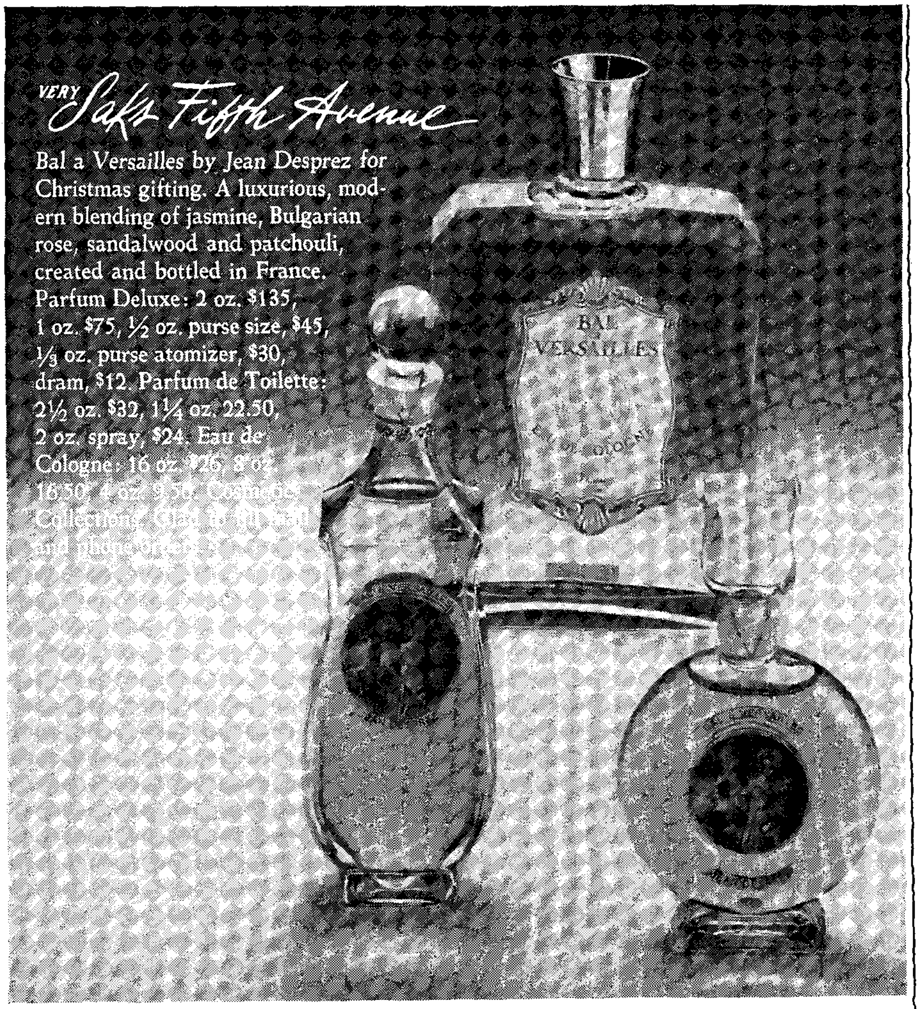
The Pyrite from Colorado (a mineral mass of yellow crystals) for $30 is a beautiful and desirable thing. The price is not excessive. The other mineral specimen, Wulfenite (a mass of scarlet crystals), is also beautiful and desirable. It is not dear. As to the two gems (one yellow beryl and one quartz crystal, with some gold specimens), I am inclined to think that at present they are not required.

"Keep the Pyrite and Wulfenite," Mr. Jesup has written on this letter. George Frederick Kunz, Tiffany's gem expert and vice-president, made collections of gems for J. P. Morgan, which the latter gave to the Museum. In 1902, Kunz became the Museum's honorary curator of gems.

On February 24, 1899, in another letter to Mr. Jesup, Mr. Gratacap rose above departmental considerations and the exigencies of his personal life:

> In view of the apparent need of increasing the membership of the Museum, a return to a device practised ten years ago might prove serviceable. It was then customary to have two receptions a year, one in Spring and one in Autumn. These were made purely social occasions, and were limited to members and their friends. Some music was afforded, and previous to each reception the press of the city announced the new additions to the Museum, and gave to the reception a semi-fashionable interest.
>
> As society is generally most interested in doing what every one else is supposed to do, the fashionable world thus became partially involved in the maintenance of the Museum, not so much because it cared for the purposes of the Museum itself as because it was the right thing, Autumn and Spring, to attend its receptions. As a suggestion, a larger membership might, in this way, be secured.

The Museum had established a hierarchy of contributors at the outset—Patrons, at twenty-five hundred dollars; Fellows in Perpetuity, at a thousand dollars; Fellows for Life, at five hundred dollars; Members for Life, at two hundred and fifty dollars. These classifications, over the decades, have been revised downward and upward financially, and they have been added to and abolished. (The Fellows in Perpetuity made an interesting disappear-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Bal a Versailles by Jean Desprez for Christmas gifting. A luxurious, modern blending of jasmine, Bulgarian rose, sandalwood and patchouli, created and bottled in France. Parfum Deluxe: 2 oz. $135, 1 oz. $75, ½ oz. purse size, $45, ⅓ oz. purse atomizer, $30, dram, $12. Parfum de Toilette: 2½ oz. $32, 1¼ oz. 22.50, 2 oz. spray, $24. Eau de Cologne: 16 oz. $26, 8 oz. 16.50, 4 oz. 9.50. Cosmetics Collection. Glad to fill mail and phone orders.

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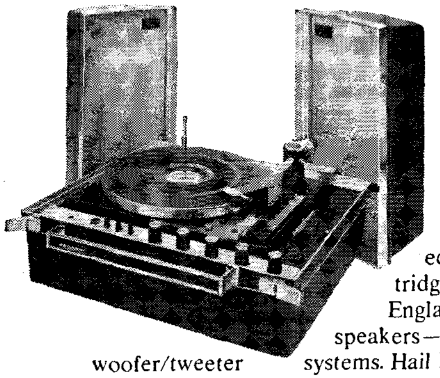
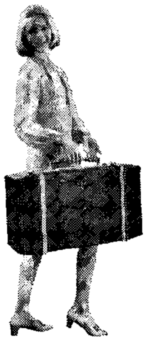
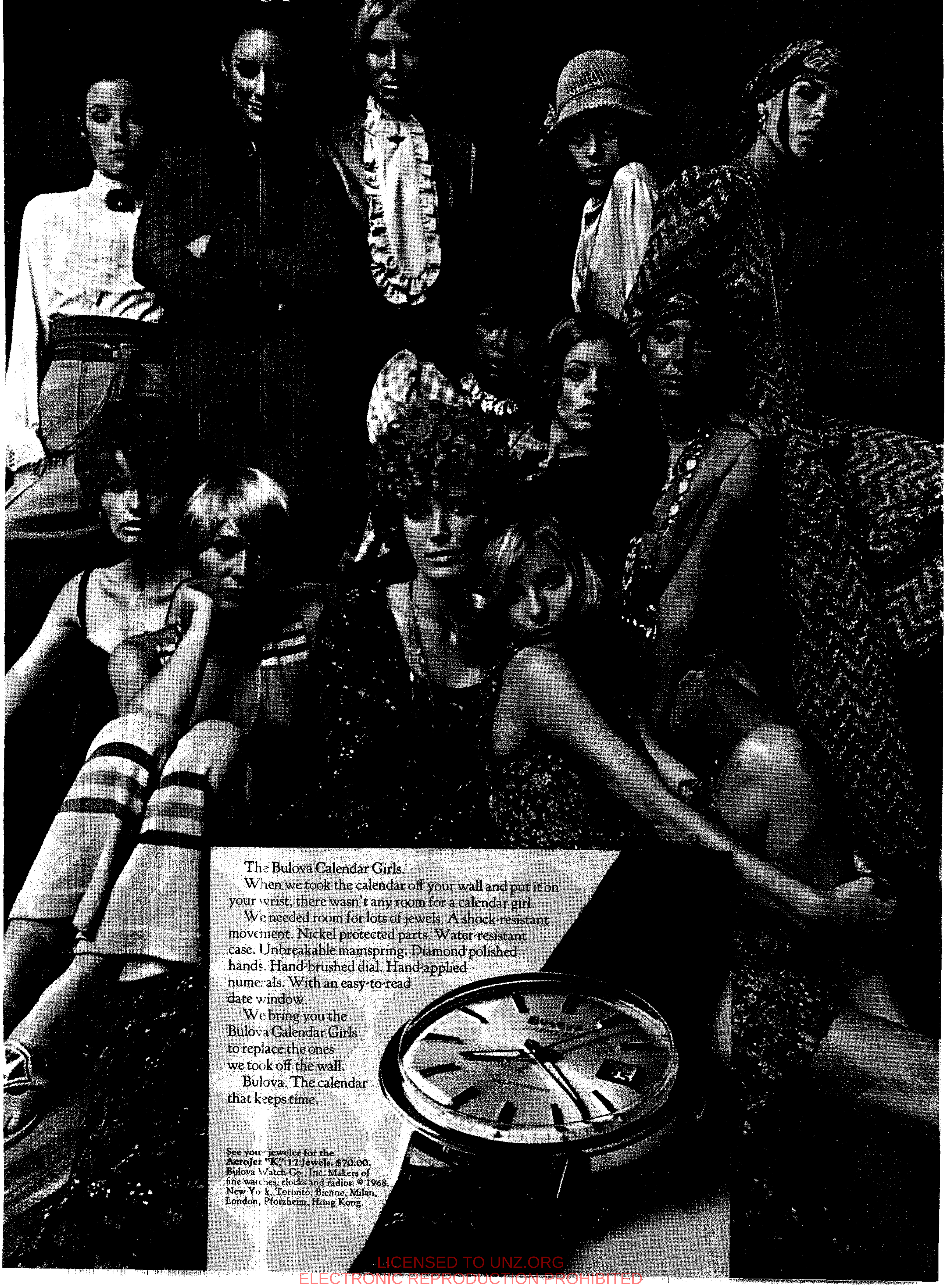


West Germany gave us the precision Miracord 620 turntable equipped with the Elac 244 cartridge. Wunderbar!
England contributed the famous EMI speakers—the delightfully compact, two-way, woofer/tweeter systems. Hail Britannia.
The magnificent 32-watt Benjamin amplifier with all controls a music lover would want is strictly U.S. You'll pledge allegiance.
The Benjamin 1020 international portable in a handsome luggage-type case. Only $229.50. With built-in FM stereo tuner, $299.50. Other stereo compacts from $329.50. Benjamin Electronic Sound Corp. Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. (Also in Canada).
Benjamin 1020



The 12 moving parts that couldn't fit into a Bulova calendar.



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When we took the calendar off your wall and put it on your wrist, there wasn't any room for a calendar girl.

We needed room for lots of jewels. A shock-resistant movement. Nickel protected parts. Water-resistant case. Unbreakable mainspring. Diamond polished hands. Hand-brushed dial. Hand-applied numerals. With an easy-to-read date window.

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ance many years ago.) The 196[illegible] *Annual Report* lists fourteen categories of paid memberships, ranging from a two-dollar-and-fifty-cent Junior "Explorer" Member to a hundred-thousand-dollar Endowment Member, and including a few semantic oddities. "Sustain" and "support" seem to mean the same thing in the dictionary, but in the Museum taxonomy Sustaining Members paid twenty-five dollars a year and Supporting Members one hundred. And what are we to make of Associate Founders—individuals who have given the Museum twenty-five thousand dollars long after it was founded? Can a founder be retroactive? Well, no matter; in any event, one of the ten-dollar Annual Members was Cyrus W. Field, who in 1875 wrote Bickmore, "My dear Mr. Brickmore, I am unable to say at the moment whether I can go to the Park tomorrow. . . . I am very much occupied with important telegraph matters. I remain My dear Mr. Brickmore, Very truly your friend . . ." Three years later, the layer of the Atlantic cable climbed the ladder to Fellowship in Perpetuity, and (despite this title) he ended up a Patron

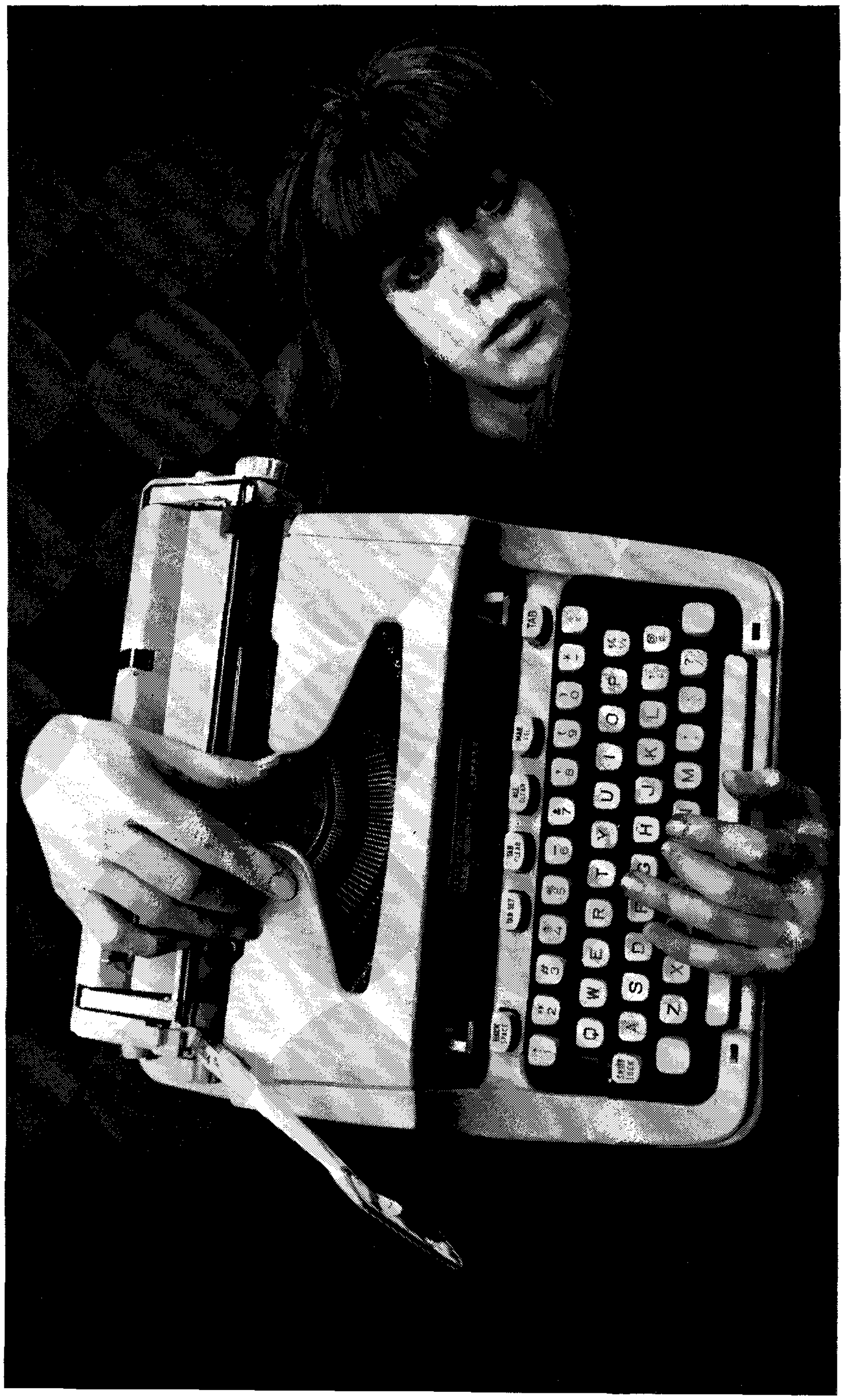
In 1899, the Museum had 4[illegible]8,451 visitors, but its budget, Gratacapiana indicates, was still very tight. On March 28th, Gratacap wrote John H. Winser, secretary of the Museum, on the letterhead of Keeler's Hotel and Annex, Broadway & Maiden Lane, Albany, where he had gone to look at some State Museum fossils that the Museum was interested in:

> At Keeler's. Looks as if it would go off if you lit a match across the street. Shall sleep with my feet out of the window on the fire escape. Good for the Museum however—75 cts a day—for room—personal safety doesn't count.

Having risked his life in Albany, the loyal assistant curator found little solace back on Manhattan Square.

Gratacap to Jesup, May 10, 1899

Prof. Whitfield has just told me that you desire the brass tacks which hold the shells in place all removed and replaced by something else. This enormous and hurtful change is made I believe upon the utterly illusory and deceptive assumption that the tacks will corrode and spoil the shells. It is hard to restrain an exclamation of impatience at this unreasonable objection. These tacks will not corrode, they are not copper but brass, which, unless exposed to considerable moisture, a condition never existing in the halls, do not become coated with the green verdegris. It would almost seem as if this fictitious complaint was raised for the purpose of embarrassing and disparaging me. . . . I was stupefied at such



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Flowers in vases don't look bad. They look stupendous in the Ellis-Barker silver plated four holder flower stand. Not every woman is expert in flower arranging. It's a skill acquired over many years. With the flower stand, groupings fall into place like magic, creating magnificent displays. You can't make mistakes. 10" high, 9" spread. Packed with one extra vase — $43.50.

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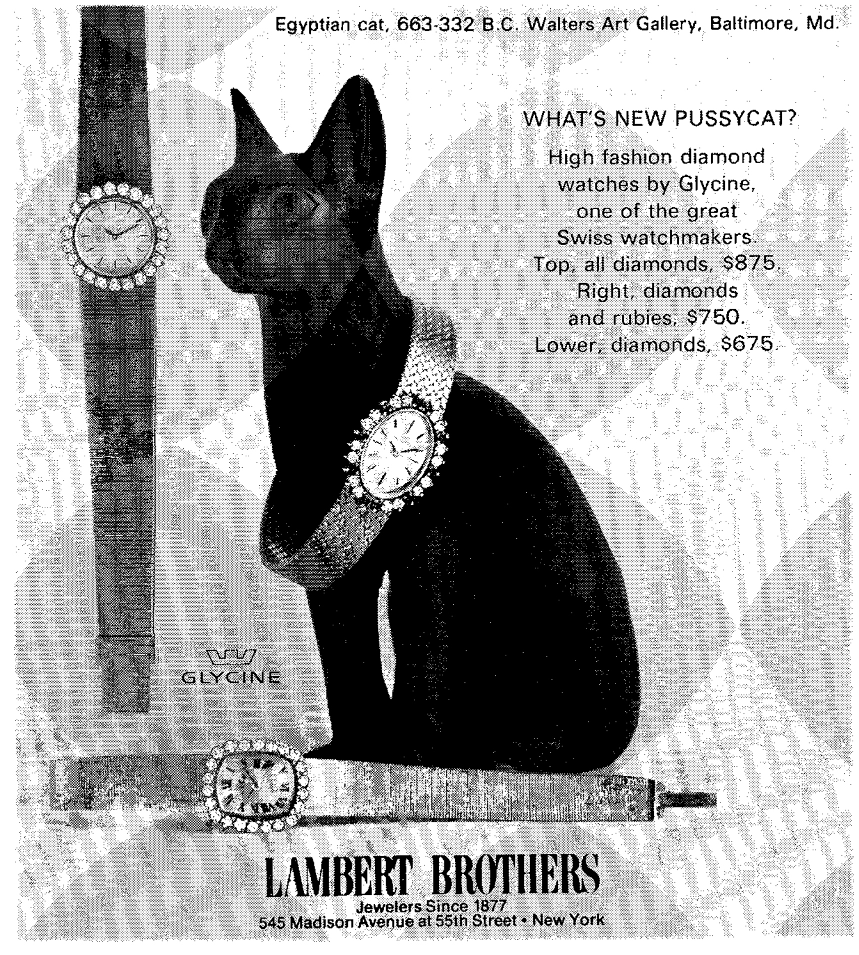
112A

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.



Egyptian cat, 663-332 B.C. Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Md.

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an unreasonable and unwelcome statement. . . . I feel as if it were best for me to resign, and I shall be very glad to accept your assistance in securing a position elsewhere, amid more friendly associations, if possible.

Mr. Jesup overruled Mr. Gratacap's objections, but the assistant curator remained at his post, and his relations with the president eventually improved.

IDEM, NOVEMBER 14, 1900:

A chance remark of yours in reference to the indifference of the public to the shells affords me the opportunity to say that this is largely due to the fact that they have only Latin names, which no one comprehends. I have often thought if the . . . common name was given them, together with the Latin name, people would inspect them more attentively.

"I fully endorse this," Mr. Jesup wrote on the back of this communication. "It is well known how I have struggled with the Prof. [Whitfield] about labels." A few weeks later, he raised Gratacap to full curatorship.

IDEM, JANUARY 2, 1901:

The information from yourself that I have been appointed Curator of the Department of Mineralogy, and in charge of Conchology, gives me a serious sense of responsibility. . . . Thanking you for what is to me a really unexpected honor, I remain, in the spirit of the New Year, Yours respectfully . . .

Serenity did not attend success, however. A communication dated May 27, 1902, from Gratacap to Hermon C. Bumpus, then the Museum's director, may be adduced as an example of a kind of curatorial frustration that is as common today as it was then:

After a trying encounter with the stupidity and indirection of the L. Is. R. R., I reached the village of Hollis, saw the "aged German" and the missive from Martinique. The former is a humbug, also the latter. The "meteoric stranger" is a good sized trap fragment, water worn and encrusted with dirt, and has been taken out of a hole just about large enough to admit of its adroit insertion. It was a disappointment, and I declined to leave any consideration for the pleasure of seeing it.

Further light on Mr. Gratacap's activities is shed by three other Centrally Filed communications, the first of which, dated March 15, 1908, is marked "Referred to Mr. Gratacap for reply":

DEAR SIR:

I am a little boy of Newark New Jersey, and am interested in rocks and stones and making a collection of my own. I wonder whether at the Mus. you have duplicates or inferior specimens that you will dispose of at reasonable prices. If so, will you please name the specimens and

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prices, and I will arrange to come over soon to examine them.

Yours truly,
R. GORDON WASSON

This was followed by two undated letters, the first signed by Thomas C. Wasson and R. Gordon Wasson, and the second by R. Gordon Wasson alone:

Mr. L. P. Getacap,
MY DEAR SIR:

As we are going to the country during our vacation, and you asked us not to come to the Museum on a Saturday, we shall come up after school some day this week, probably Thursday or Friday.

My Dear Mr. L. P. Gratacap,
MY DEAR SIR:

Thank you very much for your kind offer. I will come the first day of my spring vacation, in about two weeks. My older brother, 12 years old, will come with me. We have everything in partnership. We have not got many rocks, so we shall be glad to get any.

The younger Wasson, who was nine, grew up to be a vice-president of J. P. Morgan & Co. and an authority on mushrooms. In 1957, he and his wife, who was born in St. Petersburg, wrote and produced a wonderfully illustrated two-volume work, "Mushrooms, Russia, and History," which, issued in an edition of five hundred and twelve copies, sold for a hundred and twenty-five dollars a set. As luck would have it, I ran into Mr. Wasson soon after running into his letters. "I remember the sequel well," he said. "Tom and I planned the solicitation, but he, perhaps fearing a brushoff, put his younger brother up to initiating the correspondence. We turned up on the appointed day, and Mr. Gratacap showed us over the mineral collections and explained things to us. He gave us—of course, without charge—as much in the way of diversified specimens as we could carry, which, considering our appetite, was plenty. I remember going out of my mind with impatience as he meticulously labelled each stone with its Latin name. He also admonished us, with an emphasis that is still graven on my memory, how *not* to make a collection of stones. One does not solicit stones from a museum. One makes field trips and discovers the stones in their natural habitat."

As for Thomas Wasson, he joined the Foreign Service in the middle nineteen-twenties. In 1948, when he was consul-general in Jerusalem, he was shot to death in the street during an Arab-Jewish fight as he was returning from a meeting of a three-man truce

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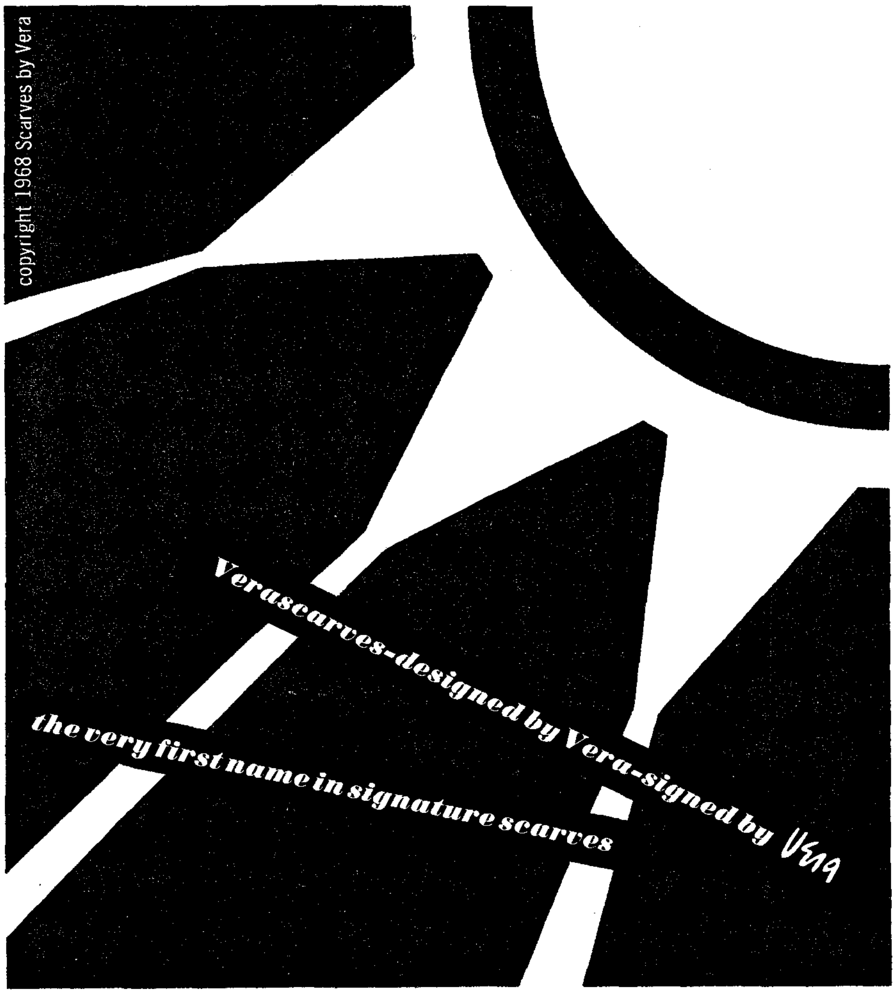
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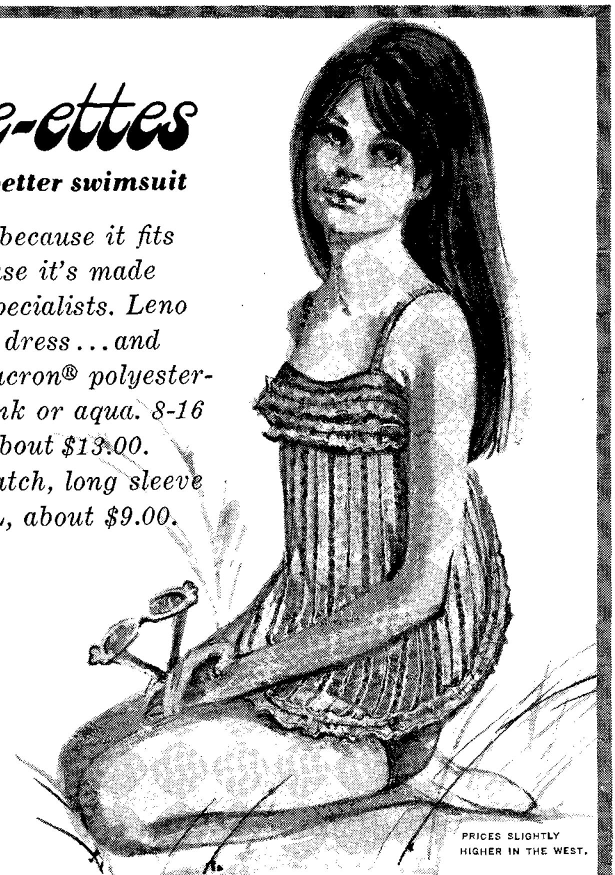

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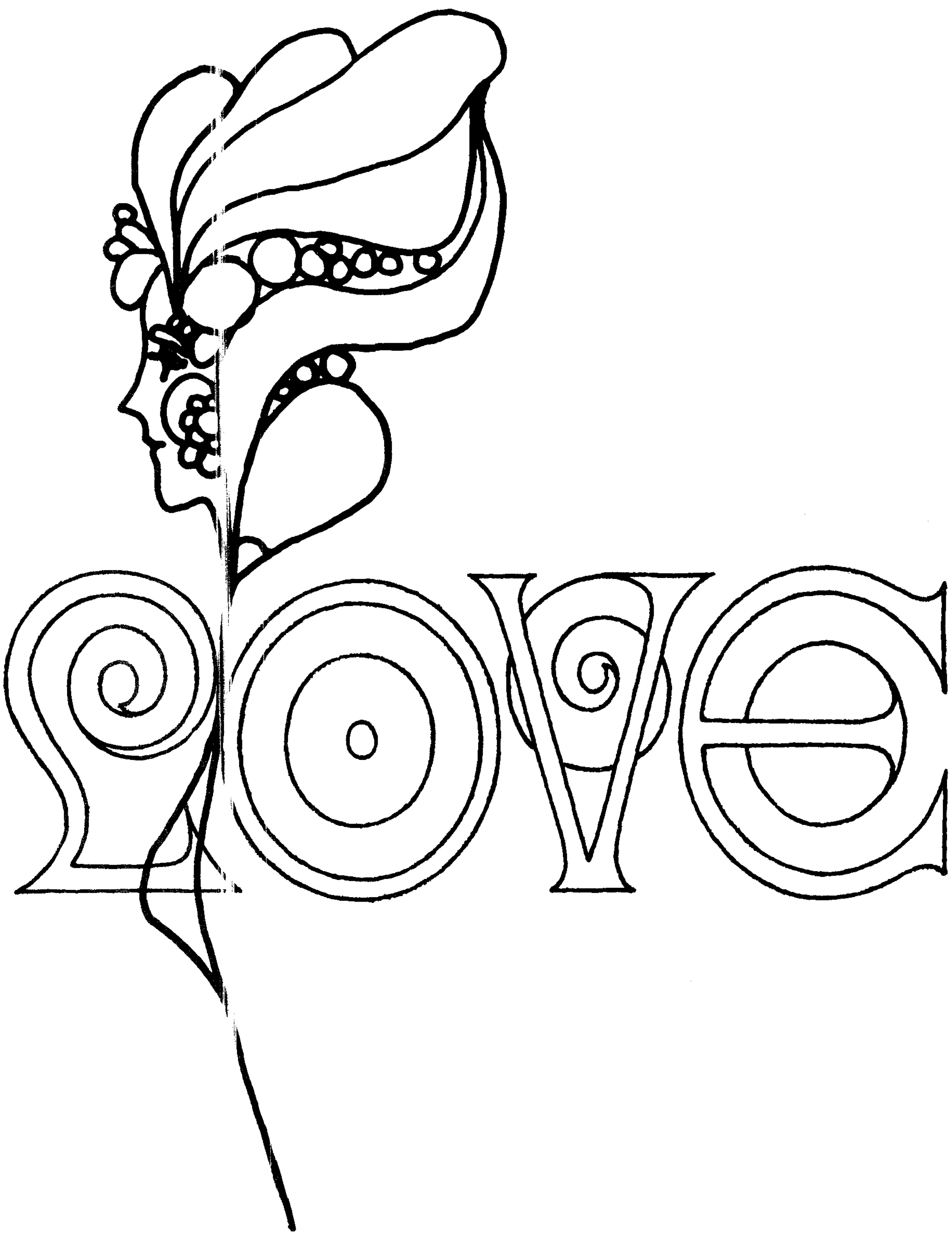
It will, perhaps, come as a surprise to no one who has strung along with Mr. Gratacap's correspondence to learn that he did not confine his literary efforts to interoffice communications. Beginning in 1887, he wrote twenty or thirty books and pamphlets, some of which had pretty catchy titles—"Philosophy of Ritualism, or Apologia pro Ritu," "Analytics of a Belief in a Future State," "The Power of Silence," "Why the Democrats Must Go," "Europe's Handicap," "The Mayor of New York: A Romance of Days to Come," "Benjamin the Jew," "A Woman of the Ice Age," "The Certainty of a Future Life in Mars," and "As to the Public Schools." "The Mayor" and "Benjamin" were rather sensational novels about life in New York and Newport; the Mars and Ice Age books were science fiction. In the latter, published in 1906, a woman named Lhatto falls in love with a man named Ogga.

> She raised her hands as if in oblation to the light above her, her tumultuous black hair streamed down her naked back, and she sighed [the author writes, in part]. The poise was perfect, the aesthetic unity complete. Gold bands held her ankles, gold links were upon her wrists and ears, a white shell comb was inserted in her hair, and an apron of fox skin hung before her. Such was Lhatto, the girl of the Sierras, before human history began, the Woman of the Ice Age, living in the warm Fair Land in North America.

"The Mayor of New York," whose action starts in the year 2000, has a rich, noble heroine, Helen Lorimer, whose dream is to move the Pope to America—thus getting him out of the miserable, caste-ridden continent of Europe, which Gratacap detested. (Cf. "Europe's Handicap.") Miss Lorimer's dream comes true: the novel ends with the resettling of the Holy See in Gratacap's home base, Staten Island, and the installation of the Pope in a house she has paid for.

Gratacap, whose middle name, incidentally, was Pope, was a handsome man with a flourishing mustache and head of hair. He was given to high black shoes, four-button suits, and polka-dot ties, and was much in demand as a speaker at class reunions. His books failed to make him rich—"We will endeavor to sell these," Brentano's wrote him of a remainder of the one on Mars, which it had published, "as you suggest, at 10¢ per volume, the proceeds to be divided equally between Brentano's and yourself"—and he at-

peter max


love

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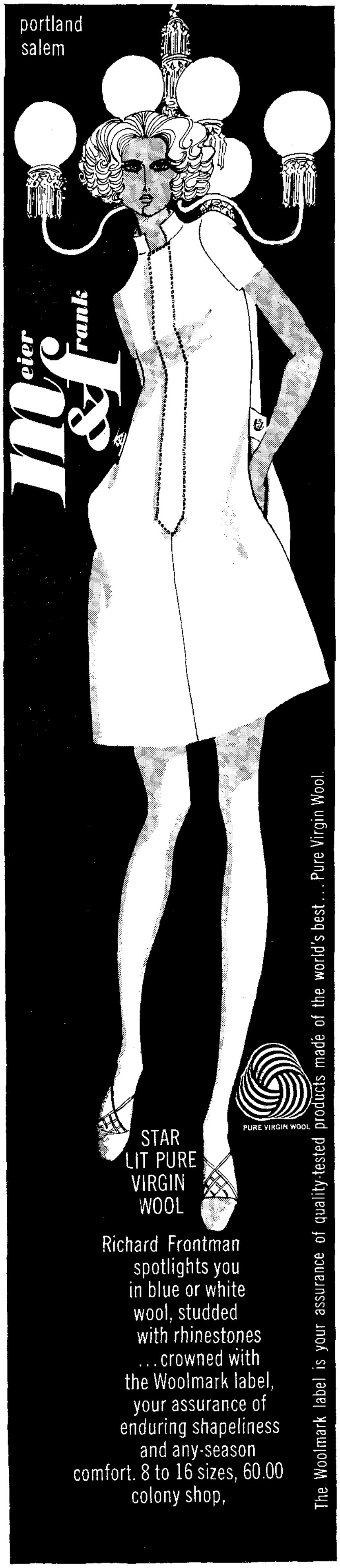
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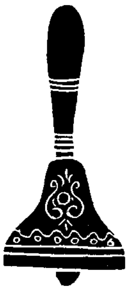
tached little importance to money. In 1915, when the Museum trustees voted him a six-month leave of absence at full pay and five hundred dollars for travelling expenses, he expressed "some doubt as to the propriety of my acceptance of a gift so munificent." He died two years later, and was buried in a family vault in Trinity Church. After his death, the Museum's director wrote:

> Mr. Gratacap was of French descent, and his precise and somewhat formal mode of speech and courteous manner ever carried with them the suggestion of a gentleman of the old school.... He was... almost the only man to my knowledge who ever expressed himself as considering his services properly remunerated.

MORRIS K. JESUP, the man who put the Museum on its feet (its attendance was so discouraging when he took over, in 1881, that the trustees had seriously considered winding the place up), first had to put himself on his own feet. He was born in Connecticut in 1830 of pious New England stock, the son of an American Tract Society-backing businessman who died, broke, during the panic of 1837. Morris and his seven brothers and sisters were brought up in New York by their widowed mother, who had, luckily, a solvent father-in-law. At twelve, Morris quit school to go to work as an errand boy for Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor, a firm that manufactured locomotives and cotton-mill machinery (later the Rogers Locomotive Works), whose factory was in Paterson, New Jersey. At twenty-four, when he was making six hundred dollars a year as chief clerk, he resigned and went into business with a friend, selling railroad supplies on commission. He soon graduated into merchant banking, specializing in railroad securities. His clients included the Chicago & Alton Railroad, the Southern Railroad, the Atlantic Coast Line, Joseph W. Drexel, and the Gaekwar of Baroda. By the time he joined the Museum's incorporators, in 1868, he was a full-fledged multimillionaire and philanthropist, he had a full-fledged, dignified set of whiskers, and so great were the demands made on him that his letterhead bore the legend "Business Transacted at Office Only." He retired from active affairs three years after becoming the Museum's president. Although a 1902 article about the Museum in *Le Petit Temps*, a Paris newspaper, referred to him as "*M. Jesup, riche financier israélite*," he was in fact a founder of the Presbyterian Hospital and the Y.M.C.A., and a trustee of Union Theological Seminary and the Brick Presbyterian Church. He thus exemplified, in a rather pure form, the pattern of the Museum's early trustees (which survives to a considerable extent in their successors today)—that of men more widely concerned with good works than with scientific works.

Jesup liked trees—more for their economic usefulness than for anything else—and this got him, and the Museum, into dendrology. He founded a Department of Economic Botany (later renamed the Department of Woods and Forestry), whose central feature was a collection forthrightly called North American Woods, on which, over a period of twenty or thirty years, he spent, out of his own pocket, something like a hundred thousand dollars. He did not stop there. During his lifetime, he gave the Museum four hundred and fifty thousand dollars outright, and he left it a million dollars in trust at his death. The Jesups had no children, and when Mrs. Jesup died, six years after her husband, she left the Museum, also in trust, a little over five million dollars out of a twelve-million-dollar estate. The two Jesup funds now amount to ten and a half million dollars, and thus constitute almost a fifth of the Museum's total endowment.



Jesup spent several days a week at his office in the Museum. The nature and extent of his devotion to the place are revealed in a voluminous correspondence, much of it intramural, that passed over his desk; the Gratacap letters are a mere trickle in this river. In the good old days of the nineteenth century, everyone from the night watchman up felt free to write to the president. He went over their messages with the Museum's secretary, and annotated many of them, and their envelopes, with his reaction, in ink, pencil, or colored crayon, in a decisive, slanting hand. From a Central Files inspection of this material there emerges a picture of presidential attention to detail and a remarkable range of direct solicitude. Herewith some extracts, arranged more or less chronologically, along with *my* annotations, glosses, and digressions:

JOEL A. ALLEN, CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY AND ORNITHOLOGY, TO JESUP, JULY 13, 1885:

> I very much wish that storage cases could be built against the walls of Room Z, for the reception of skulls and skele-

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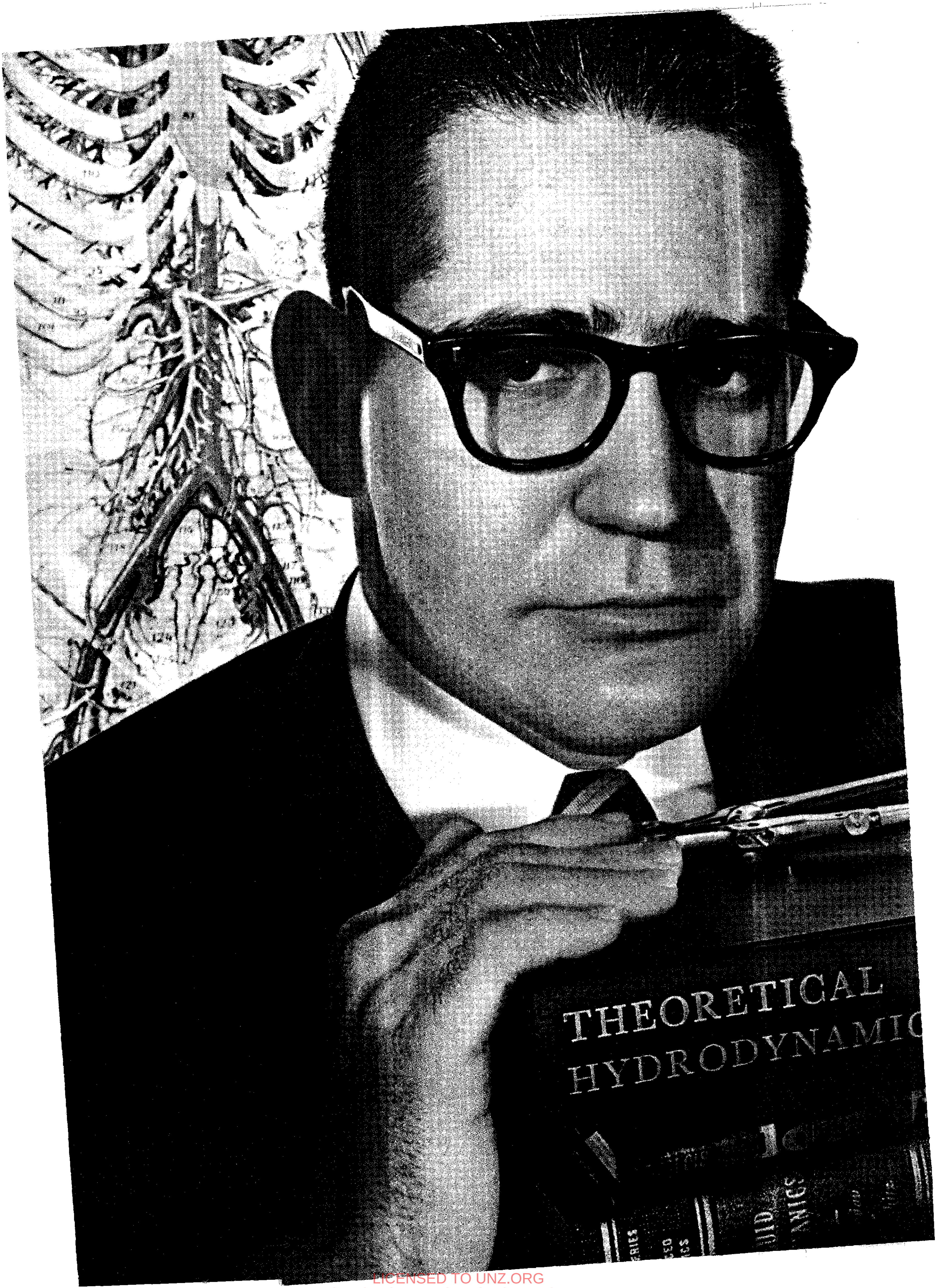
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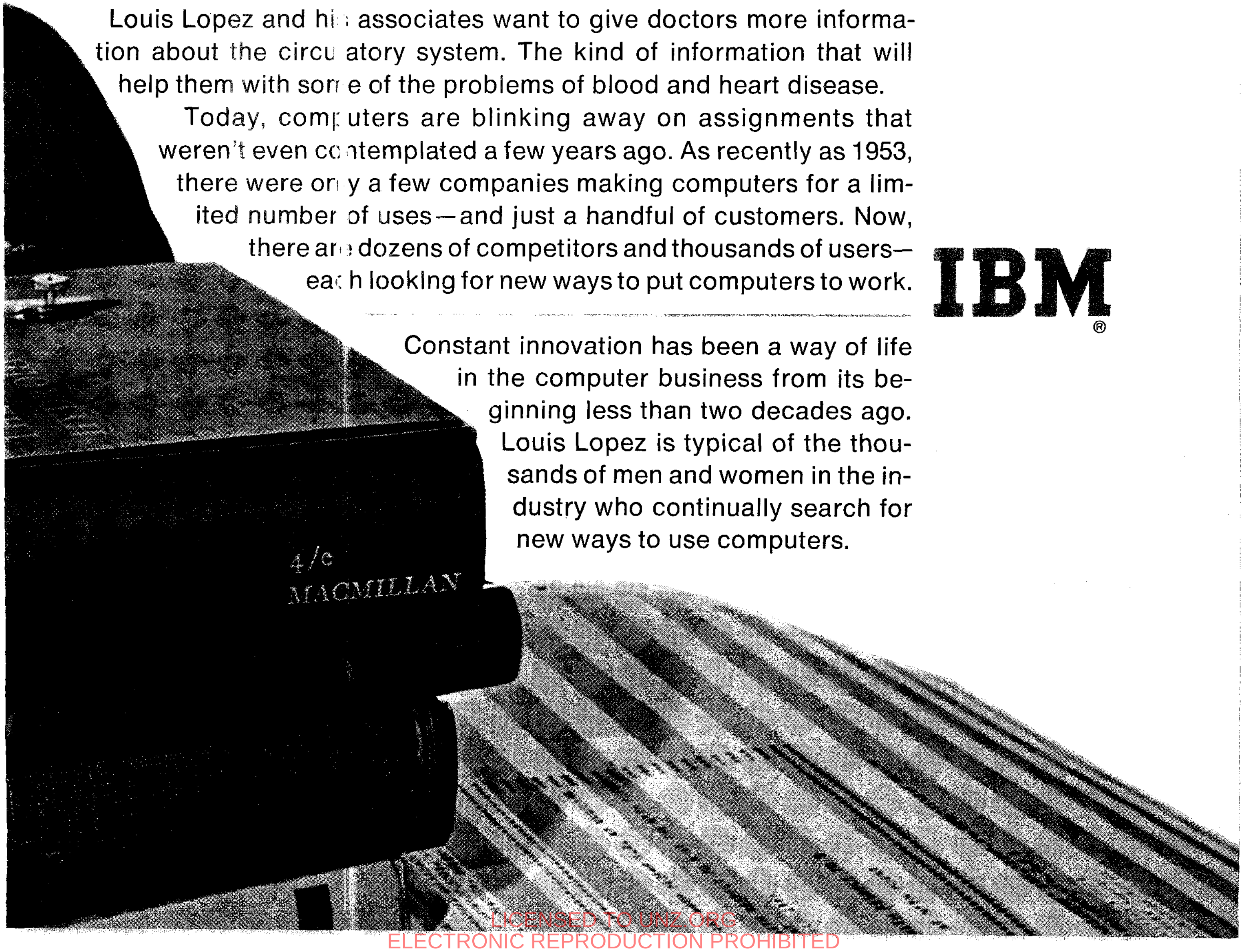

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tons. At present they are piled up in trays, practically inaccessible, and exposed to injury from dust and other causes.

Marked "Approved."

J. J. Bargin, the Museum's Assistant Secretary, to Jesup, August 20, 1885:

> As I intimated to you some months ago, I find it impossible to support myself and family in a respectable manner on my present salary. . . . Such being the case, I am compelled to seek more lucrative employment elsewhere. . . . I return with my family to Scotland and should deem it a kindness to be released on the first of September in order that we may cross the Atlantic before bad weather sets in.

Mr. Bargin, who had presented the Museum with a hornet's nest in 1875, when he was a twenty-dollar-a-week clerk on the staff, was released. A letter dated June 26, 1900, unsigned but in his handwriting, and apparently delivered by hand (it is addressed in an unstamped envelope to William Wallace, the building superintendent), hints at a sad sequel:

> You will remember Bargin, who was associated with you in the office work of the Museum 14 years ago. He has returned, and if you are still friendly to him, is anxious to meet you to learn something of his Mother, Wife and child. Will you kindly meet him at your earliest convenience this afternoon at the entrance to the Park opposite the Museum at 77th and 8th Ave. where he will be waiting, and a preliminary interview can take place without anyone knowing it, for the present.
>
> If you are still well disposed to him, kindly give a sign of it by waving your hand or handkerchief in advance that he may know that he can still trust you as of yore. If he does not see this sign in the distance as you approach he will understand that all is over and turn the other way.
>
> Yours truly,
> One who knows of
> Bargin's creditable career since he left N.Y. and his anxiety to now return to the Museum, if it is possible.

A final sentence revealed the writer's identity: "If you are not in at the Museum this afternoon I will call again tomorrow a.m. bet 9 & 10 o'clock at the same meeting place." Neither camouflage nor persistence prevailed; Mr. Bargin's exit from the Museum remained permanent.

Percy R. Pyne, a Museum Trustee Since 1872, to Jesup, 1885:

> The birds at the *old* Smithsonian do not appear to anything like the same advantage as ours. Their mammals (except in skeletons) amount to nothing at all.

The Museum at this time had ten thousand stuffed birds and three thou-

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When you reach up in a duck blind, in the backyard anywhere, they don't pull out of your pants.

The pocket is deep enough to hold a package of king sized cigarettes — because he smokes 'em and other shirts don't carry them. With the Abercrombie Viyella Sport Shirt, you can button the pocket over a pack of king sized cigarettes, so they don't come tumbling out everytime you bend over.

Another pocket, just as deep, because he carries his glasses in it.

And then there's the stitching — active men keep pulling out the seam stitches everytime they move, so there's secure, single stitching throughout this shirt, and double buttoned cuffs — Two buttons—because active men keep tearing off a button on a twig or bush. With this shirt, there's always an extra button — a safety so your cuffs don't flap around.

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sand skins. Its mammals included the finest series of monkeys of the world in American hands; a mounted caribou, given to it by Albert Bierstadt, the landscape painter, who had just begun to portray wild animals as well; and a Rocky Mountain goat, from Mr. Pyne. The latter was not alone in his ornithological opinion. The year before, in the *Annual Report* of the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Robert Ridgway, the Smithsonian's curator of birds, after complaining about *his* cases, had written:

> The American Museum . . . is able, on account of its large, well-lighted, and admirably constructed cases, to make a display of the most diversified forms of the feathered creation, with which the bird exhibit of the National Museum cannot be compared, except to its discredit.

For all its birdy advantages, the New York museum deferred, in a birdy way, to Washington; shortly after Mr. Ridgway's bow, it sent a hundred forms of the feathered creation to the Smithsonian, "for determination."

SPENCER F. BAIRD, SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION, TO JESUP, JANUARY 16, 1886:

> I beg to call your attention to the fact that the offer of the Smithsonian Institution to supply the American Museum . . . with some of its duplicates of fish casts has not yet been formally acknowledged or accepted. If, as I gathered during your recent visit to Washington, you desire to receive these objects . . . I shall be pleased to have a specific statement to that effect.

The casts were accepted; they constituted one of a long series of gifts or exchanges—often of duplicates—between the two repositories. Two or three years after Baird's fish-cast present, for example, his assistant, Dr. George Brown Goode, wrote Jesup:

> I desire to acknowledge the receipt of a skin of Bull Moose, a skin of African Lion, and two skins of prong-horned Antelopes. . . . I now take pleasure in informing you of the transmission this day, by freight, to the American Museum of Natural History, of a wet skin of a bull Buffalo.

The Museum and the Smithsonian also exchanged *information*. In 1908, an administrative official of the Smithsonian sought the advice of the Museum's director, Dr. Bumpus, on a matter that was again connected, in a way, with wet skins:

> I write to ask . . . whether it is the custom in your Museum to collect from visitors umbrellas, canes, and other packages [*sic*] when entering the building, and if the package is lost, whether the Museum holds itself responsible for the same, and

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pays the owner. Our custom here has been to hold the watchmen responsible, when he [*sic*] cannot produce the article checked, but we have had recently two cases where the visitor declined to receive the umbrella on the ground that they [*sic*] had deposited a very much better article, and demanded payment for the same. This is manifestly unfair to the watchmen, as you can readily see that any unprincipled person could work off old umbrellas for new ones without the slightest trouble. . . .

The Museum replied that it checked packages but not canes or umbrellas, except on request, and that this policy (which has since been changed) had got it into trouble only once or twice in the preceding six or seven years. The Smithsonian replied that it proposed to follow suit.

The Museum, moving with the alacrity of a private institution, sometimes got ahead of the Smithsonian when it came to acquiring specimens.

WILLIAM L. WALLACE, THE BUILDING SUPERINTENDENT, TO JESUP, JUNE 28, 1886:

The skeleton and skin of the Rhinocerous will cost one hundred and fifty dollars. . . . Mr. Richardson tells me that if the Smithsonian Institution hears about it, they will make a much larger offer for it.

Jenness Richardson, newly enticed from Smithsonian employ by Joel Allen, the curator of mammalogy and ornithology, was the Museum's first staff taxidermist. "Ask Mr. Richardson if he can stuff & mount the animal & come to my house this evening about 6 o c & see me," Mr. Jesup wrote on the back of Wallace's note.

HENRY FITCHEW, THE MUSEUM'S JANITOR, TO JESUP, DECEMBER 19, 1887:

I respectfully ask your kind attention to the matter of my salary. . . .

Mr. Fitchew, who was getting sixty dollars a month, was given a five-dollar raise.

JOEL ALLEN TO JESUP, APRIL 14, 1888:

The letter . . . here inclosed offers to the Museum, *on deposit*, a series of very finely mounted *heads* of large game animals. I would suggest their acceptance. . . . Mr. [D. G.] Elliot, who has seen them, says they are very fine pieces. He thinks that should they be left here they will never be called for.

Allen and Elliot were voted down by Jesup, who was against *loans*. This policy has not always been followed to the letter. Early in the nineteen-hundreds, Dr. Frederic A. Lucas, then the Museum's director, issued what an admiring colleague called "his famous regulations for the conduct of modern museums and the duties of the

Pringle of Scotland

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Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.	Zachry, Inc.
Athens, Ohio	University Shop
Austin, Tex.	Scarbroughs
Battle Creek, Mich.	Jacobsons
Bermuda	Archie Brown & Son.
Beverly Hills, Calif.	Carroll & Co.
Birmingham, Mich.	Jacobsons
Boston, Mass. & Branches	Filene's
Bowling Green, Ohio	University Shop
Brooklyn, N.Y. & Branches	Abraham & Straus
Burlington, Vt.	Magrams
Canton, Ohio	Stern & Mann
Carmel, Calif.	John Grissim
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Charlotte, N.C.	Belk Brothers Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
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Eastchester, N.Y.	A.M. Burns
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Los Angeles, Calif.	Bullocks
Louisville, Ky.	Fashion Post
Madison, Wis.	MacNeil Moore
Memphis, Tenn.	Oak Hall
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Anthonies
Minneapolis, Minn.	Young-Quinlan Rothschild
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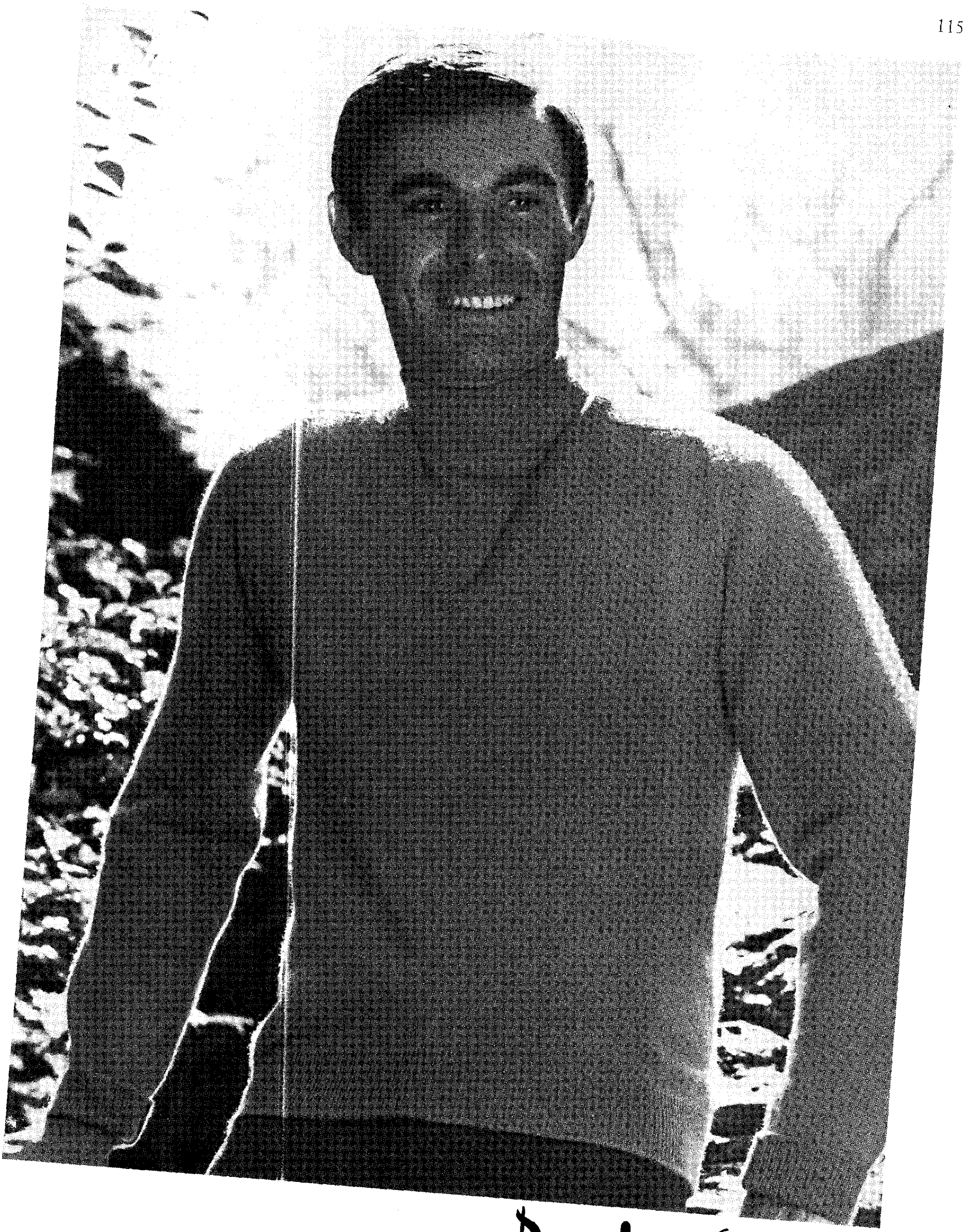

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staff." These began, "A Museum is an institution for the preservation and display of objects that are of interest only to their owners. It is also a place where paintings, bric-a-brac, trophies of the chase, etc., may be deposited whenever their owner wishes to have them stored temporarily without expense to himself."

R. P. Whitfield to Jesup, May 14, 1888:

> I wish to show you a lot of labels in Case D, which have been spoiled by the leak in the roof.

"Should be attended to," Jesup wrote on this. Two days later, he received another communication from Professor Whitfield—

> Yesterday I understand that persons in the Geological Hall noticed an unpleasant smell at the south end of the room. This a.m., while pointing out to two gentlemen some fossils which they inquired for, they spoke to me about a very bad smell in the southwest corner of the room. On going there I find it almost unindurable. On inquiry from the janitor he tells me it comes from Mr. Richardson's room in the basement where dead animals are stored. . . . Can this be seen to immediately, as the stench is becoming *horrible?*

—and on this he wrote, "Mr. Richardson will kindly apply the remedy at once by removal & the application of disinfectants."

The taxidermist's reply was quickly forthcoming:

> The horrible smell that was so offensive to a few in the Museum . . . came from the dissection of a large Bear and Prussian sheep that came to us in quite a bad state of decomposition. . . . Work was at once commenced upon them to make into skeletons. . . . They were all boxed and the offensive parts removed from the Museum.

John D. Rockefeller, Sr., to Darius O. Mills, a Museum Trustee, February 15, 1889:

> You were kind enough to call upon me Tuesday, with the information that I had been unanimously elected as a member of the Board of Trustees. . . . I assure you I very much appreciate the honor, but I am otherwise so burdened with responsibilities [that] I shall not be able to serve, and very reluctantly herewith tender my resignation.

This letter is marked, in blue crayon, "This is a great pity & I am sorry. M.K.J." Mr. Rockefeller became a Patron of the Museum, and so did his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The latter never went on the board, either, but in 1922 he gave the institution a million dollars. *His* son, John D. Rockefeller III, served as a trustee in the nineteen-thirties, forties, and fifties but

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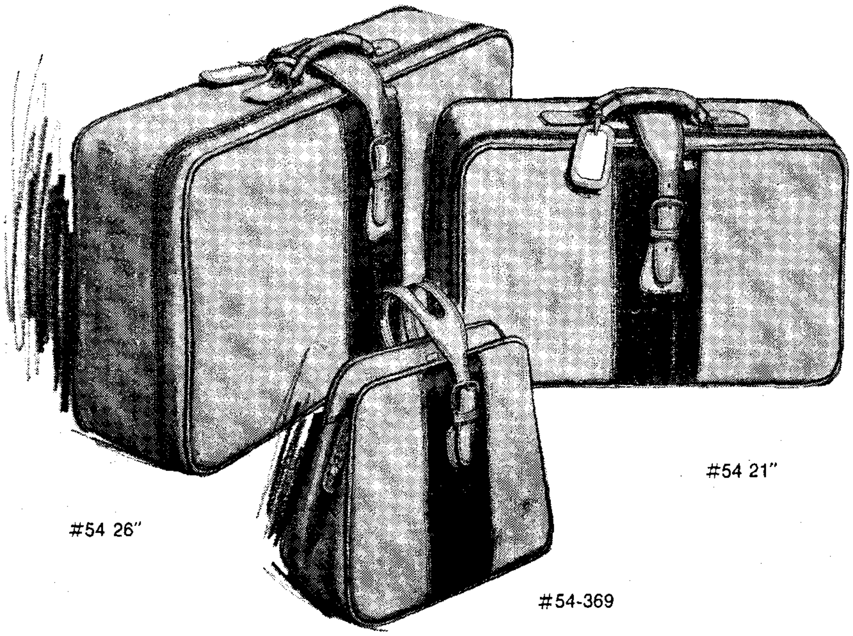

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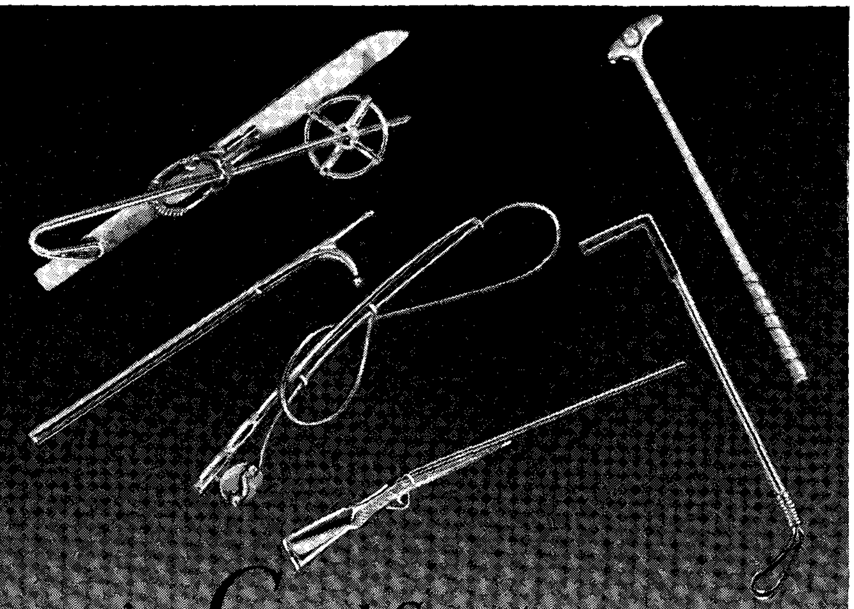

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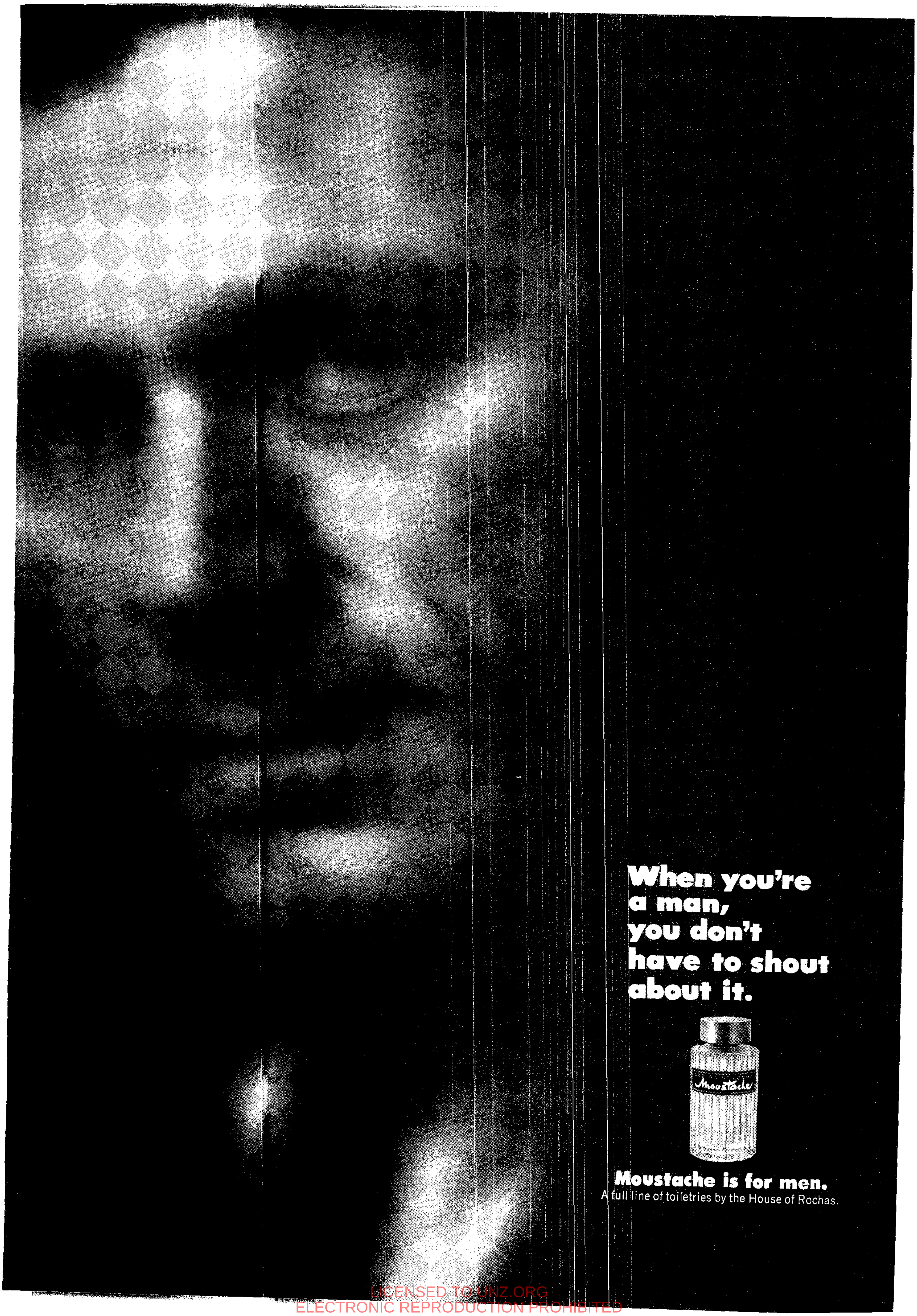
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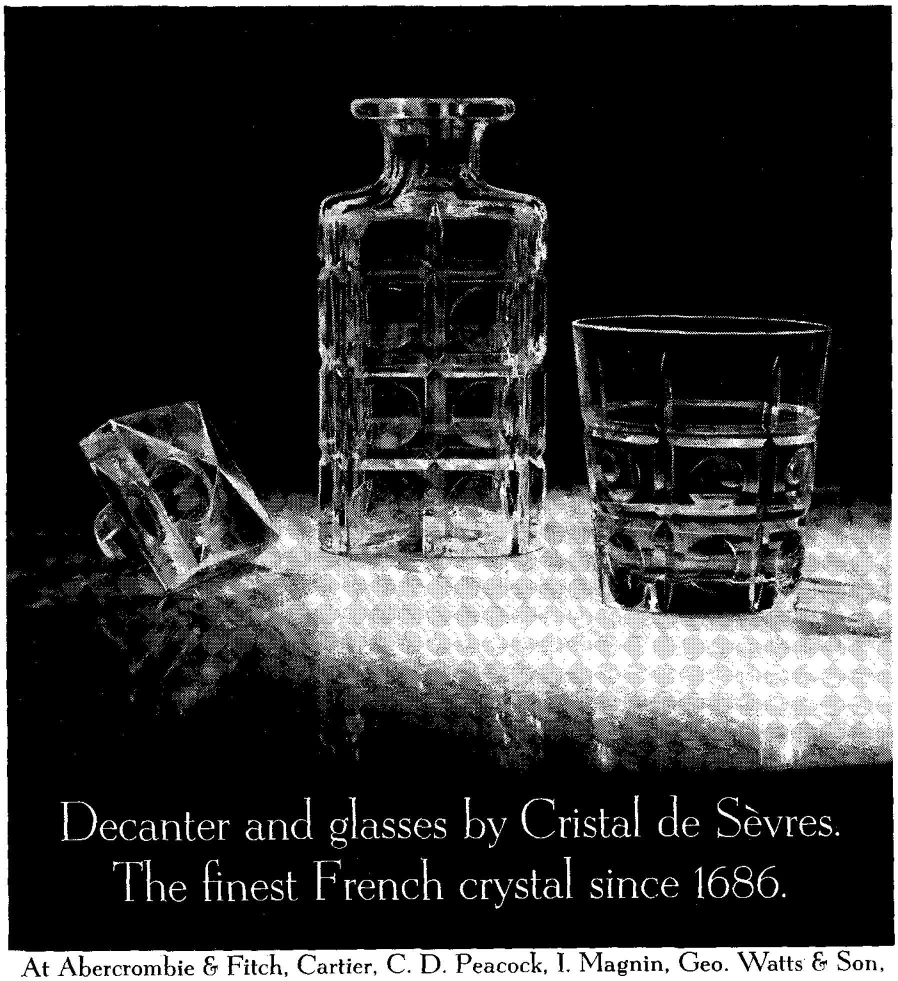

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resigned when he became burdened with the responsibilities of Lincoln Center.

ISAAC H. HALL, CURATOR OF SCULPTURE AT THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART, TO JESUP, AUGUST 23, 1889:

There arrived this morning at this Museum, addressed to the curator, a package, which, opened, was found to contain the skull and part of the vertebrae of some sea animal. Supposing that the giver must have intended it for the Museum of Natural History, I herewith transmit it by a messenger.

This kind of mixup has been going on decade after decade. The American Museum has occasionally sent the Met odds and ends of a useful nature. "In behalf of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, I wish gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of your gift of material which has been of invaluable aid in connection with the work of our Department of Arms and Armor," Mr. Harry W. Kent, the Metropolitan's secretary, wrote Dr. Allen in 1914. Mr. Kent's letter is marked, "Refers to black skins for use in repairs, given from our Museum scrap material.—J.A.A."

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, TO JESUP, AUGUST 10, 1891:

I note what you say of Mr. S. D. Dill's proposed departure for California, under Prof. C. S. Sargent's direction, to procure some specimens of woods for the Museum, & I send herewith an annual pass good in California over the Southern Pacific Lines.

Jesup was forever on the lookout for additions to his collection of native woods, and Samuel D. Dill, originally the Museum carpenter, was one of his chief gathering agents in the field. The president's banking connections with Huntington, E. H. Harriman, James J. Hill, George Jay Gould, Alexander J. Cassatt, Henry Villard, and other railroad presidents enabled him to get free transportation not only for Dill and his Woods but for the Museum's bone collectors. In the *Annual Report* for 1906, for example, the Museum expresses its appreciation to fourteen railroad and steamship companies for "their assistance in granting our field parties free transportation and in giving our freight free haul."

The Jesup Woods rose to around three thousand, of which five hundred were put on exhibition in the Museum's Hall of Forestry, in a place of honor immediately to the right of the Seventy-seventh Street entrance. In 1921, thirteen years after the death of their sponsor, the Department of

Pour a luau.

To throw your first luau, drop some strawberries in a Leilani daiquiri (squeeze a few for juice and color).

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Now we didn't just happen to go there by accident.

We went there partly because of the sunshine (4,000 gorgeous hours a year).

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Woods and Forestry disappeared from the *Annual Report's* divisional roster. A couple of decades later, despite the fact that in 1935 Mr. E. E Cummings had written Mr. Ezra Pound, in Europe, "There is a miracle in NYCity. This miracle is worth your travelling to NYCity. This miracle is a 'natural' history museum. . . I ardently recommend the tree room," the Woods had become an acknowledged incubus. In 1942, a Plan and Scope Committee set up in the Museum recommended that they be destroyed. This suggestion was vetoed, and some twenty years later Dr. James A. Oliver, the current director, hit upon a kindlier solution to the problem. "The Woods that were on display occupied thirty thousand cubic feet, and the rest of the collection took up a lot of storage space," he has said. "We needed the exhibition area for a modern forestry hall. We offered the Woods to the Smithsonian, which accepted and then changed its mind. So I offered them to the New York Botanical Garden, whose director, Dr. William C. Steere, said he had no room. Then I tried the Yale Forestry School, the University of Michigan, and Syracuse University. All refused. The director of the Antwerp Zoo was here a few years ago and said he wanted a sequoia, so I gave him one of the Jesups. In 1963 at the suggestion of Dr. Steere, I got in touch with the Gallery of Woods in Portland, Oregon. It said it would take the Woods if we could get transportation money. [The railroads were no longer in a free-haul mood.] Well, we did, from a foundation—fifteen thousand dollars—but in the middle of all this the Gallery burned down. It asked us to hold the collection, but we sent it out anyway. Most of it, that is. I think it's in storage."

J. P. MORGAN TO JESUP, 1890:

MY DEAR MORRIS:

I cannot write. I enclose check $ 5,000. With this you can pay for the collection. The less said the better to my taste.

Yours,
PIERPONT

This letter was, in fact, written—in longhand, from Morgan's house on Madison Avenue. The check was payment for part of a collection of gems that the Tiffany Company had exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1889. Morgan, a Museum trustee for nearly forty-four years, headed a group of the richer board members who underwrote the annual deficit, which often ran to forty or fifty thousand dollars. If he wasn't present at the meeting at which this was brought up, he was giv-

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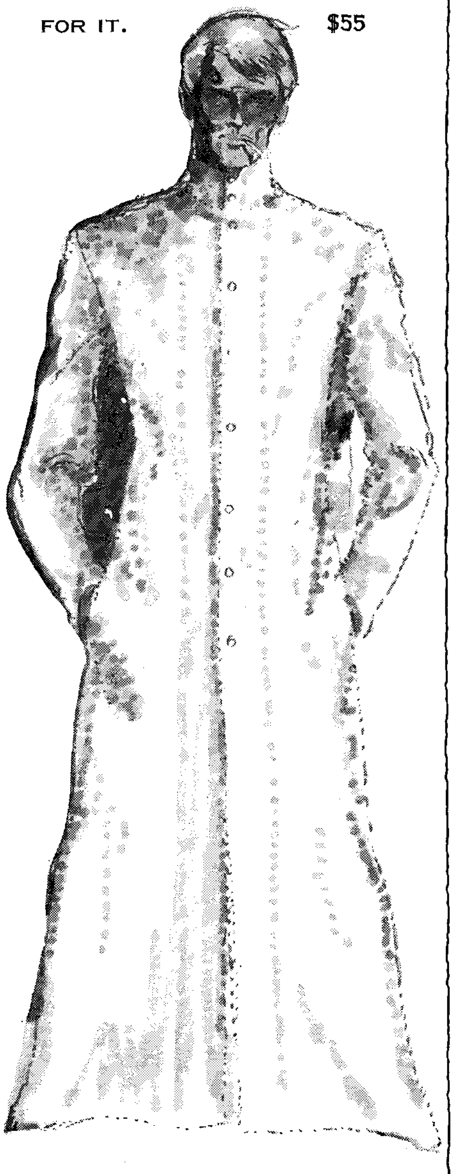

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en the lead *in absentia*. "Mr. Morgan has pledged ten thousand dollars," Mr. Jesup would say. "I will give ten thousand dollars. Mr. Iselin, will you give five? Mr. Mills? Mr. Pyne?" And he would go around the table until the amount had been subscribed. In 1913, Morgan died, the income tax was born, and everything changed. All in all, Morgan gave the Museum six hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

William Wallace to Jesup, August 6, 1890:

> The new water closet on the top floor is well under way and I think you will be pleased with the idea of leaving it in its present place. . . . The work in general has gone quietly and well since you were here. In fact, if you had been here all summer, I think you would not censure the architects . . . but a little scolding has done much good.

The building superintendent who scolded J. Cleveland Cady & Co., then busy with the Romanesque Revival-façaded south wing, had been engaged by the Museum as a clerk in 1880. A graduate of an institution for homeless children (of which Jesup was president), he was accompanied by a recommendation from his old headmaster that read, "He has developed into a Christian young man . . . and is now . . . looking for employment that he may have some leisure to study at the Y.M.C.A." Wallace, who had a farm near Albany, was a loyal Museum donor of local fossils and carcasses or skeletons of raccoons, squirrels, opossums, porcupines, pigs, horses, cows, and collie dogs. In 1900, soon after bringing in the remains of a donkey, a dogfish, and a Newfoundland dog, and two fossil corals—*Favosites helderbergiae* Hall and *Zaphrentis gigantea*—he was taxed by Mr. Jesup with dishonesty and letting out contracts on a rather gigantic scale. He got a big scolding and resigned.

Alex J. Bell, Museum Fireman, to Jesup, December 20, 1891:

> On the morning of Dec. 1, 1891, I was called upstairs to see Mr. Wallace, Supt. Bldg.—he seemed to be in an excited condition . . . and in a heat of temper discharged me from the Museum's employ *for no cause whatever*. . . . I trust I shall hear from you and you will settle matters by paying me the $50 due me for the month of December, otherwise I shall commence suit against the Museum.

"I think you better send for Bell & give him $50," Mr. Jesup has written on this letter, which is six pages long. The Museum's housekeeping staff is unionized today; no such complaints come to President Gardner Stout.

Problems involving deferred gifts were sometimes brought to presidential attention.

Richardson to Jesup, October 1, 1892:

> Going home last evening, I sat with Mr. Conklin and in course of conversation he read me a cablegram from London stating that a White Tiger had just arrived and offering it [to the Central Park Menagerie] at $1,200. At the time or even during the evening, I did not think much about Conklin and the White Tiger, but today my mind has dwelt upon it a great deal, so that this afternoon I saw Mr. Winser and Mr. Allen about it, and they agree that I should let you know that such a rare specimen is being offered—as it might be possible that the Museum could secure it [and] place it in the Park until its death, when it would be a fixture in the Museum.

William A. Conklin was director of the Central Park Menagerie. "It would be desirable for the Park Commissioner to have the Tiger," Jesup wrote on the taxidermist's letter.

Henry M. Field to Jesup, December 26, 1894:

> Rameses the Second was in his day what Alexander the Great was in his—a great king and a great conqueror. When I was introduced to him, he was keeping very quiet, for he was lying in his coffin, in the Museum at Boulak, near Cairo. Here is a piece of the cloth in which he was wrapped as a mummy. It is about *three thousand and four hundred years old!* I give it to you with great pleasure.

Mr. Field was a literary, widely travelled neighbor of Mr. Jesup's in the Berkshires, where the president had a summer home. (He had another one at Bar Harbor.) One of Field's travel books, "From Egypt to Japan," went into twenty editions.

Louisa (Mrs. John W.) Minturn to Jesup, March 11 (no year given):

> You told me at Lenox last October that you thought you could put me in the way of obtaining either the head of a moose or a deer for my billiard room. . . . I am sailing for Europe March 27 and want to know whether you can help me to buy a couple of heads to adorn my walls.

Mrs. Minturn's missive is adorned with the notation "Moose 50—100. Deer 25. Caribou 50."

Josephine Diebitsch-Peary, Wife of Robert E. Peary, the Arctic Explorer, to Jesup, October 16, 1895:

> I have just had a letter from Mr. Peary in which he tells me you are going to secure him an extension of leave.
>
> Oh, Mr. Jesup, how can I ever thank you for all your goodness to me and mine? Do you realize, I wonder, how much this additional leave means to us? It means a new lease of life.

Peary, a lieutenant in the Civil Engineers Corps of the Navy, had made several expeditions to Greenland. In 1894, when he was stranded there, his wife had appealed to Jesup for help in getting a ship to bring him home, and Jesup had given her a thousand dollars. Two weeks after her 1895 letter, Peary wrote his benefactor, "I have taken the liberty of attaching your name to one of the Greenland glaciers." Jesup thereupon offered to attach *his* name to the list of candidates for the Century Club, but the explorer declined, on financial grounds. Thanks to the intercession of Jesup and others, Peary later received further leaves of absence (totalling twelve years), which permitted him to carry on his work in the Far North—and, indeed, to discover the North Pole. These permissions were obtained in the face of a reluctant Navy Department, which apparently didn't *want* its engineer to discover the North Pole; Jesup used pull to help bring them about. "I have seen the Secretary [of the Navy] and arranged the Peary matter," William C. Whitney, a Museum trustee and former Secretary of the Navy, wrote him in the spring of 1896, after Jesup had approached him. "He [Peary] may get 'waiting orders' so as to disguise it." Six months' leave was granted. It had not been long when Jesup again sprang into action. "The Museum is already rich in the collections pertaining to Anthropology, including among them the very valuable Arctic Ethnological collections of Civil Engineer Peary," he wrote President McKinley on April 13, 1897, and went on:

> The project for Arctic exploration now proposed by . . . Peary . . . has received the highest scientific endorsement here and abroad, and . . . has also the approval of myself and the Trustees of the Museum. . . . I therefore on behalf of myself and colleagues respectfully petition that you will grant Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U.S.N., five years leave of absence, with permission to leave the country, and in support of my request add the names of the Trustees of this Museum.

Jesup also petitioned the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt, who wrote him, on May 17th, "Of course I will do everything I can. I will see Secretary [John D.] Long today about the matter." Eight days later, five and a half years' leave was granted.

During the 1896 waiting period, Peary returned to Greenland, from which, the following year, he brought back the Ahnighito, or Tent, meteorite—the world's biggest and heaviest (thirty-four tons). He had previously imported the Woman (three tons)

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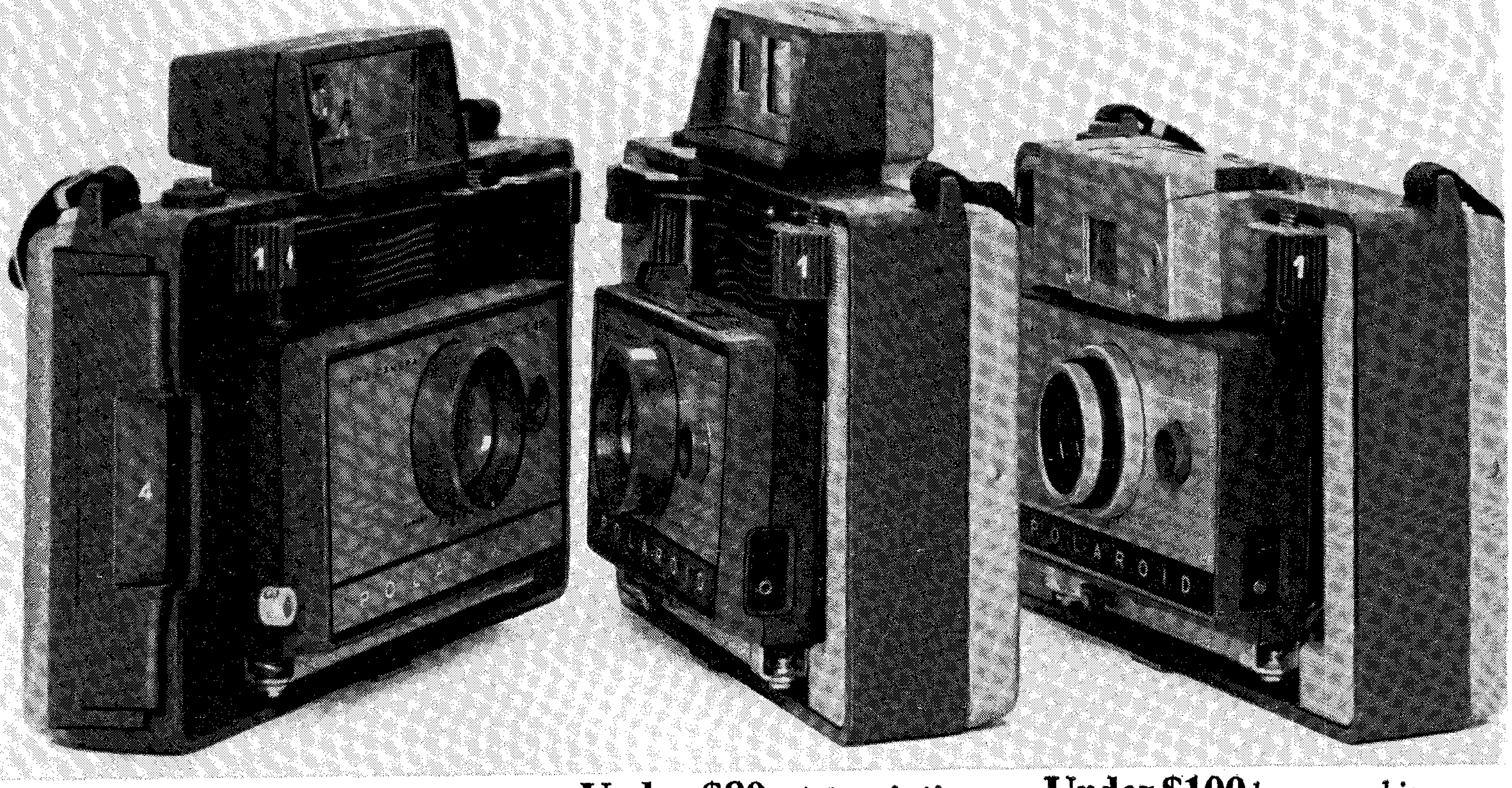

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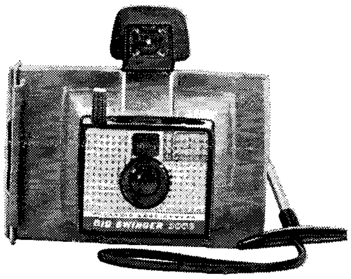

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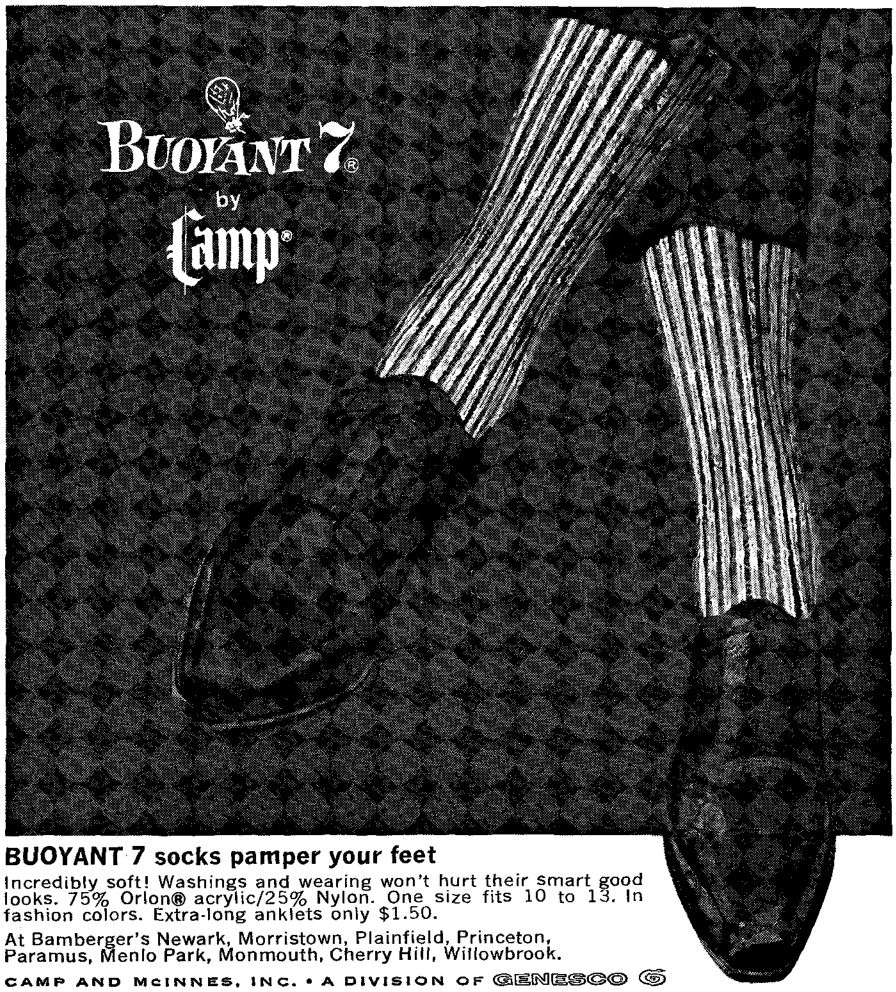

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and the Dog (five and a half tons). In an exception to the Jesup no-loans policy, all three were deposited in the Museum, which wanted to buy them but couldn't afford to. Mrs. Jesup treated the Museum to them soon after her husband's death. Mrs. Peary, acting as *her* husband's agent, had asked sixty thousand dollars for the lot, but settled for forty thousand in the winter of 1909, seven or eight weeks before Peary reached the Pole and three years after she had written Jesup that she felt she ought to sell the meteorites in order to support her children, adding:

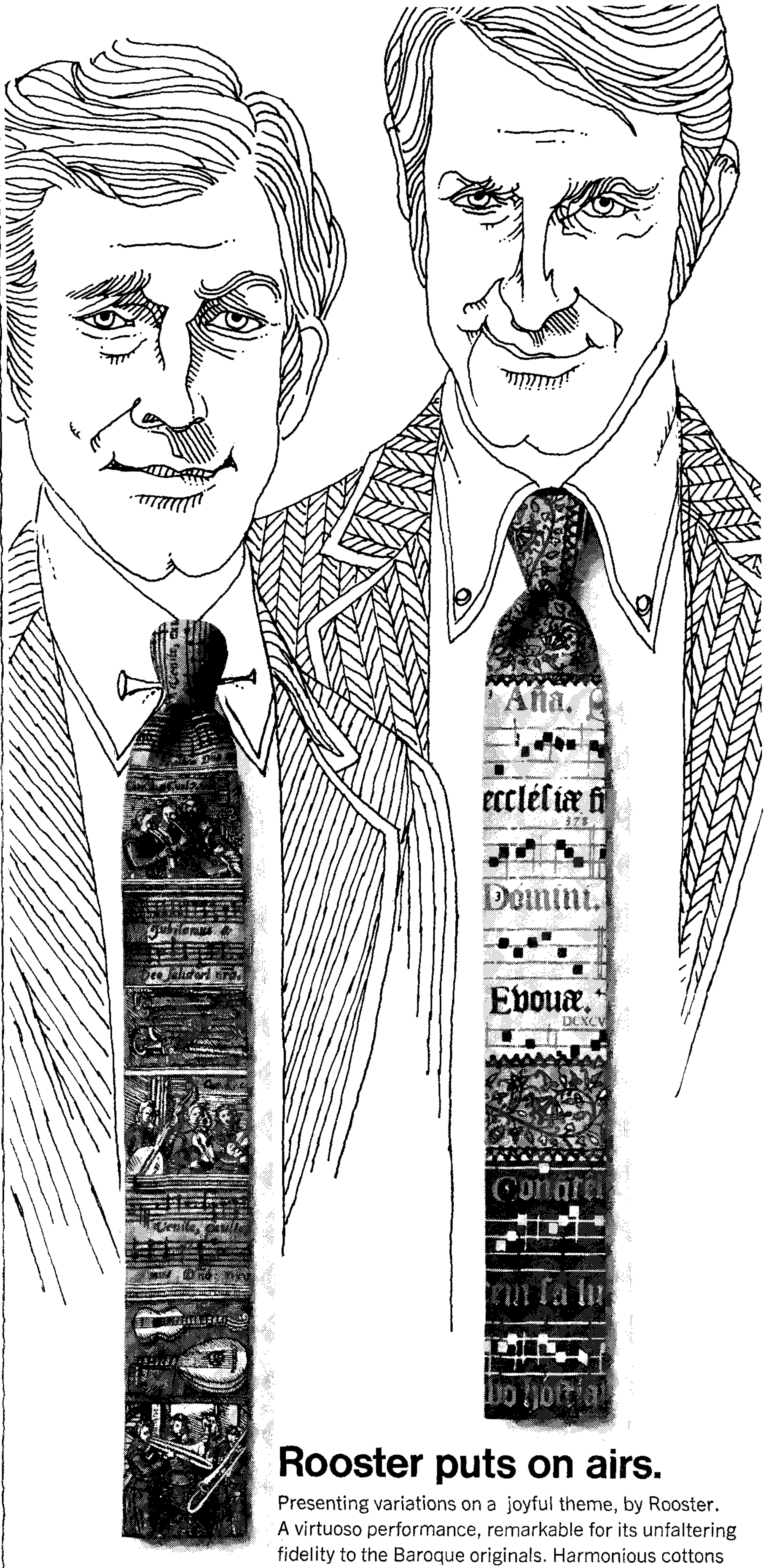
> I have come to the conclusion that it is much easier to go to the Arctic and do the thing you are interested in and want to do than it is to stay at home, bring up the children, fight your husband's battles and look out for bread and butter for the family. I think hereafter I will do the exploring and let Mr. Peary take care of the home life.

The Ahnighito, which had been hauled up Broadway by a team of thirty horses, was exhibited, with its mates (products of the same meteoric fall), in the Seventy-seventh Street foyer until 1935, when they were moved to the then new Hayden Planetarium.

Although Jesup didn't live to see the success of Peary's final expedition, he contributed fifty thousand dollars toward the construction of its ship, the Roosevelt, through the Peary Arctic Club, a group of Peary backers which he helped found in 1899 and of which he was president. The Roosevelt's crew made the Pole on the vessel's second try. On the first, in 1905, Peary, now a commander, set sail with a photograph of Jesup hanging over a pianola in his cabin; his last stop before heading north was at Bar Harbor, where Jesup, summering in his Maine cottage, came aboard to wish one and all Godspeed. On the Roosevelt's second trip, in 1909, the Pole was reached in April, and news of its attainment was cabled to the world by the commander in September, when he got to Labrador. "THE POLE IS OURS," he telegraphed Dr. Bumpus. "AM BRINGING LARGE AMOUNT MATERIAL FOR MUSEUM." The new president, Henry Fairfield Osborn, took care of the reply: "AMERICAN MUSEUM PROFOUNDLY MOVED. AM DELIGHTED WITH YOUR TRIUMPH AT LAST. MRS. JESUP JOINS ME IN CONGRATULATIONS. YOUR FLAG AND ROUTE POSTED ON OUR POLAR MAP THIS MORNING."

The Museum's Peary material, which (except for the meteorites) came to it as a *quid pro quo* for Jesup's expedition-backing gifts, included a great haul of carcasses of musk oxen, caribou, polar bears, walruses, Arctic foxes, hares, and birds, as well as such ethnological items as canoes, sealskin tents, and costumes, and fishing, hunting, and cooking implements, plus a wooden sledge on which the explorer had reached the Pole and which he had christened the Morris K. Jesup. The commander's nomenclatural tributes to Jesup were not limited to a sledge and a glacier. He named the northernmost headland in Greenland (and anywhere) Cape Morris Jesup; the snow camp that sheltered his expedition during its few hours at the Pole was called Camp Morris Jesup; and a part of the Canadian Arctic archipelago was named Jesup Land. (Alas, it lapsed into synonymy and is now called Axel Heiberg Island, after the backer of a rival explorer.) Two years after Jesup's death, when the Museum unveiled a statue to him, Peary wrote Osborn, "To Morris K. Jesup, more than to any other one man, is due the fact that the North Pole is today a trophy of this country."

I cannot leave the commander without a reference to some *living* ethnological material that he presented to the Museum, since it gave rise to one of the darkest chapters in the institution's history. This material consisted of six Eskimos, one of them a boy of six or seven, another a girl of eleven, whom Peary brought back in 1897 from Smith Sound, Greenland, at the suggestion of the Museum's Anthropology Department, one of whose curators was Dr. Franz Boas. (Peary also brought back several barrels of human bones, which he had retrieved from a graveyard.) After a stay at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, the Eskimos were lodged in the Museum in the care of Mr. Wallace, who had an apartment there. They all developed tuberculosis, and were subsequently boarded either at the Wallace farm, where they were placed in the care of a local woman, or in Mr. Wallace's house at High Bridge, New York, where Mrs. Wallace took charge of them. During the next eighteen months, four of them



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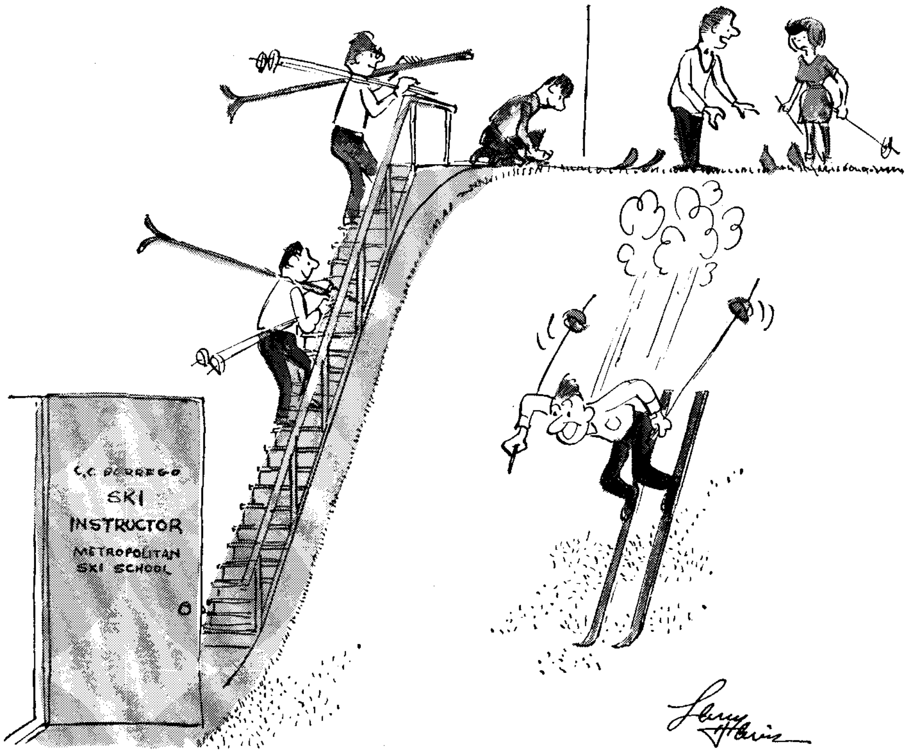

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died, one went back to Greenland, and the youngest, Mene, survived here. His father, Kesshoo, was the first fatality. He died at Bellevue Hospital in the winter of 1898, and his skeleton, prepared by the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia, was sent to the Museum. Another died a few months later and was similarly disposed of. "One of the Eskimos died on Sunday morning," Mr. Wallace wrote Mr. Jesup on May 16, 1898. "Dr. Boas requested me to have the body sent to New York." The two other deaths occurred in 1899. "A little Eskimo girl, a native of northern Alaska, died in Mount Vernon yesterday [she had been moved to a sanatorium there], and I have secured her skeleton for the Museum," Dr. Boas wrote Jesup on June 10, 1899, of the final fatality. "It was necessary to take action without any delay, and for this reason I have ventured to make the necessary expenses without authority. These amount to about $15. I beg to ask you to approve this expenditure."

"Approved, as it has been done," Mr. Jesup wrote on this letter, but the *Sun* did not approve. In an editorial headed "A Question Under the Burial Law," it quoted a news item from the *Tribune* ("It is said that the body was turned over to Columbia College, where it will be preserved and given to the Museum of Natural History, there being no relatives to claim it") and went on:

> It would be interesting to know by what authority Columbia College presumes to take any such course. While it is true that our law permits a person to direct the manner in which his body shall be disposed of after death, there is no intimation that this poor Esquimau child ever gave any such direction. . . . There can be no authority to turn the body of this Esquimau girl into a mummy and place it on exhibition in the Museum of Natural History, unless it be derived from the girl herself during her lifetime, or from some recent amendment to the burial laws which has escaped our attention.

The surviving Eskimo, Mene, was brought up by the Wallaces, who got a good deal of newspaper publicity for their hospitality. In 1907, when Wallace was no longer in the Museum's employ, this publicity took an anti-Museum turn that put the *Sun's* editorial in the shade. "Mene, the Esquimau boy, longed for but one Christmas gift, but that one he couldn't have," the *World* started a full-page article headed " 'Give Me My Father's Body!,' " and went on:

> He asked back his father's bones that he might put them in a quiet grave some-

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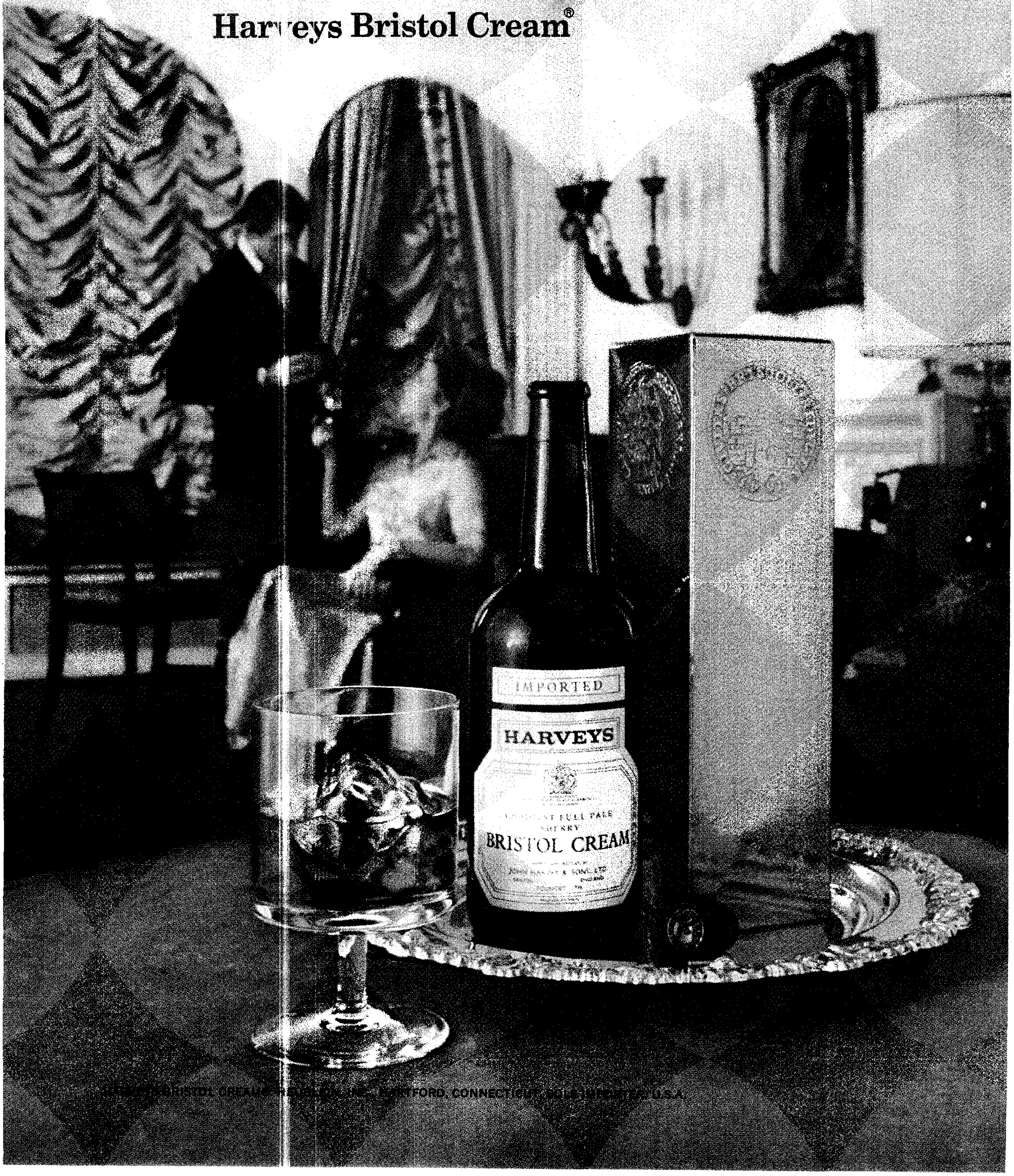

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Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

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where, where they could rest in peace forever.

And Mene wept just a little, stoic that he is, when he found that it couldn't be.

You see, Mene is only a poor Esquimau, without kith or kin anywhere in all the world. He doesn't own a single thing. He hasn't a dollar that he can call his own. . . . His tribe numbers just 234 souls, all told. They live alone on the shores of Smith Sound. . . . And Mene lives here in New York, far, far away from them, despairing of ever seeing his people again. . . . The scientists who were delighted to study leisurely the [Peary] Esquimaux here in New York have long since forgotten these simple folk from the bleak Arctic. True, four of them died here, all of tuberculosis, but not until these wise men had learned everything they cared to know.

And then, were not the corpses turned over to the doctors for very interesting dissections which added much to our knowledge on ethnological subjects? But, best of all, the perfect skeletons were turned over to the American Museum of Natural History, up in Manhattan Square, where savants who wish to study Esquimau anatomy may do so quite comfortably.

And that is where the bones of Mene's father, nicely articulated, are now. . . . An upstairs room at the museum is his father's last resting place. His coffin is a showcase, his shroud a piece of plate glass. . . . Lieut. Peary has long since ceased to concern himself with little Mene. . . . But the boy has one friend at least, William Wallace, [who] took the boy home with him. There he lives now, brought up as one of Mr. Wallace's boys, well clothed and well fed and well schooled, perfectly happy, but—

Then he remembers the varnished skeleton with the shiny brass joints up in the museum, and he cries a little.

And so on.

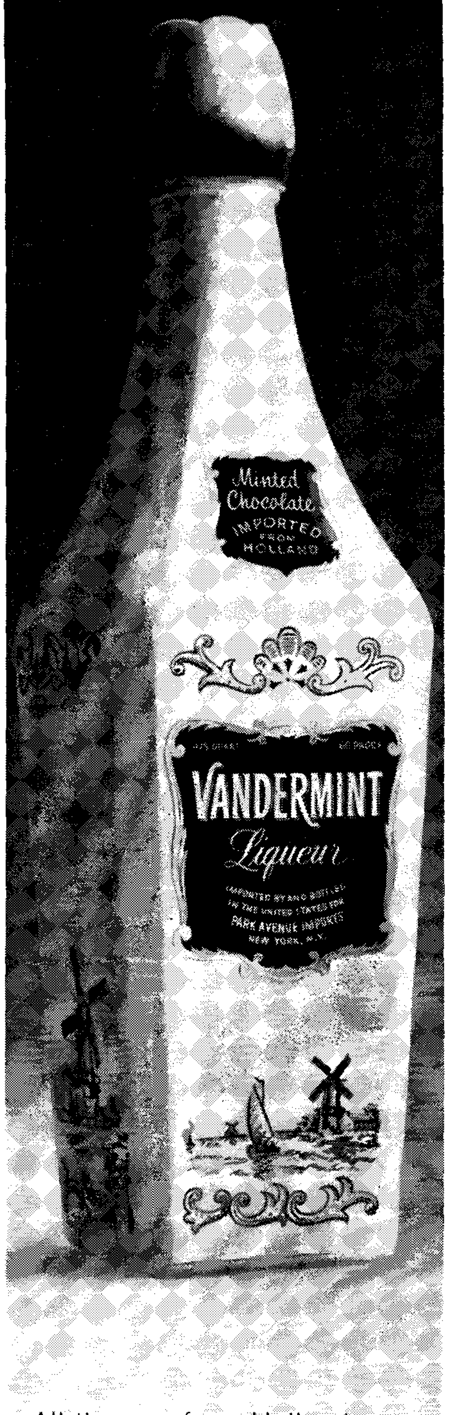
Dr. Bumpus, interviewed at the time, said that the Museum had hundreds of skeletons, and that he was unable to locate Mene's father's. The Museum's Eskimo scandal is no longer much of a hot potato, but Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, head of the Department of Anthropology, is no better at pinpointing Kesshoo and the rest than Dr. Bumpus was. "We have lots of Eskimo skeletons," he said when I brought the matter up. "Plastic surgeons consult them." As for Mene, he became a taxi-driver and disappeared from Central Files many years ago.

On with the Files and the nineteenth-century Morris K. Jesup.

GEORGE HOADLY, A NEW YORK LAWYER WHO HAD ONCE BEEN GOVERNOR OF OHIO, TO JESUP, OCTOBER 16, 1896:

I approve, as every educated man must [Hoadly was a Yale man], of your institution, but before I can consent to become an annual member, I wish to know whether this institution is open on Sunday. If it is, I will at once sign the ap-

Vandermint. The 60 proof chocolate after-dinner mint.



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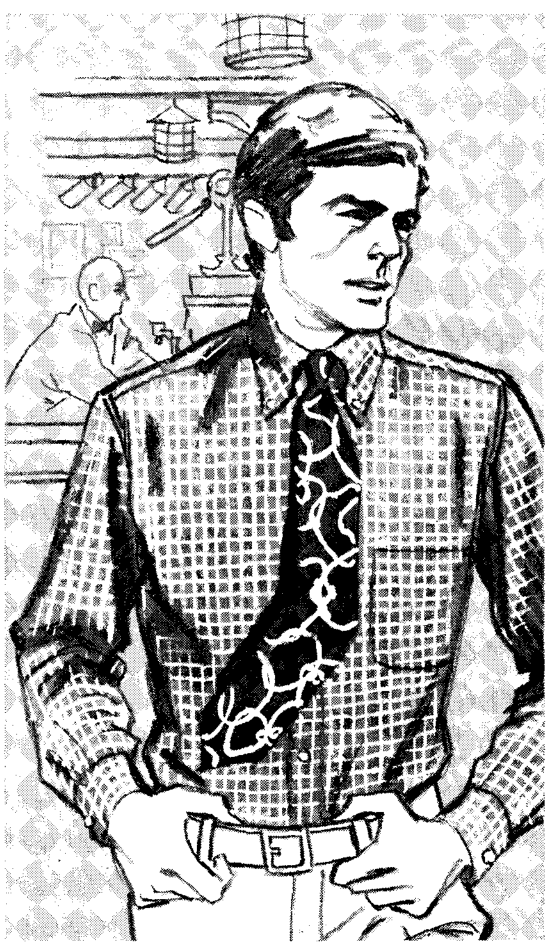

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plication. . . . If it is not, I must decline to take any further interest in it.

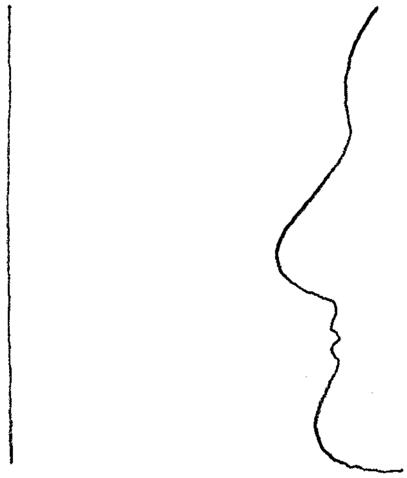
The former Governor was behind the times. The Museum had originally been closed on Sunday but had reversed its policy in 1892, when Jesup, who had once said, "Open the Museum on a Sunday, and it will be impossible to stop there. . . . The end will be the Parisian Sunday," changed his mind, thus causing Mrs. John Auchincloss, a sister-in-law of Early Trustee Hugh, to return her membership notice the following year with a card reading, "Mrs. A. declines further membership on account of Sabbath opening."

MORTIMER L. SCHIFF TO JESUP, FEBRUARY 9, 1900:

> I have been requested by the Trustees of the Boys' Club . . . to speak to you about the possibility of the Museum . . . giving small exhibits which it does not require any more, to the Boys' Club.

Mr. Gratacap got up a box of rocks, minerals, and insects for Mr. Schiff, then twenty-two and in his first year of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. partnership. A continuing relationship between the banker's family and the Museum—typical, in a way, of the entente between Central Park West and Wall Street—has flourished for more than eighty years. In 1901, the young philanthropist's veteran philanthropist father, Jacob Schiff, a Life Member since 1882 and an Associate Benefactor at his death, gave the Museum eighteen thousand dollars for an ethnological collecting expedition to China. He was considered for trusteeship around this time, but Mr. Morgan's affections for him were lukewarm and the matter was not pressed. In 1902, Mortimer Schiff's uncle James Loeb, a retired banker and the founder of the Loeb Classical Library, contributed a goshawk, shot on Upper Saranac Lake. In 1904, Schiff's grandfather Solomon Loeb, a co-founder of the family banking firm, left the Museum five thousand dollars. In 1912, another uncle, Morris Loeb, a chemist, left the Museum a residuary trust that, on the death of his widow in 1951, came to over ninety-six thousand dollars. In January, 1910, the Boys' Club Schiff's brother-in-law, Felix M. Warburg, was mentioned in the postscript of a letter from President Osborn to Trustee Percy R. Pyne:

> DEAR PERCY:
> Kindly come up and lunch with me. It is *very* important I believe to select [as a trustee] the name of an agreeable Hebrew, because the Zoo, the Metrop., the Public Lib. have all done so, and our atti[tude] is becoming conspicuous. [Fe-



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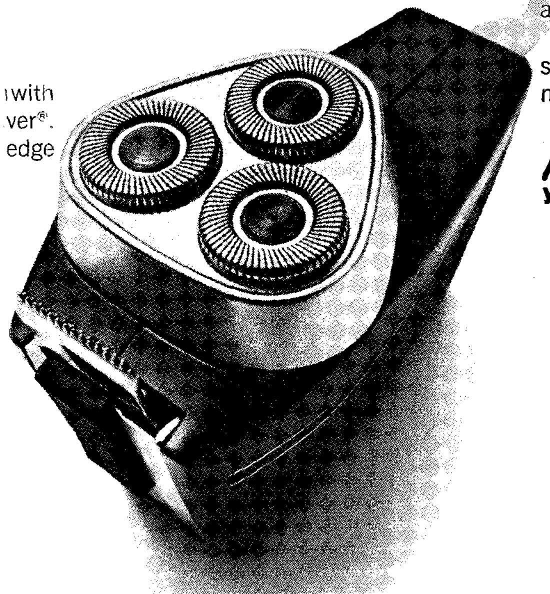

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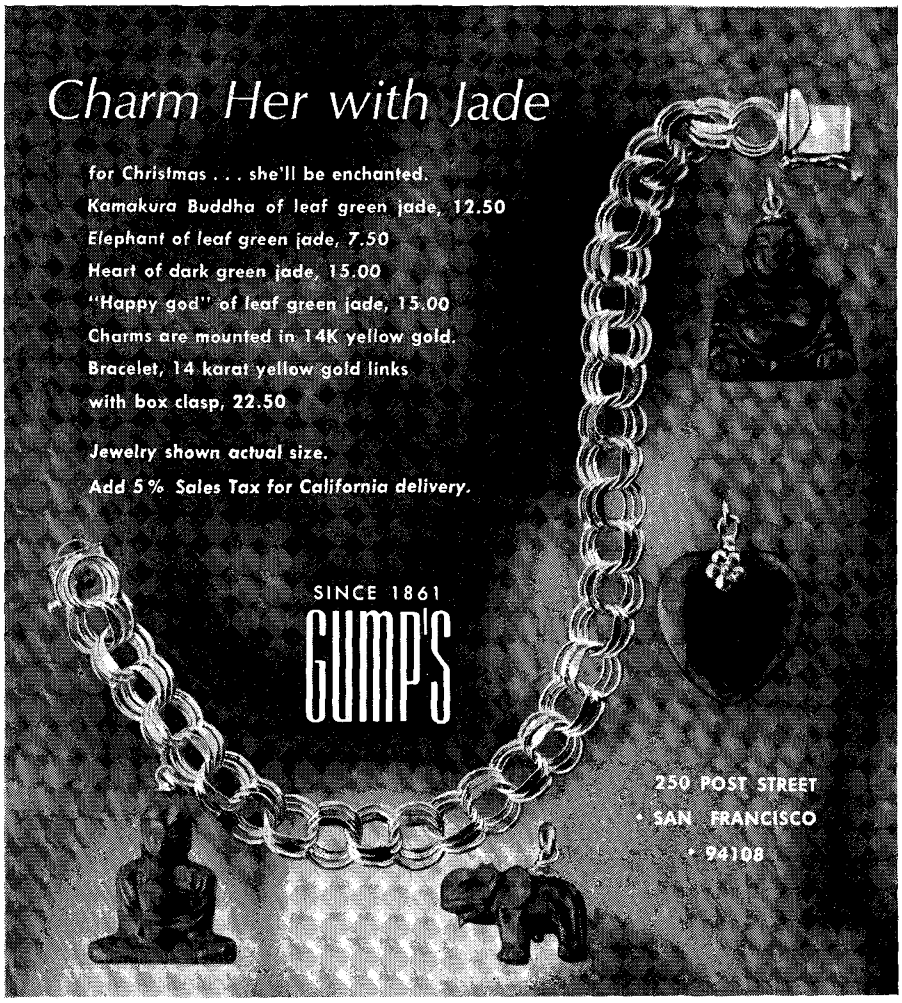

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lix] Warburg has been suggested and there are reasons why I would favor him.

A few days later, the name of an uncle-by-marriage of the Boys' Club Schiff (and of Mr. Warburg) was featured in a letter from Mr. George C. Clark, an Annual Member and a partner in the banking firm of Clark, Dodge & Co., to President Osborn:

> You will remember speaking to me the other night as to a desirable Hebrew to act as Trustee for the American Museum of Natural History. Yesterday, I had a chat with my friend, B. Aymar Sands, regarding Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, whom, you will perhaps remember, I suggested.... Mr. Sands agreed with me, in my estimate of the man, that he was public-spirited, very generous, agreeable, and one of our best citizens. I myself have known him for many years, and like him in every way.

Mr. Seligman, whose uncle Jesse Seligman had become a Patron in 1884, was bumped by his nephew. "After speaking to you," Osborn wrote Clark, "I found that the Trustees had practically united upon Mr. Warburg." The latter was duly elected, became one of the most active trustees, and gave the Museum almost three hundred thousand dollars. In 1933, he was succeeded by his son Frederick M. Warburg, who, after his father's death, in 1937, presented the Museum with the Felix M. Warburg Memorial Hall—some twenty exhibits illustrating the ecology of plant and animal life as it exists over forty square miles in the Pine Plains area of Dutchess County, ninety miles north of New York. This hall, which includes a red fox, a white-footed mouse in its nest, a monarch butterfly resting on a sumac plant, a woolly-bear caterpillar, and a hibernating chipmunk curled up on top of a pile of about two hundred acorns, was a little slow in getting under way. According to Mr. F. Trubee Davison, Osborn's successor as president, its donor once said at a trustees' meeting, "You know, it's supposed to be a memorial to Father, not to me." The hall finally opened in 1951. "No one was sweeter, simpler, and more modest than Felix Warburg," Mr. Davison said on this occasion. "Primarily interested in making the lives of others better, he established our pension fund in 1913." This fund now stands at nearly twelve million dollars.

JESUP TO JOEL A. ALLEN, CURATOR OF MAMMALOGY AND ORNITHOLOGY, OCTOBER 12, 1900:

> I have been through your Mammal Department this morning, and I must confess that I am not pleased with its appearance.... The Walrus Case: The labels are discolored and I noticed some

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Give him Madame Rochas perfume. A few drops at a time.

cobwebs around the specimens, and the case is not clean. The Virginia Deer Case: Not at all attractive. The Black-tailed Deer Case: the same as above. The New Foundland Caribou next to the above: not clean; there is a pot, I suppose containing disinfectant, in this case which is not attractive—it looks shiftless. The Moose Case: No labels on one of the specimens.... Mouse and Rat Case: Very poor exhibit for such a nice and expensive case, some of the labels down—specimens badly placed. Skunk and Badger Collection: Same criticism as the Mouse.... Bear Case: No label on one specimen, the rocks on which one of the bears is mounted look dirty.... Camel Case: Only typewritten label and soiled at that; no label on skeleton.... You will excuse me, Professor, for writing these criticisms. It is my intention to go through personally all departments of the Museum, and I have commenced today with yours. I have no doubt that I shall find in the other departments a good many things to which I shall be obliged to call the attention of the Curators.

"Your letter of yesterday duly received, and a few words in reply seem not out of place," Dr. Allen replied. "I very much regret that you did not call me down to go with you through the mammal floor, as probably I could have explained why certain things you observed happened to be as you found them." He went on to take up the president's points seriatim:

> I quite agree with you that several of the cases you mention do not present an attractive appearance.... There is no remedy for this state of things until there is a chance to expand.... In respect to the cobwebs in the Walrus case and the can of disinfectant... I found they had already been removed when I visited the hall immediately on receipt of your letter. The disinfectant had been... placed there to destroy some insects.... The specimen in the Moose case does not belong there, being a large African Antelope and one of the recent additions I had not reached in labelling. The Camel in the Walrus case was placed there temporarily for storage and the discolored typewritten label... was put there to explain that the specimen was simply placed there for storage.... In regard to the Rat and Mouse cases, the case is not adapted for such specimens and they cannot be arranged to look attractive.

And so on.

Jesup was seventy at the time of this interchange; Allen was sixty-two. In 1885, Jesup had hired him away from the Harvard Museum of Comparative Zoology. At the time of the Camel in the Walrus Case, Allen's whiskers were every bit as grand as the president's; he was the founding president of the American Ornithologists' Union and editor of its quarterly, the *Auk*; and he was editor-in-chief of all the Museum's zoological publications. (In the 1887-90 volume

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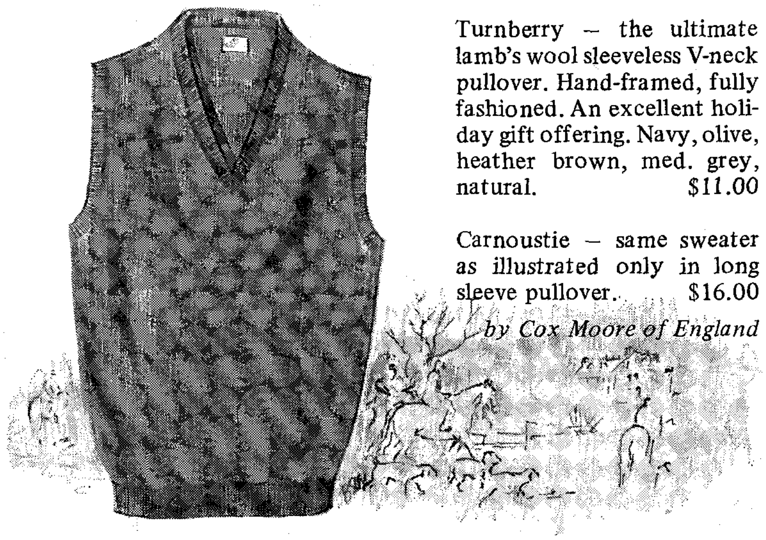

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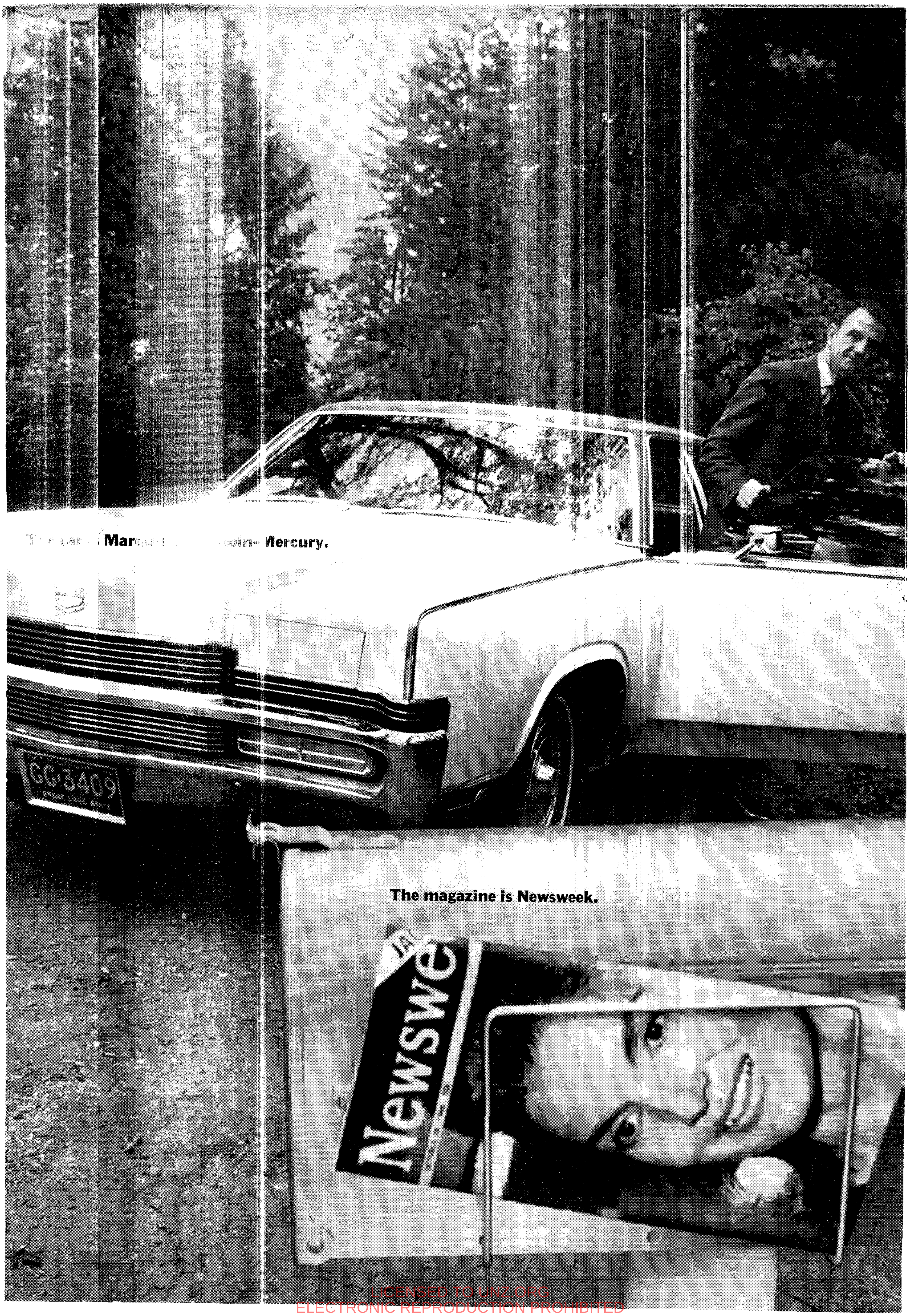

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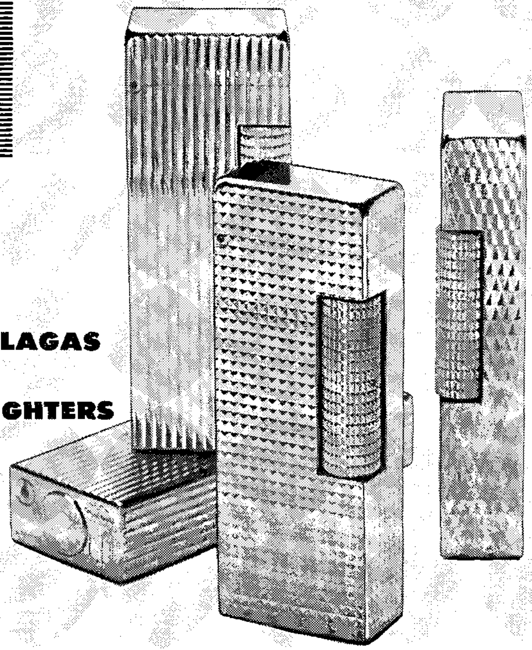

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VISITORS' MAP AND GUIDE
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of one of them, the *Bulletin*, he wrote nine of the twenty scientific papers listed in the table of contents.) He was on easy corresponding terms with Spencer Baird and Robert Ridgway, of the Smithsonian; Ferdinand V. Hayden, to whose famous Rocky Mountain Survey volumes he contributed a series of articles on Western rodents; William Dean Howells, to whose *Atlantic Monthly* he was also a contributor; and Elliott Coues, a historian of early America who was also a prolific bird biographer and a professor of anatomy. The exchanges between these men and Allen, starting in his Cambridge days and running through his thirty-seven years in New York, illuminate not only the curator but the general museum scene. A few examples must suffice:

BAIRD TO ALLEN, JUNE 24, 1875:

I am not surprised at your conclusion in regard to the Abert squirrel. Can you pick out a first-rate series of . . . hares and rabbits for mounting and send them to the Smithsonian Institution?

HAYDEN TO ALLEN, AUGUST 7, 1875:

I am hunting all the facts in regard to the Buffalo for you. . . . If you ever come across the fossil fishes I loaned Prof. Agassiz about 6 years ago I wish you would lay them aside for me.

COUES TO ALLEN, DECEMBER 2, 1884:

I am truly sorry to hear what you say in your last letter. . . . I have never thought you sufficiently appreciated, nor paid enough *there* [at Harvard]. . . . You do not say what you expect, or where it is to be. Tell me more about it. I wish you could be here [Coues, a volunteer worker at the Smithsonian, was writing on the letterhead of this Institution, where he was doing some research]—is that possible? But it is B.'s [Baird's] settled policy never to have one of his peers or betters in Science about him—so that this establishment is simply a hatching house of henchmen who make an honest living by doing what they [are] told to do. . . . The active movements in respect of specimens consist largely in taking them up in one place and putting them down in another, with special reference to the circus-movements when a show like that in Phila [the Centennial of 1876] London or N. Orleans furnishes extra funds for extra activity on the part of the queer little pismires who abound in this hill. . . . When do you think you can begin to codify? I suppose we ought to get [the] thing out before the next meeting. I send back proofs.

Dr. Coues' question no doubt had to do with a taxonomic publication of the American Ornithologists' Union, of which he was, with Allen, a co-founder.

ALLEN TO JESUP, MARCH 1, 1889:

The inclosed letter, although sent to me as personal and private, I consider it best to bring to your immediate attention. It has come to me like a thunder-

How to be utterly unselfish to the nicest pipe-smoker you know -for only $3

Usually when you are asked to mail the coupon it's because you will receive something to your advantage, maybe even something free.

We're not doing anything of the sort. We would like you to mail us $3 with your coupon, and the name and address of the nicest pipe-smoker you know (with your name too)!

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There were times of happiness. Times of circumstance and pomp, of boisterous banquets and swaggering nobles, of boards groaning beneath the weight of delicacies unnumbered, and of comely serving wenches too.

It is from these occasions of state that the Yeoman of the Guard acquired the name Beefeater. Among his trusts was the supervision of the buffet at royal banquets—of being a "buffetier." And through the delightful Cockney propensity to make foreign words into the King's English, "buffetier" became Beefeater.

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When James Burrough gave to his London Distilled Dry Gin the name of Beefeater, he did not do so lightly. He was well aware of the esteem in which the Beefeater was held in the hearts and minds of gentlemen. He knew that the Beefeater stood for integrity, quality and was the guardian of all that was traditional in Britain. And until that time, no gin had dared make a bid for a place of honor on a gentleman's sideboard.

It was with due regard of the consequences that James Burrough introduced to Victorian England, Beefeater Gin.

Needless to say, he was successful. Never before had a gin achieved such softness, such clarity, such fullness and balance of taste. Men used words that were heretofore reserved for vintage wine and venerable brandy to describe it.

First Name for the Martini

In the same age that James Burrough produced Beefeater Gin, an American fashioned the martini. Never have there been two more fortunate and fortuitous events. The two have been inseparably linked ever since.

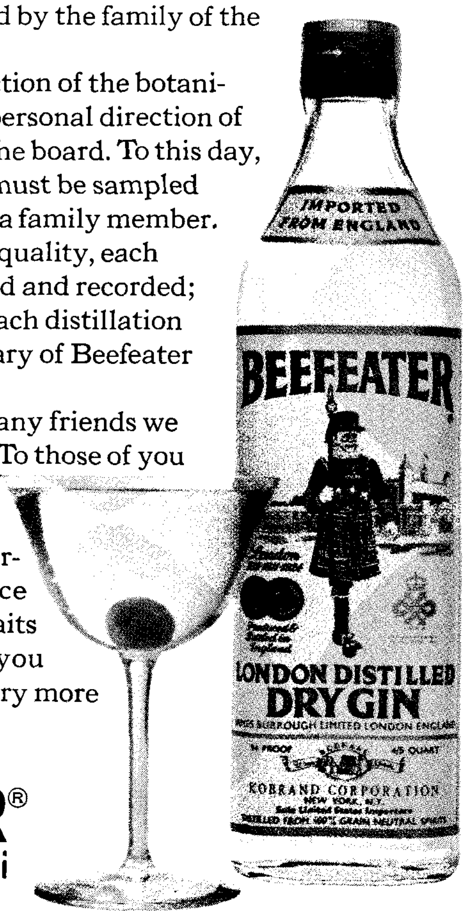
To those accustomed to the delights of the world, Beefeater is the first name for the martini. Before the meal, a Beefeater Martini arouses the appetite for further delights; between friends it is an appreciation of shared tastes; and as an indulgence of self, little if anything can compare to the identifiable excellence of Beefeater Gin. And yet to our surprise, there are those who have asked, "What does a Beefeater Martini taste like?" In truth, words give but poor approximation of its identifiable excellence. We can only promise that Beefeater will double your martini pleasure.

So Characteristically English

The identifiable excellence of Beefeater is due in no small part to the personal supervision of the Burrough family. Beefeater is the only gin in England still produced by the family of the founder.

The selection of the botanicals is under the personal direction of the chairman of the board. To this day, each distillation must be sampled and approved by a family member. To further insure quality, each bottle is numbered and recorded; and a sample of each distillation is placed in a library of Beefeater Gin production.

To our many friends we now give thanks. To those of you who have not yet had the pleasure of a Beefeater Martini, an experience most sublime awaits you. Never will you find English history more enjoyable.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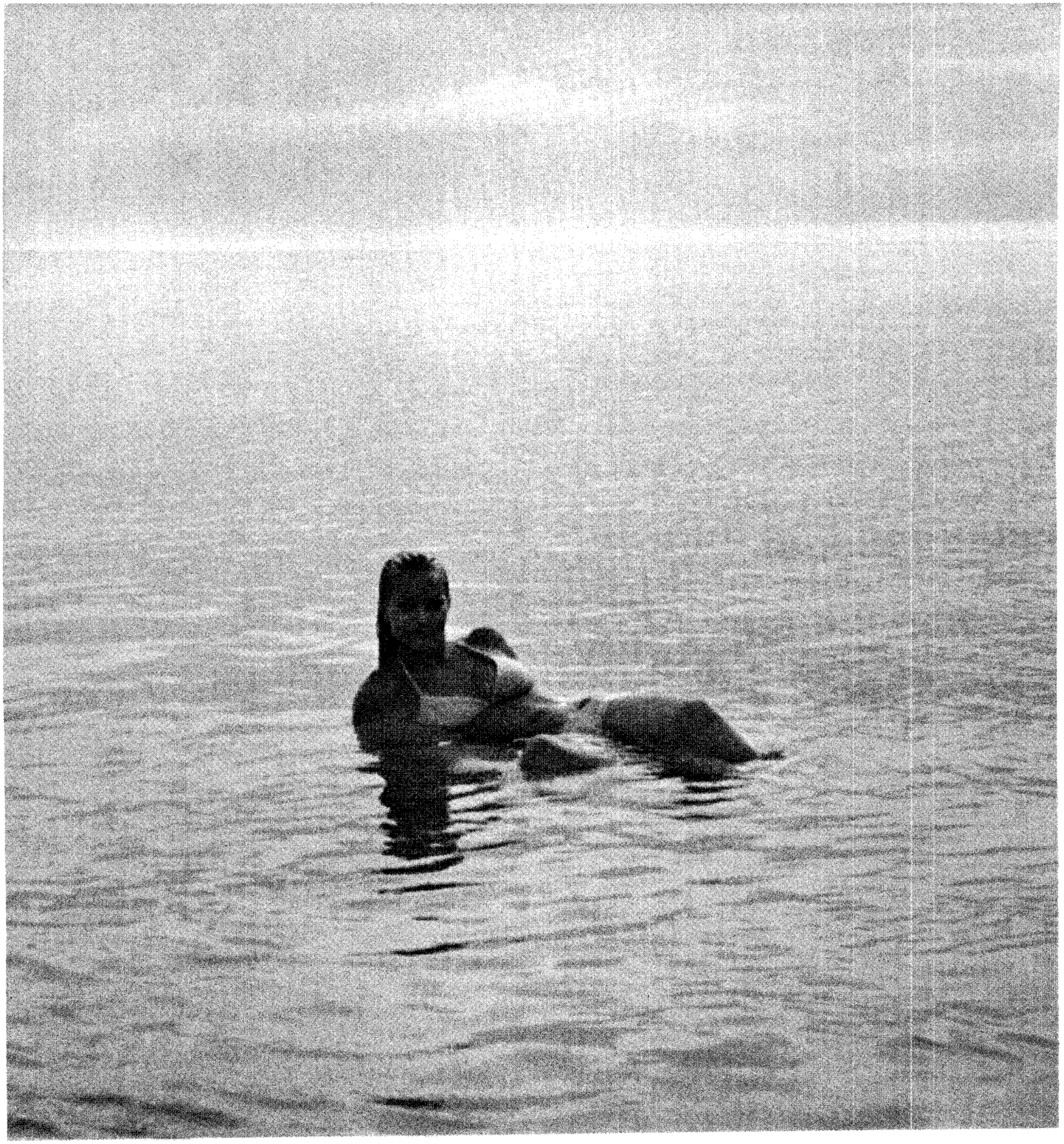

Let's assume I'm an Island.

I've got the bluest waters in the world.
Beaches like cream colored silk.
Great big romantic hotels.
And all around me, I've got sleek white yachts with rich men inside.
I'm New Providence Island. Nassau.
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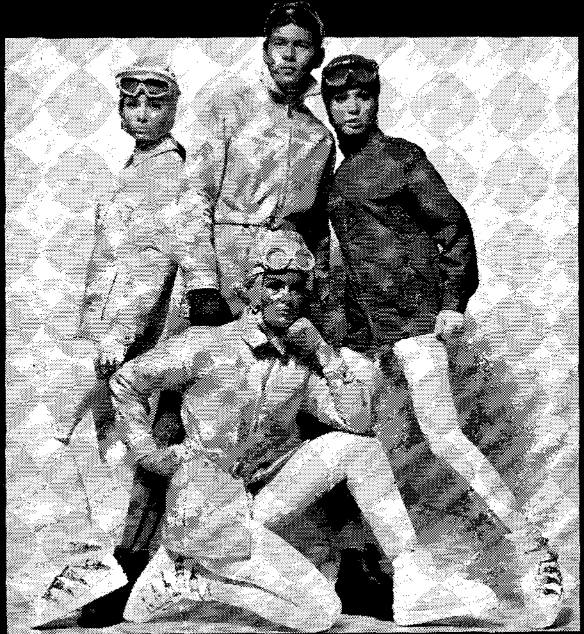

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weather you want me to send a few bones to you.

"Dear Sir," Dr. Lucas replied,

> I shall be much obliged if you will kindly send us, by express, a few small bones from those noted in your letter.... While they may be of no importance, yet on the other hand, they may have come from some Indian burial place and would be of interest.

"The small bones will do as well as larger specimens," he added hopefully.

WINSER TO ALLEN, JUNE 29, 1897:

> I was told today that the hair of the Kangaroo was being destroyed. One of our members left word. Do you think there is anything in the statement?

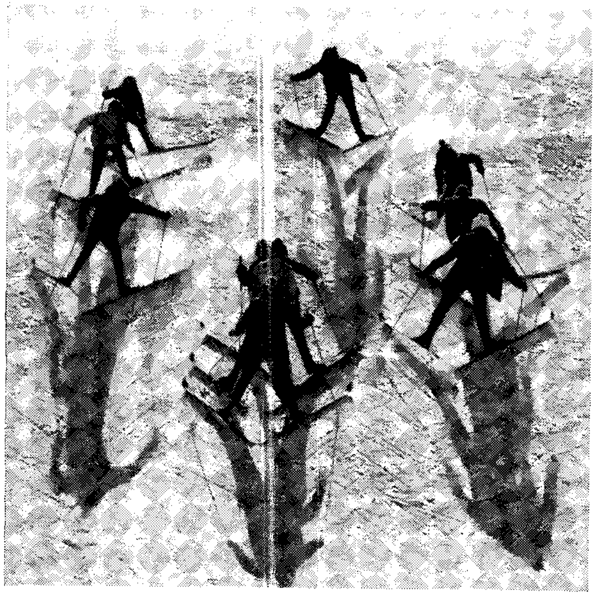
"I have inspected the Kangaroos," Allen wrote the secretary, "and find nothing the matter of [*sic*] the hair. There is absolutely no sign of recent work by insects."

The Kangaroo inspector's scientific gifts did not preclude an occasional absentmindedness. In 1910, he advised Mr. Outram Bangs, his mammalogical opposite number at the Museum of Comparative Zoology, "I am sending you by this mail a small Mouse, discovered in our collection, which appears to belong to the Museum of Comparative Zoology, accidentally left from many years ago when I borrowed material for study from the Museum."

Allen, who in his later years left birds to Dr. Chapman, came to be known as the dean of American mammalogists, and published more than two hundred and seventy papers in this field. He died in 1921, at eighty-three, almost in harness; a few months before, in failing health, he had been made honorary curator of his department, at full salary. Word of his death was cabled by Dr. Lucas to President Osborn, then in Paris. The French telegraph office was not up to the Osborn calligraphy in his reply. "DEEPLY MOVED LOSS OF OUR DISTINGUISHED AND BELOVED AVIATOR," the president's cable read. "EXPRESS WARM SYMPATHY TO WIDOW." "I passed the word on to Mrs. Allen, changing the word 'aviator,' however, to 'curator,' " Mr. George H. Sherwood, then the Museum's executive secretary, later wrote. The Dictionary of American Biography says of Allen that he had, "above all, the veneration and love of his colleagues and associates." This is borne out by a letter dated November 29, 1899, four weeks before its writer's death:

> DEAR ALLEN:
>
> The friendship of half a lifetime cannot be killed at this late day, and I am

Our backyard skiing costs about the same as yours, only our backyard is the Alps.



Two weeks in our backyard start at $338, round trip economy group fare from New York, breakfast every day, and a hotel every night, at Davos, Zermatt, Innsbruck, Chamonix or other ski centers. Miles and miles of uncrowded Alpine slopes, above the timberline.

Call your travel agent or Swissair. And should skiing ever bore you, our backyard is Europe.

SWISSAIR

Heidi wouldn't lie.

sure you will be sorry to hear that my disease is desperate. I go into Johns Hopkins Hospital tomorrow, for the very formidable surgical operation which seems to offer some hope of saving my life.

Yours as ever,
COUES

I SEEM to have lost Morris K. Jesup again. During the last decade of his life, his health, too, was on the downgrade; the Eskimo scandal cannot have been a tonic, and his spirits were undermined, around the same time, by the *Wallace* scandal. "I am not strong in body or mind just now; this trouble has unnerved me," he wrote of the latter to Osborn and Bumpus in 1901, but he did find strength the next year to try to interest Andrew Carnegie in his favorite institution. He received for his pains a typewritten letter:

MY DEAR MR. JESUP:
One thing I have found out—one Museum is enough, and I have one on my hands [the Carnegie Museum in Pittsburgh]. I should be delighted to promise that when I get through with it I should consider the claims of another; but, between ourselves, I never expect to get there. I find a Museum a continual source of interest *and expense*.

Very truly yours,
ANDREW CARNEGIE

with a handwritten postscript: "*One Museum to one family*. A.C."

In 1907, the last year of Jesup's life, the Museum had a scientific staff of twenty-seven, was visited by more than half a million people, had over two thousand members, and spent eighty thousand dollars on exploration, research, and publication. Its annual maintenance fund from the city was a hundred and sixty thousand dollars, as against ten thousand dollars in the first year of Jesup's stewardship; its endowment (about to be doubled by his death) was just over a million dollars. Jesup continued to visit the Museum, in a wheelchair. That Christmas, following a custom, he arranged for the distribution of new silver dollars to a hundred and sixty-one of its lesser employees. (People on a curatorial and administrative level were denied this largesse.) He died the next month. Two years later, the Museum unveiled the Jesup Memorial Statue in the Seventy-seventh Street foyer, which was renamed Memorial Hall. The statue, carved in Florence by William Couper, cost sixteen thousand dollars, to which J. P. Morgan subscribed two thousand dollars and the Messrs. Schiff and Carnegie a thousand apiece. It showed

have you met my sister?
she's sweet...
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Jesup, in a Prince Albert, sitting on a kind of sheet in a tasselled armchair, holding a scroll on his left knee. At its unveiling, Mr. Morgan told the sculptor, "Mr. Couper, I consider that one of the best statues of its kind I ever saw."

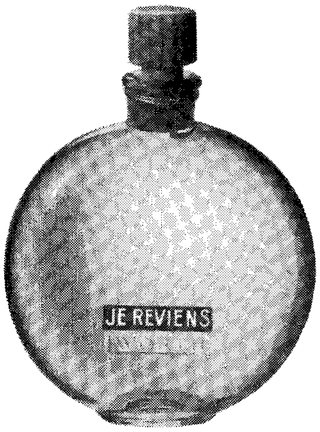
In the early nineteen-forties, this exceptional work of art was reduced to a bust. Trubee Davison, then the Museum's president, was on leave of absence as a colonel (later brigadier general) with the Army Air Forces, and his post was being filled by the late A. Perry Osborn, a trustee, who was a son of Henry Fairfield Osborn. Mr. Davison, whom I have consulted about the statue's transmogrification, thinks it was undertaken because the statue was "too big." His recollection is borne out by Mr. Wayne Faunce (the Museum man who tried to get E. R. Hewitt to pinpoint the Museum's cornerstone), now in retirement in Vermont, who, in answer to a query, has written me:

> The circumstances of the "busting" of Mr. Jesup I . . . recall fairly clearly. . . . The seated figure of Mr. Jesup perched on its high base—all in light marble—occupied a commanding position in front of the Hall of Northwest Coast Indians. Until the New York State Theodore Roosevelt Memorial section of the Museum was erected [in 1936], the Seventy-seventh Street entrance was the Museum's only public entrance.
>
> I joined the Museum staff in 1925. As time went on, it became the consensus that the Jesup statue was "just too much" physically and esthetically in its indoors setting. It seemed unduly massive and overpowering, and became just tolerated rather than admired. Before they were moved to the Great Hall of the Roosevelt Memorial main entrance, the three companion bronze pieces of Carl Akeley's magnificent African Lion Spearing Group were temporarily installed in the Seventy-seventh Street foyer, and there were facetious references among the staff to the spectacle presented then of "Mr. Jesup refereeing the Lion Hunt."

According to Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, Dr. Chapman's successor as head of the bird department and now, in his vigorous eighties, Lamont Curator of Birds Emeritus, Mr. Perry Osborn did not see eye to eye with Mr. Morgan about the statue.

> The shrinking of Mr. Jesup was, I believe [Dr. Murphy has written me], at the instigation of Perry Osborn when he was Acting President, or, at any rate, acting *as* President.
>
> The statue was . . . fully life size, and Mr. Jesup was a tall and imposing man. [This estimate is supported by a July 28, 1885, entry in the office books of the Brewster Carriage Company, in the New

If you can't say it...Je Reviens will.



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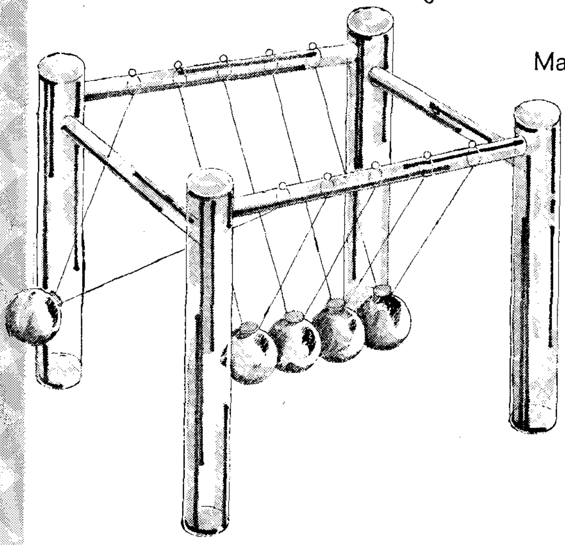

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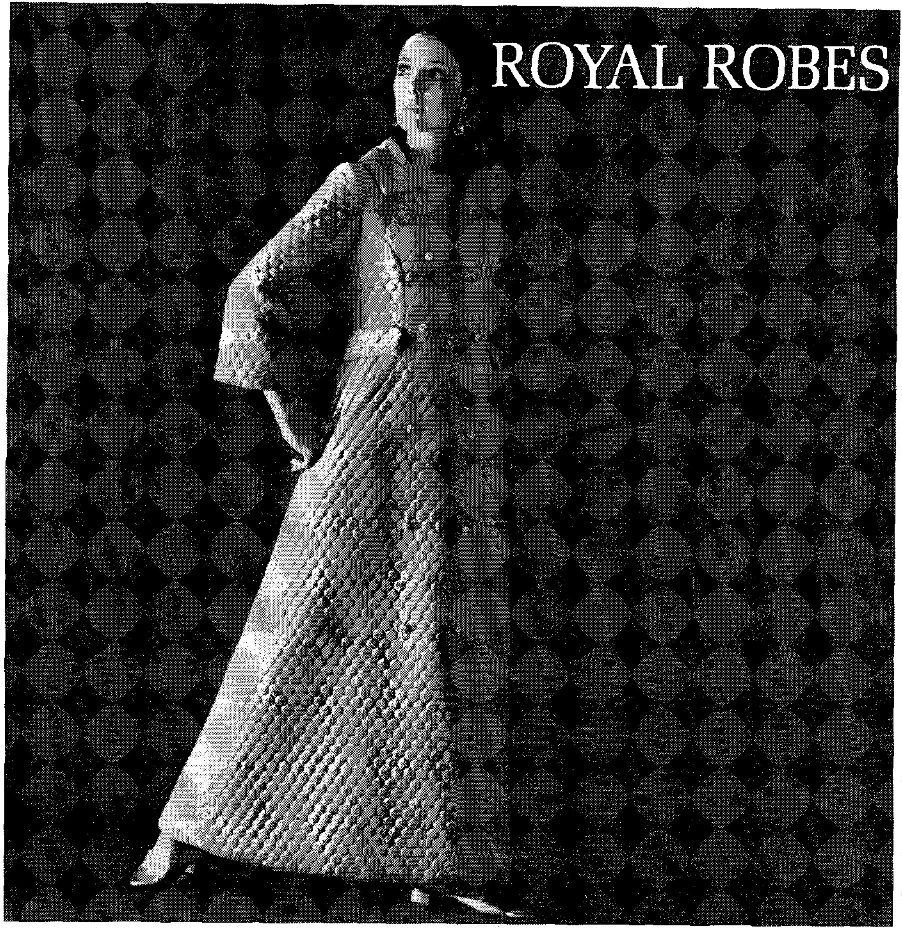

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York Public Library, which reads, apropos of a Jesup order for a "two-horse wagonette on three springs with a standing top," "Make high driving cushion and high under cushion. They are tall people."]... All in white marble, he sat in the Museum foyer.... It was superbly Victorian. His collar was starched, his coat a frock, his trousers well pressed. The chair, although white, obviously was plush-cushioned, and around the bottom was a tasselled fringe. With an excess of realism, the sculptor had carved some of these stone tassels slightly awry, or crossed, as though they had been touched by the high shoes of his Marble Eminence. The chair itself was high-backed, and of Italian style—a good job of wood-turning, in stone. On its marble plinth, it brought Mr. Jesup's head up about nine feet from the floor.

The wrecker, [who] was reduced to tears, was... an Italian mason in the employ of the Museum.... When I watched him in the process of chiselling Mr. Jesup's head from its underpinnings, he was bewailing the desecration. My personal feelings, however, jibe with Perry's. Although a great man in the history of the Museum, Mr. Jesup's present effigy is big enough!

In any event, the toe of one of the presidential boots has found its way into a desk drawer in the office of Mr. Walter Meister, who came to Central Park West in 1916, at fifteen, as a five-dollar-a-week office boy and has risen to assistant director and executive secretary of the Museum. The effigy itself is now in storage, along with two portraits of Jesup, one by Eastman Johnson and one by Daniel Huntington; a portrait of President Wolfe; two portraits of Professor Bickmore; and a bust of Dr. Charles S. Sargent, the overseer of the Jesup Woods. The Museum has out in the open, however, three busts and two portraits of Mr. Perry Osborn's father.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

(*This is the first of two articles on the American Museum.*)

•

FUNNY COINCIDENCE DEPARTMENT

[*Letter from the Wall Street Journal*]	[*Letter (in the same mail) from Investment Dealers' Digest*]
Who, me???	Not me???
Yes, *you*	Yes *Indeed*
It may come as a mild shock to you that I am asking you to make the experiment, over the next ten weeks, of reading The Wall Street Journal under the special-trial plan described below.	It may come as a shock that I'm asking you to make an experiment of reading the INVESTMENT DEALERS' DIGEST under the special-trial plan of 10 weeks for $2.00.
Unless you happen to have fairly substantial investment holdings, your reaction may be "What information of any real use or value to me can I get from a financial paper?"	You'll likely think: "What information of any earthly value can I get from a News Magazine of Finance?"

which he of course as yet knows nothing.

This will also give you some idea of the "market value," so to speak, of Mr. Chapman's services. I should be thoroughly disheartened to lose him. I know of no one who could make his place good.

Dr. C. Hart Merriam was chief of the Bureau of Biological Survey in the Department of Agriculture and a power in the American Ornithologists' Union. Dr. Frank M. Chapman, an associate curator under Allen had come to the Museum two years before, at twenty-six, as a volunteer worker, to help Allen sort, catalogue, and arrange birds. His champion's effort to keep him was successful. Chapman became curator of birds in 1908 and head of the newly autonomous Ornithology Department in 1919, holding this post until three years before his death, in 1945. More concerned with exhibition than with research (unlike Allen), he was a pioneer arranger of habitat groups. According to a 1939 *New Yorker* Profile, published when his subject was seventy-five:

> Dr. Chapman's greatest contribution to museology has been the introduction of the habitat idea in exhibitions. Fifty years ago an American museum's concept of a bird exhibit consisted of a lot of stuffed specimens arranged in a manner reminiscent of the grill of a college club. Around 1900, John L. Cadwalader, an early patron of the [American] Museum, gave Dr. Chapman $1,200 and asked him to get up a bird group with a background that would make sense. Dr. Chapman produced a Cobb's Island, Virginia group which contained black skimmers and other indigenous birds against a setting of beach composed of actual sand and artificial seaweed, which merged with a painted background of ocean, sky, and birds. Nesting birds were placed on the beach. A good many of the people in the Museum thought this was too informal and that the painted background verged on the sensational, but President Jesup proclaimed it beautiful. . . . The habitat idea has been applied to all the other departments in the Museum and has been taken up by museums all over the world.
>
> In getting material for habitat groups, Dr. Chapman has travelled extensively. . . . [He] has probably spent more time in the society of birds than any other man alive. For over sixty years he has patiently concealed himself in bushes and blinds all over North and South America in

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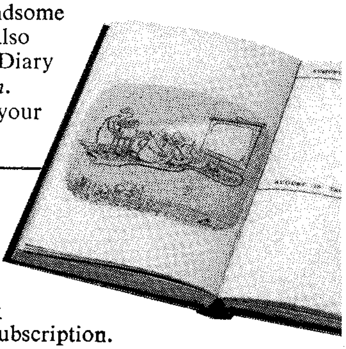

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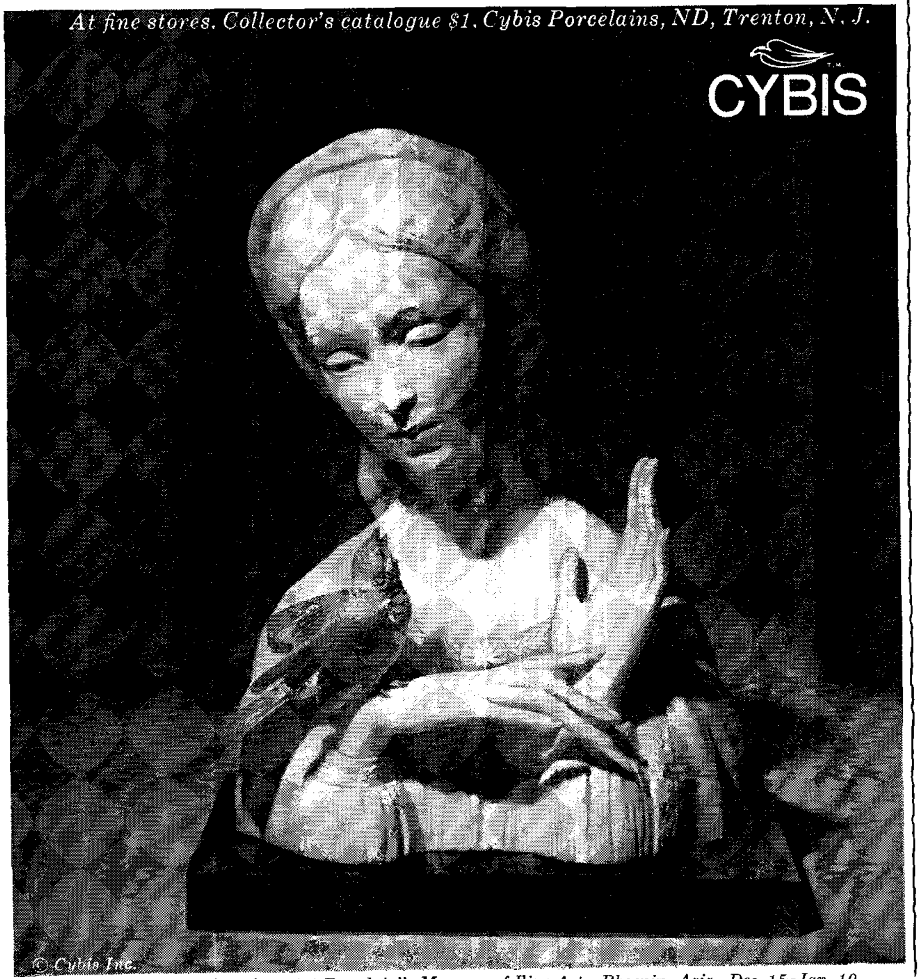

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, ND, Trenton, N. J.

CYBIS

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See "A History of American Art Porcelain", Museum of Fine Arts, Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 15–Jan. 10.

call. Another time, on a beach in the Bahamas, he passed several days in an unoccupied nest in the middle of a settlement of two thousand flamingos, making notes and taking photographs. The flamingos accepted Dr. Chapman as one of themselves and poked about right under his nose. "Seated on the deserted nest," he reported, "I myself seemed to have become a flamingo." . . . [He] has helped build up [the Museum's] collection of bird specimens from about 10,000 to over 750,000 and to make its bird department the best in the world.

Back to the man who championed this splendid ornithologist in his early days and encouraged him for thirty-five years.

RIDGWAY TO ALLEN, MAY 16, 1894:

> I have begun the article on *Oreortyx* but hardly know what to write, since you have taken all the wind out of my sails by your review of Ogilvie-Grant's catalogue of the Gallinaceous Birds!

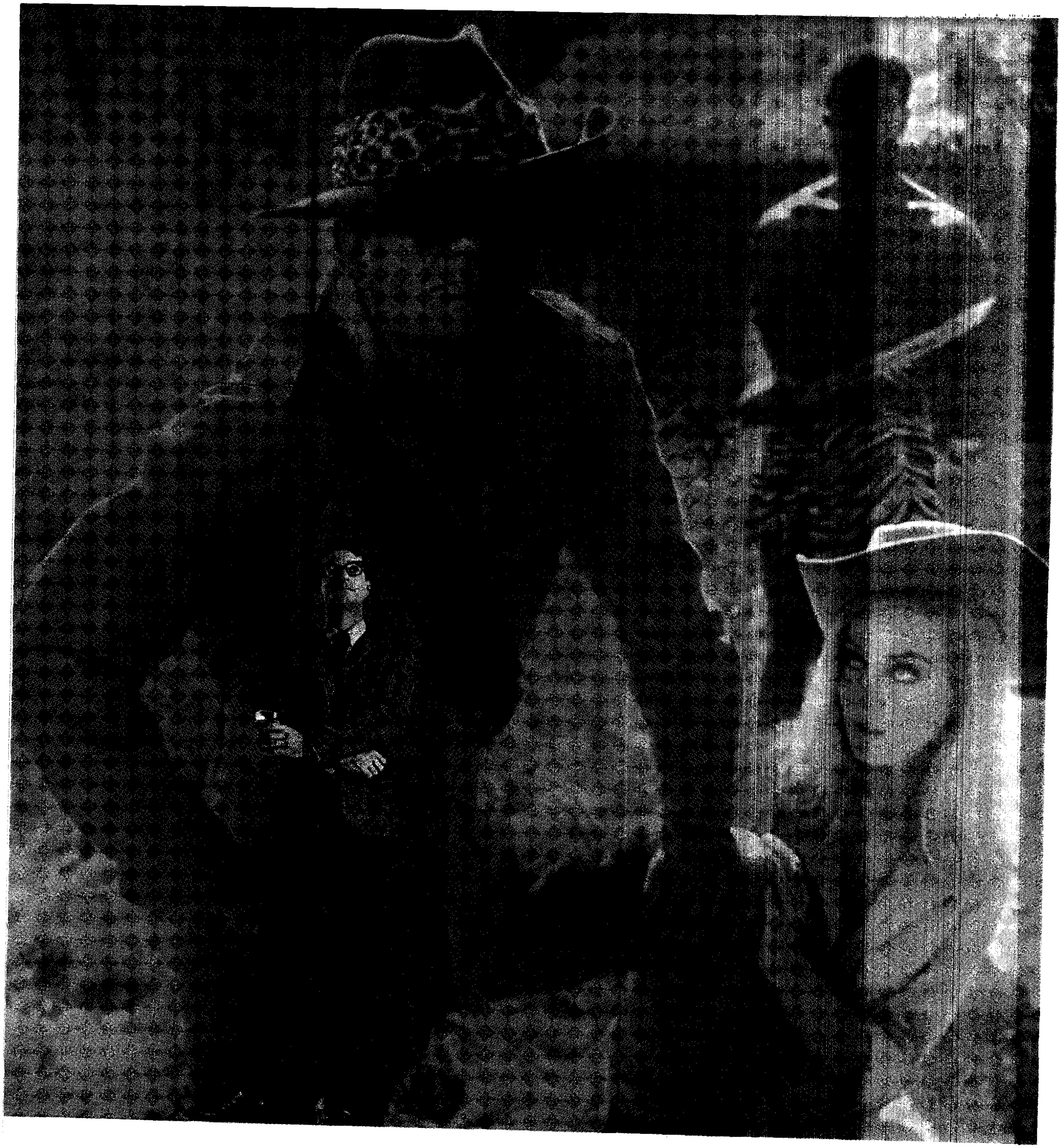
LYMAN G. BLOOMINGDALE, FOUNDER OF THE DEPARTMENT STORE, TO ALLEN, MAY 11, 1897:

> I send you herewith a chicken that was hatched at my place in Yonkers about four or five weeks ago. It has 50 per cent more legs than any chicken that I ever saw before, and may be interesting to your Department. I therefore beg leave to present it to the Museum.

The Museum's *Annual Report* for that year does not list this object under its Bird Donations.

Mr. Frank J. Gould, a nineteen-year-old son of Jay Gould, had better luck around this time, although in a different branch of zoology. He sent the Museum the body of a St. Bernard dog from his family place at Irvington, and it was voted in. Perhaps because of the Gould family's help in moving dinosaur bones to the Museum free of charge, Goulds in general had little trouble in making their institutional presents stick. In 1922, a young Gould in Locust Valley wrote Dr. Lucas, the Museum's director:

> While walking through a very thick streach [*sic*] of woods here, I came upon several very old bones which evidently had been washed out of the soil. Weather [*sic*] they are of any historical value I cannot tell, please inform me



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SUNTORY, the other whisky

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Japanese Whisky
SUNTORY LTD.

86.8 Proof. A blend of rare, selected whiskies distilled and bottled near Kyoto, Japan. Suntory International, Los Angeles, California.

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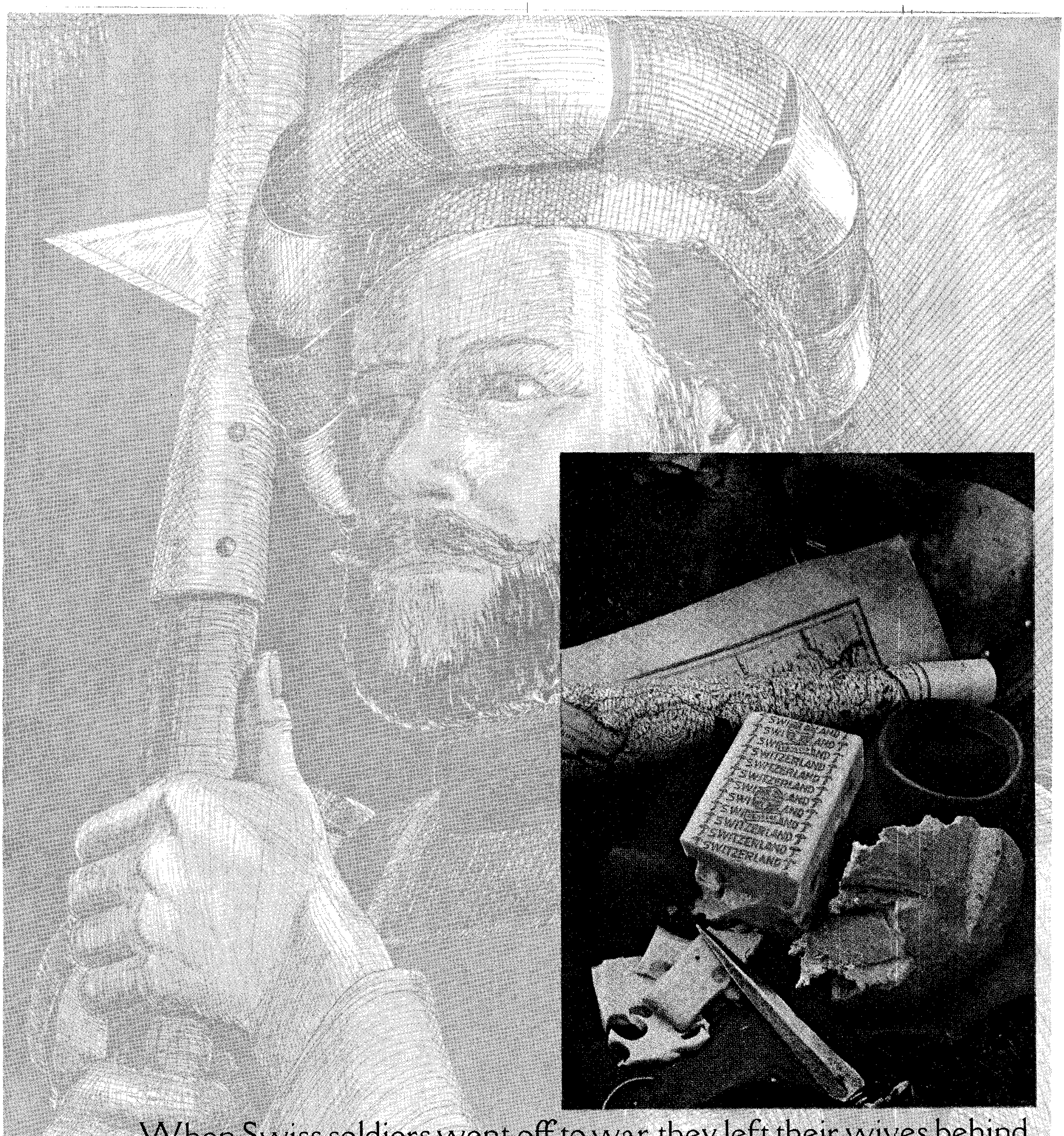


When Swiss soldiers went off to war, they left their wives behind. But not their cheese.

Swiss soldiers were the best fighters of the 15th century. And possibly the best fed fighters of all times. Thanks to our cheese. Which is still the best there is, five centuries later.

Many countries have tried to imitate our cheese. And some have made cheese that looks Swiss. But none have been able to match the taste.

Genuine Swiss cheese is made only in Switzerland. From whole fresh milk delivered daily to the cheesemaker.

Our dairy herds eat only the best alpine grass. Never silage. Swiss law forbids the use of silage for feed because it contains butyric acid which prevents long natural curing. And it's the long natural curing that helps to produce the distinctive taste of genuine Swiss cheese.

Nowadays you don't have to take our cheese with you when you travel. You can find it almost anywhere in the world. Just be sure the word Switzerland is on the cheese you buy. That tells you it is genuine Swiss cheese. Made only in Switzerland. Naturally.

Switzerland

THE CURRENT CINEMA

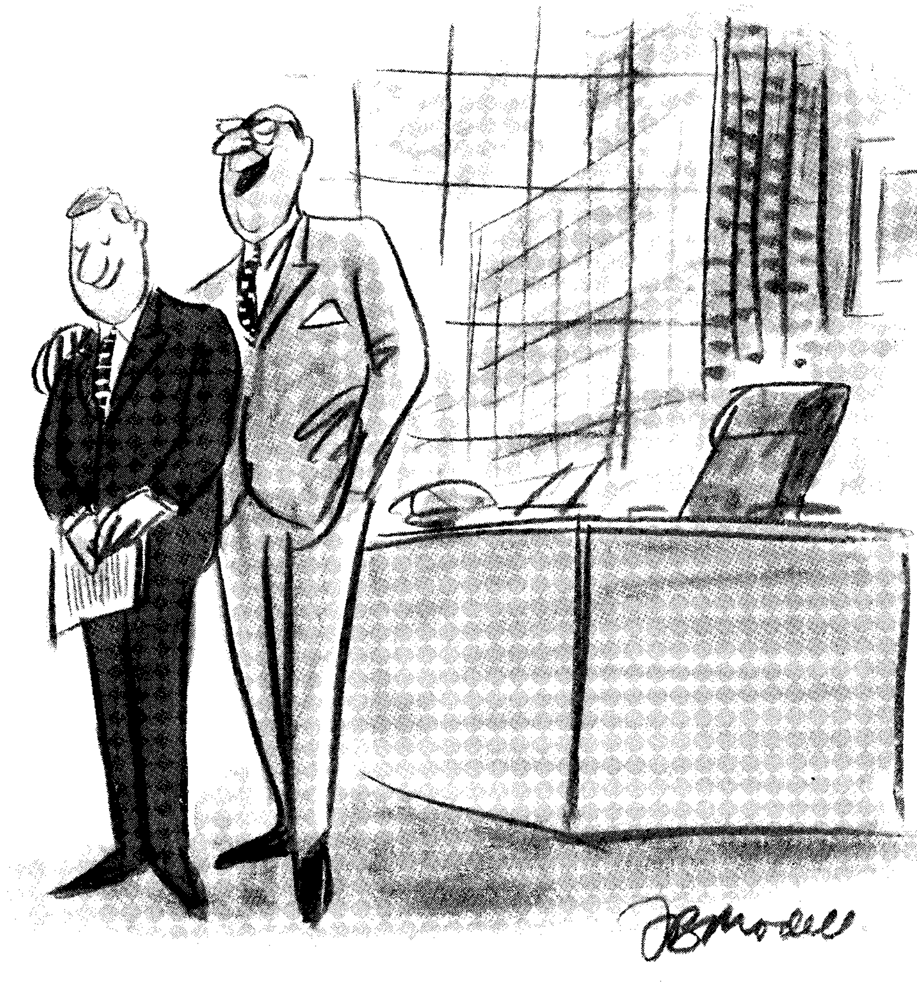
Metamorphosis of the Beatles

FROM the nursery to the boutique is now a very short path; "Yellow Submarine" travels it with charm and ease. The Beatles, represented by cartoons, go to the rescue of the people of Pepperland and save them from the Blue Meanies, their weapons being (who'd have guessed it?) music and love—but what is so pleasant about "Yellow Submarine" is its lighthearted, throwaway quality and the story seems as disposable as the banter and the images. If the movie tried to be significant, if it had "something to say," it might be a disaster. One of the best characters is a gluttonous consumer with a vacuum snout, who devours the universe, yet the movie itself sucks up an incredible quantity of twentieth-century graphics. If "Yellow Submarine" were not so good-natured and—despite all the "artistic" effects—unpretentious, one would be embarrassed; its chic style can't support much more than the message of "love." You could almost make a game of how many sources you can spot, but, because of the giddy flower-childishness of it all, this not only seems all right but rather adds to one's pleasure. The eclecticism is so open that it is in itself entertaining—we have the fun of a series of recognitions. A little Nolde here, a bit of Klimt there, the hotel corridor from "The Blood of a Poet," with "The Mysteries of China" now become Indian, and good old Birnam Wood moving once again—it's like spotting the faces in Tchelitchew's "Cache-Cache."

The movie is extravagantly full of visual puns and transformations, but not too full (though there are places where one might wish for an extra instant to savor what is going by). The Beatles' non-singing voices are not their own, but they're good. The verbal jokes invite comparison with Edward Lear but can't sustain it. The movie seems to get its spirit back each time one of the Beatles' songs (sung by the Beatles) comes on (there are ten, three of them new), and this is not just because of the richer verbal texture but because the animation, ingenious as it is, is not much more than a shifting series of illustrations. The movie works best when the images (even though they don't quite connect with the meaning of the lyrics) are choreographed to the music.

In animation, anything can turn into anything else, and children love it for the illogic that is a visual equivalent of their nursery rhymes and jingles and word games. Recent American commercial cartoons have been so undistinguished visually and limited so much of the time to the reversibility of destruction that "Yellow Submarine," with its bright Pop flourish and inventiveness, restores the pleasure of constant surprise, which has always been the fun of good animation. Yet what will probably make "Yellow Submarine" a great success is its superlogical development: the Beatles walk by, and flowers grow out of them. They're no longer the rebellious, anarchistic Pop idols that parents were at first so outraged by; they're no longer threatening. They're hippies as folk heroes, enshrined in our mythology. The name "Beatles" no longer suits them; they have become quaint—such gentle, harmless Edwardian boys, with one foot in the nursery and the other in the boutique, nothing to frighten parents. The movie is a nostalgic fantasy—already nostalgic for the happy anarchism of "love." It finally goes a bit flat because love is no longer in bloom.

No doubt we can all do with less threat and less stress in the environment, and yet there's something depressing about seeing yesterday's outlaw idols of the teen-agers become a quartet of Pollyannas for the wholesome family trade. And if one looks at a list of the merchandise being promoted in conjunction with the movie, one may long for the simpler days of Mickey Mouse watches. That omnivorous consumer better get ready to suck up seven different "Yellow Submarine" books and a die-cast submarine and clocks and masquerade costumes and sweatshirts and stuffed dolls and inflatable swim toys and posters and lunchboxes and pillows and aprons and lamps and about fifty other products. Wasn't all this supposed to be what the Beatles were *against*? The way attacks on the consumer society become products to be consumed is, to put it delicately, discouraging. The Beatles had already become part of a comic-strip world in "Help!" By now, they have replaced Mickey Mouse as



"You lack ambition, Newman. I prize that in a flunky."

HALLE'S

CANDY STRIPES AND RUFFLES
As pretty a bit of girl talk as Santa ever concocted. Acetate surah puffed with Kodel® polyester in a lime, rose, magenta mix, P-S-M-L sizes 25.00 (Short robe 18.00). Loungewear, Cleveland and Akron, Ohio; Erie, Pa.
Add 60¢ beyond delivery area.

symbols of the union of art and popular success. Their loss of corporeality seems perfectly natural and right.

Movies are treacherous. I don't fully respect what the director, George Dunning, has done in "Yellow Submarine;" I don't truly admire much of what the chief designer, Heinz Edelmann, has done. And yet the movie is charming. They have done what hasn't been done before in animation—at least, not on anything like this scale. And if it's derivative, so was the Disney style—though not so obviously, since it was more unified. Despite all the enthusiasm registered in the press for animated features, this is one of the handful of palatable ones.

Without human characters, an animated feature is likely to be a bore, but animated human figures have never quite worked. Erwin Panofsky provided a reasonable explanation: "The very virtue of the animated cartoon is to animate; that is to say, endow lifeless things with life, or living things with a different kind of life. It effects a metamorphosis, and such a metamorphosis is wonderfully present in Disney's animals, plants, thunderclouds, and railroad trains. Whereas his dwarfs, glamourized princesses, hillbillies, baseball players, rouged centaurs, and *amigos* from South America are not transformations but caricatures at best, and fakes or vulgarities at worst." Still, this may be a little too pat. In the arts, one can never be altogether sure that the next artist who comes along won't disprove one's formulations. "Yellow Submarine" does not exactly disprove Panofsky, but one sequence, the dancing couple for "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," is a stunning use of stylized human figures—an apotheosis of Rogers and Astaire. Rather surprisingly, Edelmann follows the Disney and U.P.A. artists very closely in most of the human characters, making the Beatles as limply boneless and sweet as Snow White, and the Meanies grisly caricatures constantly displaying their cruel teeth. Even so, they shake Panofsky's formulations a bit, because in "Yellow Submarine" this weakness is not as crucial as in the Disney films. Where there is so much to choose from and the style is a collection of rejectable items, something bad may not matter very much. Aesthetic theories don't always allow for the variety of what we enjoy; we may like a certain amount of caricature and grisliness, and I preferred Popeye and Mr. Magoo to most animal characters in cartoons, because they were wittier. The Beatles provide a frame of reference that holds this movie together, though as cartoons they are weak facsimiles, with less character than the movie's fish, who are like windup toys, and its strange made-up monsters, or even its professorial little Boob. The single worst sequence in the movie—even worse than the addendum of filmed live Beatles—is the montage of photographed cities as the cartoon Beatles leave Liverpool; it disrupts the fantasy. But raiding the arts—shooting the works in animation—succeeds. It becomes an equivalent of the way kids dress now—cutting through the anxieties about what is appropriate and the class structure of good taste, wearing what they feel like wearing, and making life a fancy-dress ball. The movie has something of this freshness; throwing in a multiplicity of styles—even a couple of startling Op sequences—is a fluke solution to a problem that more rigorous-minded men have failed to solve.

Animation is beautifully suited to the short form—to imaginative excursions of from four to eight minutes. Many people simply turn off after a few minutes of animation. But animators can't make a living out of shorts for theatres, because theatres pay almost nothing for shorts. Audiences come for the features, and theatre-bookers argue that they come in the same numbers when the short is an ad for travel that the theatre gets free. Few theatre men care enough about these captive audiences to give them a fair shake; many theatres provide shorts that their customers would not watch at home on television. It was because Disney couldn't make enough money on his shorts—even the Academy Award-winning ones that made his studio famous—that he turned to animated features. He made only a few, and there have been only a few from other sources. The reasons for their rarity are not only commercial; there are some peculiar artistic problems involved. This was obvious in Disney's first feature, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," which rescued him financially. In order to attract audiences and to hold their interest for a full-length feature, he sacrificed the simplicity and stylization that had been so marvellous in early shorts; he employed a more naturalistic style of drawing and some semi-human characters. It's probable that if he had not done so, if he had tried to tell a full-length story with the non-realistic stick figures

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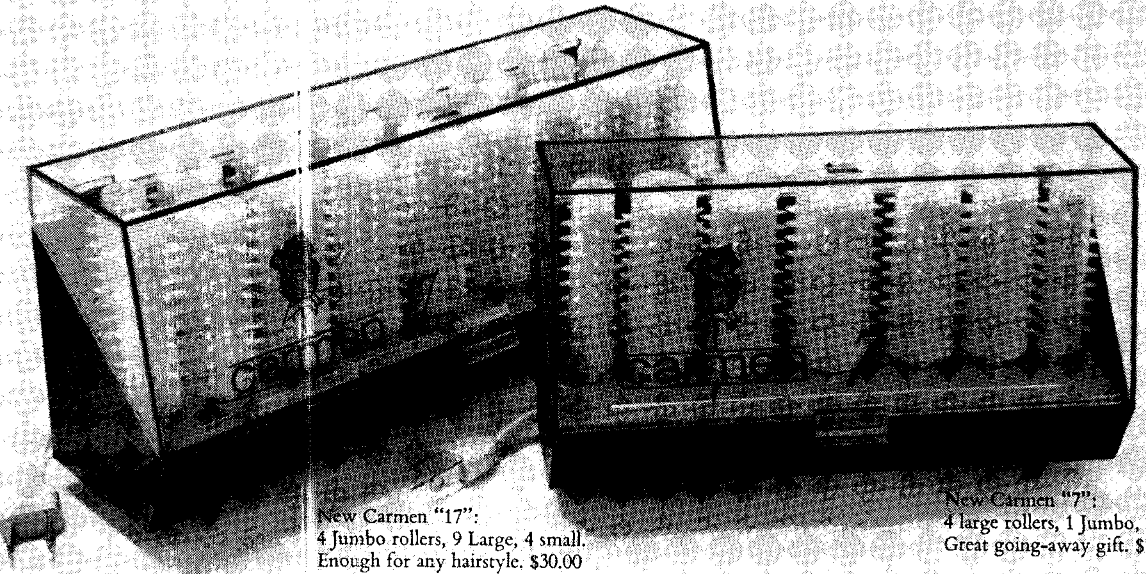

New Carmen "17":
4 Jumbo rollers, 9 Large, 4 small.
Enough for any hairstyle. $30.00

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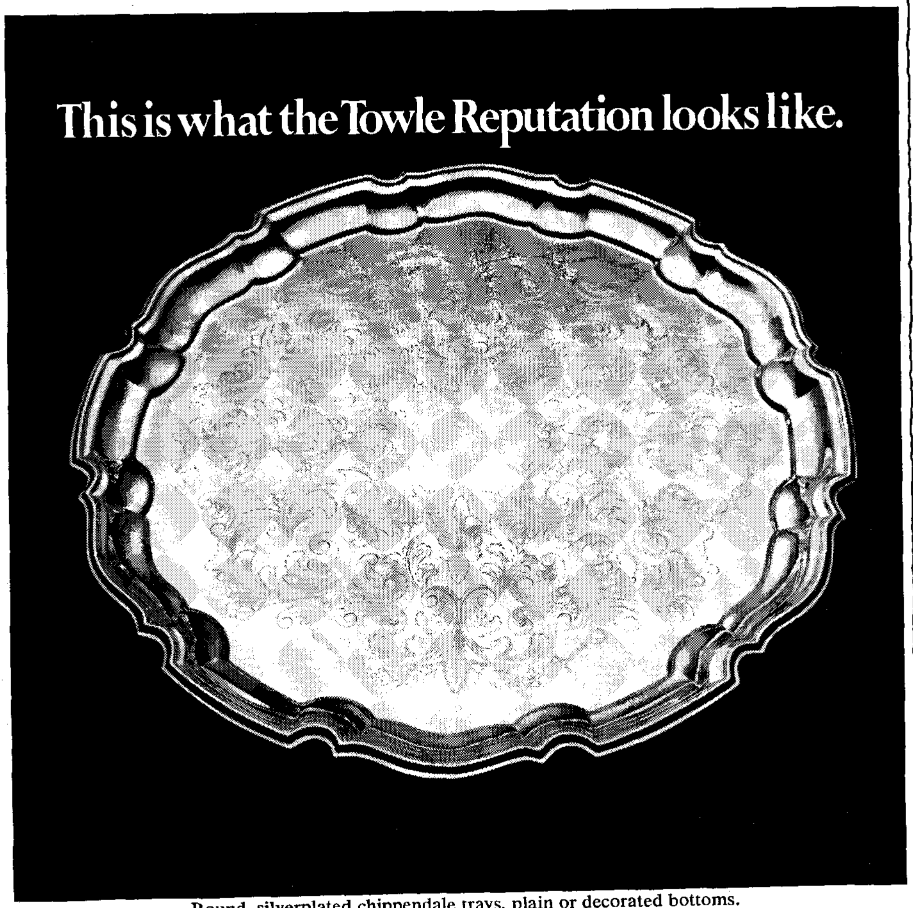

Round, silverplated chippendale trays, plain or decorated bottoms.
Available in 10¼", 12½", 14", and 16½" diameters.
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of early animation, he would have been wiped out. The delight that audiences took in the Disney animated features was that they were so much like "life;" the Disney artists were using animal and human models (his nature documentaries grew out of the photographic material gathered to help them), and the more naturalistic the animation became, the more complex and expensive it became. It is much cheaper and easier to photograph people in motion than to make drawings of people move smoothly and realistically; Disney took the logical step and began to make "live-action" movies. He had already tried to insert live actors in an animated feature, and, in the highly publicized "Fantasia"—which was really a package of shorts—he tried to get away from naturalism by combining several styles and tried to attract an audience by advertising Stokowski and the classical music and the abstract sequence. The attempts failed at the box office, and maybe they would have failed as badly, or even worse, if they had been more imaginative. Karel Zeman's "The Deadly Invention," which is probably the finest contemporary animated feature—and one that successfully integrates live actors—was not well received when it was released here, as "The Fabulous World of Jules Verne." Even with the live actors, the stylization seemed too much for audiences, and in neighborhood theatres they talked through it as they waited for the second half of the double bill—a routine live-action film that held their interest.

The Disney artists' animation was pre-Pop pop of a simple, consistent, and often stupid kind, and this was true, oddly, of "Animal Farm," the last animated feature to come from England. But Pop has now become a *style;* "Yellow Submarine" uses Pop heroes and Pop Art deliberately, and with sophistication. And it works. But it is merely a further development of what ads and commercials have already been doing. People who want to make animated features may now have an easier time getting backing, but the aesthetic problems haven't been solved. Animators can't just keep on ravaging the art of the twentieth century; after the orgy of "Yellow Submarine" it's going to look worn out. —PAULINE KAEL

•

Add bouillon and lobster pieces; add garlic, salt and pepper. Cover tightly and cook five minutes, stirring constantly. —*Milwaukee Journal.*

Good luck!

At Christmas we entertain formally.
It's an Old Forester kind of season.
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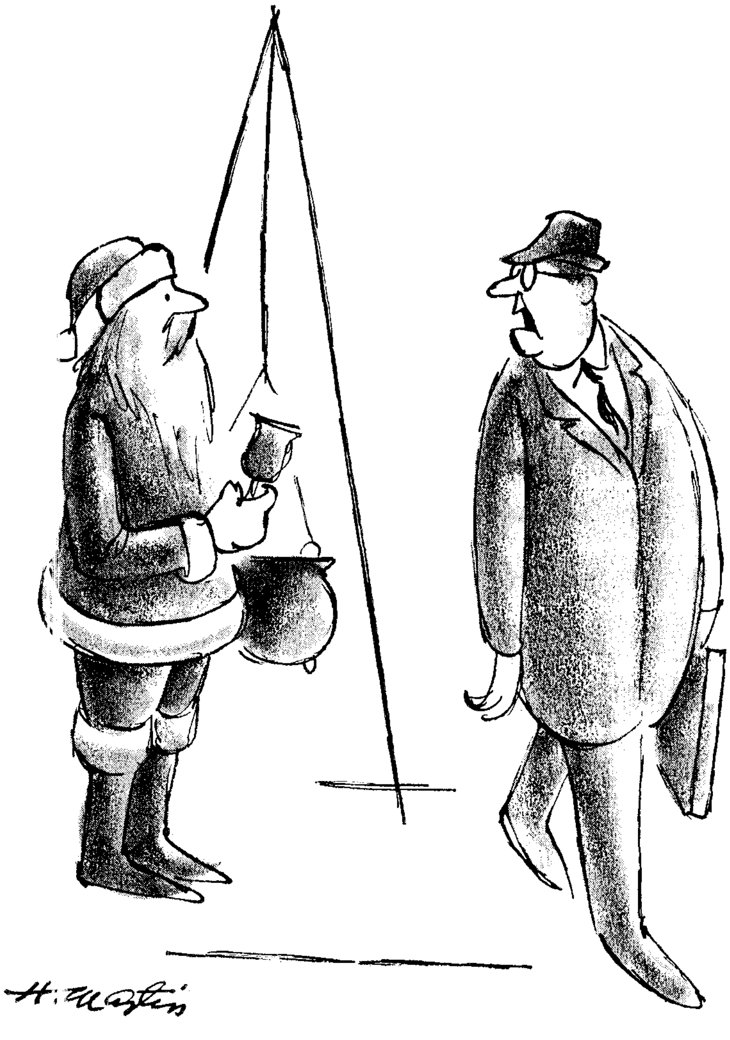
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE HOUSE

IT is said that Christmas has become too commercial—as if in Early Christian times it was just commercial enough—but the real trouble with the holiday, it seems to us, is the discrepancy between the tremendous amount of time and effort we devote to the buying of Christmas presents and the pitiful amount of pleasure our presents give. It is a fact that most Christmas presents fail to delight, and perhaps the best thing to do under the circumstances is to spend less money on them—if only because the more a gift costs, the worse the recipient feels about his ingratitude. A superfluous potholder simply doesn't cast the pall that an unwanted credenza does. Accordingly, we propose to commence our essay on Christmas presents for the house with a group of gifts so inexpensive that no one could feel bad about disliking them, and so useful and ingenious that a lot of people might actually be glad to receive them. Our first recommendation—an assortment of Rubbermaid Instant Drawer Organizers, available at most Woolworths and many department stores—seems to us an almost universally acceptable present. The organizers are unprepossessing shallow open plastic boxes that come in three sizes (three inches by nine at thirty-nine cents, and three by fifteen or six by nine at forty-nine cents) and brilliantly dispatch the problem of untidy drawers. They interlock at the sides and combine nicely to fill most drawers. We found them particularly efficacious in a kitchen drawer that used to be a horrid metallic anticline of tangled knives, whisks, peelers, skewers, spatulas, bottle openers, garlic presses, etc., and is now so orderly that we're startled whenever we open it. The boxes are also very handy for keeping stockings discrete from handkerchiefs, bills separate from love letters, and jacks out of the play dough. Possibly their color—an innocuous beige—could be improved on, but nothing else could. Another rather poky, on the face of it, but excellent present is a little bundle of twigs tied in the middle with twine and called a Swedish pot scrubber. It is for sale at La Cuisinière, 903 Madison Avenue (72nd), for fifty cents. The scrubber puts one in mind of the thorn twig that Adam Lambsbreath, of "Cold Comfort Farm," used to cletter the porridge-encrusted dishes with, to the disgust of the heroine, who wanted him to use the nice little dish mop she had bought him. After using the Swedish pot scrubber, we can see why Adam held out for the thorn twig; twigs have it all over little mops for getting stuck particles off dishes. The Swedish pot scrubber is especially good for enamelled pots and pans, which don't take kindly to SOS and scouring powder, and it has a clean, wholesome Swedish look about it that makes it pleasant to see on top of the sink.

Toast tongs, for sale at the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, 850 Lexington Avenue (64th), are two flexible pieces of wood, clinched together at one end by a solid block of wood, which work like tweezers to extract toast that is stuck in the toaster or is done before the toaster sees fit to eject it. It's a very handy device. It saves you from burning your fingers or (if you use a fork) electrocuting yourself. After owning the thing ($1.25), one wonders how one managed without it. The prospect of life without a Swedish-meatball maker—another tonglike affair, but with scoops at the ends—can be faced with equanimity by most people, but to students of literature the folder that comes with the meatball maker sold at Seabon Scandinavian Imports, 54 East 54th Street, concerning the making of "perfekt, delicious Meat Balls," may be well worth the $2.50 the device costs. "Fry hastely with butter in hot pan," the directions read, and "when meatballs are browned, put them in a *dry, varm* pan. Never let small meatballs boil in gravy, because then they will be heavy and not so good." The meatball makers are made of plastic and come with interchangeable scoops—one set for regular-size meatballs and the other for cocktail meatballs.



"Gimme, gimme, gimme!"

There is a sleek, handsome garlic press made of gray plastic at Bloomingdale's that crushes garlic as forcefully as, if not more forcefully than, the conventional metal press, and is impervious to the dishwasher. It comes from Switzerland, and costs $2. Bloomingdale's also sells a tool called a *pèle orange*, which is used for carving out neat strips of orange or lemon peel, or for creating flowerlike slices of orange or lemon. It costs $1.25, and it would be a good gift for a cook who likes to go to a lot of trouble. The Fatty butter curler, $1.75 at La Cuisinière, is another device that an indefatigable hostess might enjoy. It looks like a safety razor with a wooden handle, and you dip it in

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hot water and then rake it over a slab of butter to make little butter curls. Fatty seems to be the name of its manufacturer, rather than a comment on the people who eat butter, no less curl it. The cook who, on the other hand, likes to save herself as much effort as she can might appreciate a Wet 'n Dry Measuring Cup, which saves her the effort of either washing or drying her measuring cup while she's following a recipe that calls for both liquid and dry ingredients. It's a plastic pitcher that has a false bottom two-thirds of the way down (or up) and can therefore be turned either end up and used as a measuring cup. One end is a two-cup measure, the other a one-cup, and both ends have spouts; eighty-eight cents at Gimbels. Patriotic Cookie Cutters, as their box calls them, make cookies shaped like Washington's face in profile, Lincoln's face in profile, the American eagle, and the map of the United States. They are sold at Bloomingdale's and Stern's for around $1.25 a set, and they'd be nice to have on a rainy afternoon in a house full of bored patriotic children. Some very pretty potholders (seventy-five cents) caught our eye at Merrill Ames, 41 East 8th Street. They were made in Spain from printed cotton designed by a Swede (it's always good to know the provenance of one's potholders), and there are several prints to choose from; one that we especially liked had white hearts of two sizes closely and artfully arranged on a red or blue background.

IN recent years, department stores have taken to having what they call "storewide promotions," in the course of which merchandise from a foreign country is dispersed throughout the store and gets vigorously promoted for a few weeks; then the whole thing sort of fades away as the publicity people start work on their next "Salute to Chad" or "Festival of Paraguay." Last month, Lord & Taylor had a promotion called "Skål, Scandinavia," which was something else again, and which is not likely to be forgotten. It brought more first-rate things into one store than have been seen together for a long time, and if you have decided to ignore our gloomy predictions and intend to present your friends and kin with substantial and costly household presents, then don't fail to pay a visit to Lord & Taylor. On the eighth floor, a breathtaking collection of Scandinavian furniture is on display, and it is a far cry from the so-called Scandinavian Modern teak pieces one sees in oculists'

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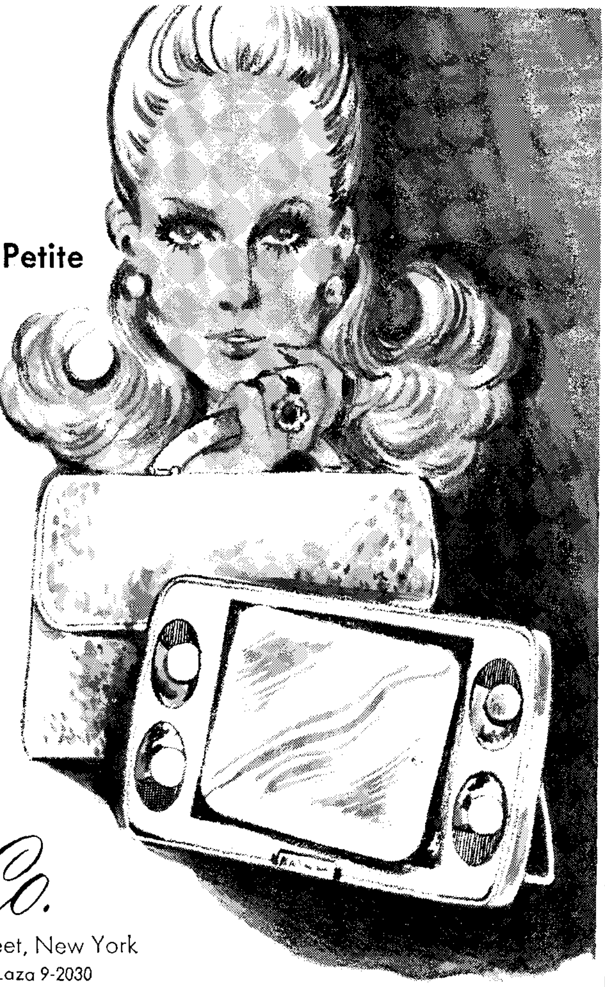

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waiting rooms. Significantly, there isn't a single teak piece in the entire collection; the woods are oak, white pine, Norwegian pine, and rosewood, and glass and tubular steel are also used. If there are qualities that the pieces have in common (they come from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Finland), they are simplicity, honesty, clarity, and lightness—qualities that are so sadly lacking in most of the modern furniture made today outside the Scandinavian countries. As one regards the Lord & Taylor collection, a phrase that recurs in "The Master Builder"—"*homes for human beings*"—comes to mind, for this is precisely where Scandinavian furniture belongs, just as so much of the furniture being made in this country and in England and Italy is obviously intended for the planet of the apes. Here are a few pieces we particularly admired: (1) A small Danish writing table, without drawers, which couldn't be plainer or more appealing. It is made of pine, stands twenty-eight and a half inches high, and is forty inches long and twenty inches wide. Its slender, square-cut legs are joined at three sides by stretchers that rest on the floor, and the fourth side is where you sit. The desk is nicely made: there are handsome finger joints at the corners, and an invisible finish gives it a very smooth surface. It costs $65, and a coffee-table version—thirty-nine and a half inches by nineteen and a half—is $55. (2) A five-foot pine trestle table from Norway that is Shaker-like in its simplicity but has a blond Nordic look because of the whiteness of its wood—which should not, however, be confused with the rawness of unfinished pine. The table is finished with a clear lacquer, and it *looks* finished. The wood will eventually darken, of course, but the immediate point is that it looks good unmellowed. The price is $125. (3) A chair from Sweden made of enamelled tubular steel and fitted with two loose corduroy cushions that come in red, blue, or yellow, to match the enamel. The chair is a version of Marcel Breuer's famous cantilevered chair of tubular steel and caning, made in 1928, but its character is entirely different. It has gaiety rather than austerity, and if the plump cushions detract from the design somewhat they add a great deal to the sitter's comfort. The price is $150. (4) A rosewood chest of drawers, called a glove chest, that sits on high legs and is composed of sixteen small drawers of various sizes whose pulls are graspable sections of thin brass rods. The piece (thirty-five and a half inches wide, thirteen inches

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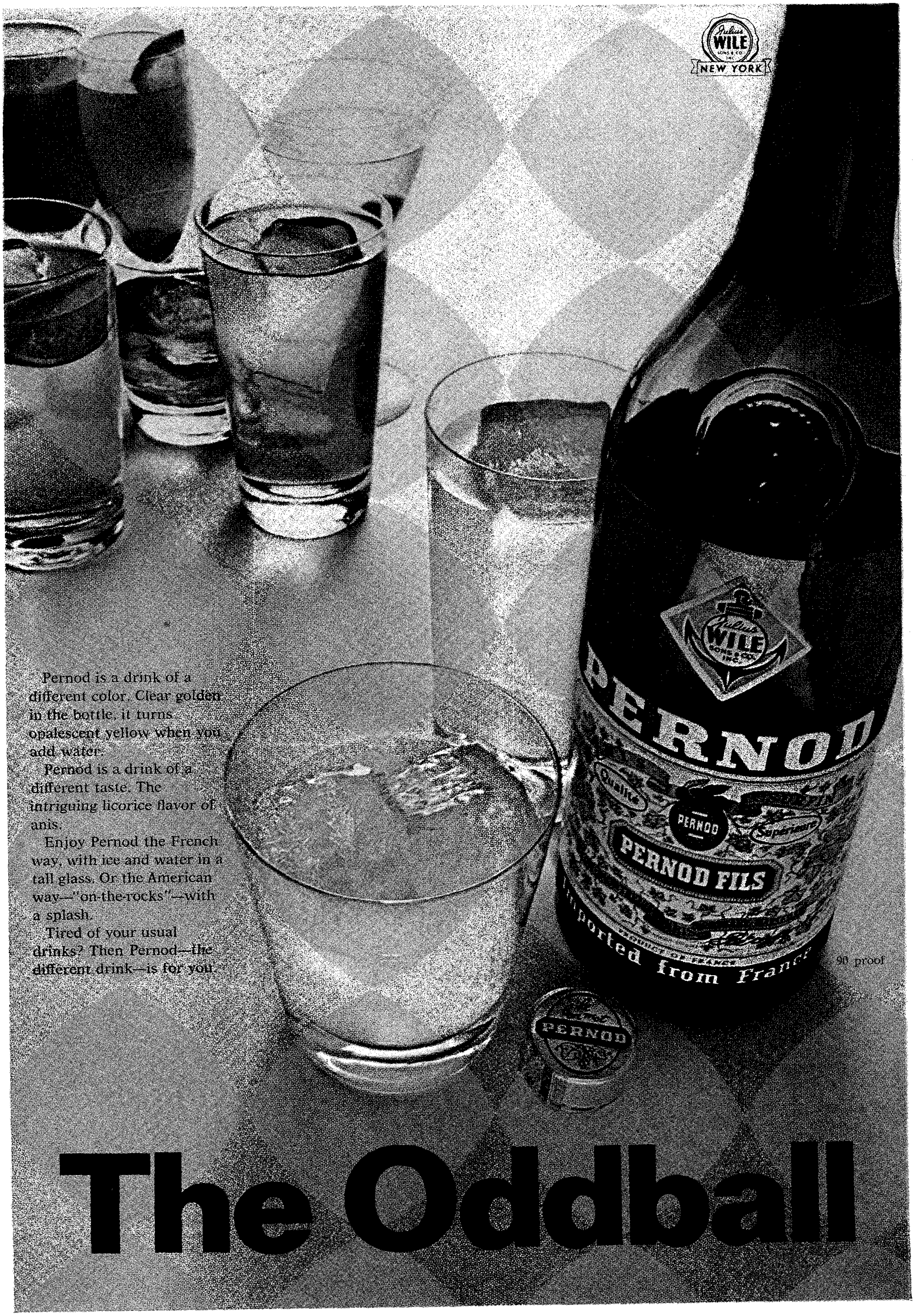
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The Oddball

deep, and fifty-three inches high without the legs, which are twenty-two inches long) has a look of rich, dark elegance, and the interesting design made on the facing surface by the outlines of the drawers is a pleasure to contemplate. People who are low on gloves could use the chest to store just about anything else, and it would be especially useful as an official repository for the necessary but unsightly small objects that collect about the house. The price is $375.

If you are thinking of giving someone a sauna for Christmas, you might look at the one Lord & Taylor has erected on its ninth floor. It is made of redwood and comes in three sizes and prices: a five-by-seven-by-seven-foot version costs $1,485; one that is four feet square and six feet two inches high is $745; and a three-by-four-foot one of the same height is $695. Mr. Charles Rowley, the head of the Arctic Sauna Company, who "virtually was brought up in a sauna" (according to the company's brochure) and looks remarkably healthy, considering, told us that the $745 model is the one that most people buy, and that the saunas take only two hours to install, indoors or out, and are equipped with heaters imported from Finland. When we confessed to Mr. Rowley that we had never taken a sauna bath, a look of incredulity passed over his features and he compassionately proposed to treat us to one in a sauna he had installed. The next day, we went over to the establishment of a masseur named George C. King, who shut us up in a small, dark, hot, hellish room and left us there for ten minutes. After this experience, we are at a loss to know why anyone who is not a masochist or a journalist would voluntarily subject himself to the ordeal of a sauna bath, but obviously a lot of people who are neither do, and we must assume that we are somewhat deficient in our capacity for enjoying the unendurable.

If you've decided not to give your friends a sauna for Christmas, you could give them some towels and soap, and we think the towels and soap that Lord & Taylor has imported from Finland are exceptionally fine. The towels have an invigorating texture made by a relief design of squares within squares, and they come in several vivid color combinations as well as in a very appealing unbleached white. A large bath sheet costs $10, a bath towel is $, and a mitt washcloth is $1. The Finnish soap, called Original Finnish Sauna Soap, has a remarkable fragrance redolent of summer and birch trees and night-blooming flowers, and unlike any

There's a coziness about some dresses. Not that they aren't festive. It's just that you wouldn't dream of changing out of them, after you've been off kicking up your heels. They curl up by the fire and purr. They go with cookies and tea, cocoa and marshmallows. Here, a narrow clean plaid on washable wool; Robins Egg Blue, Parfait Pink, Canary. 3 to 15. At good stores. About $33.

Ladybug®

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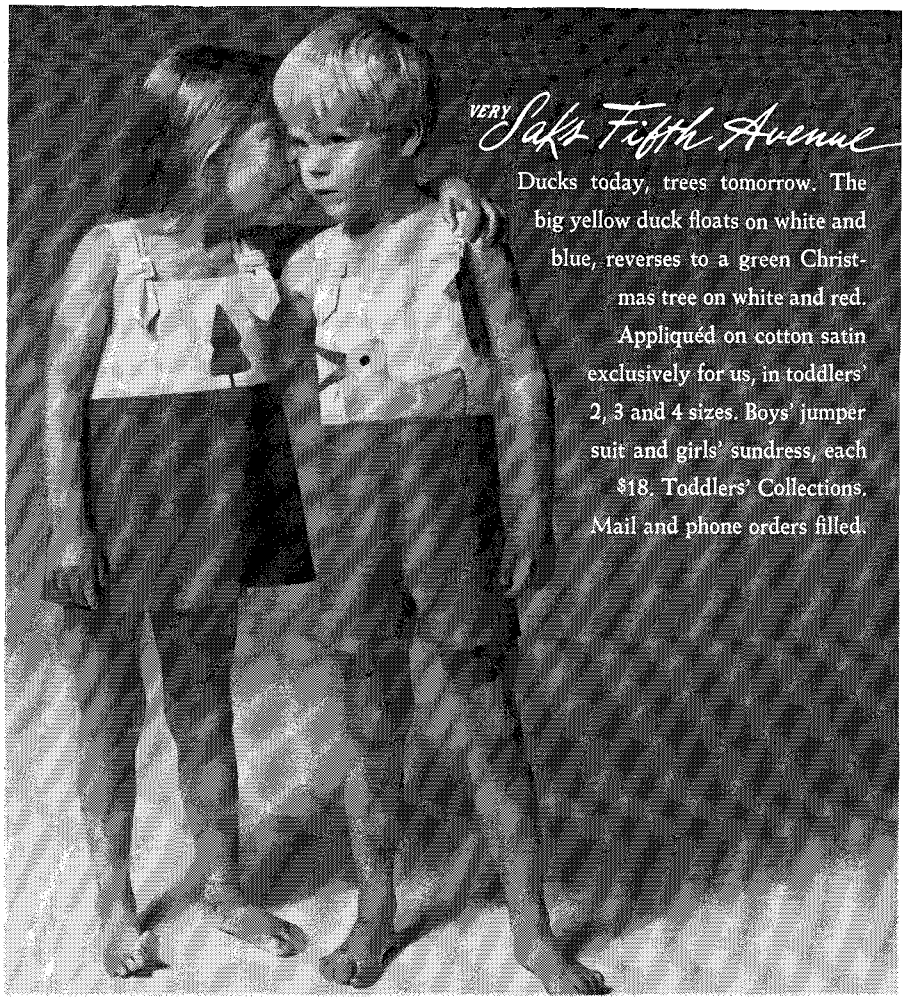
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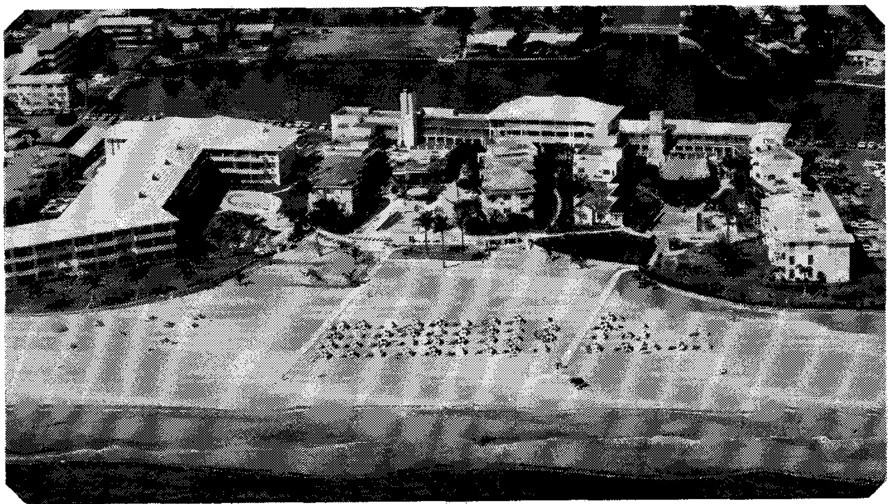
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other we know. Men can use this soap as well as women. It is shaped like a birch leaf (one of its ingredients is birch-leaf extract) and is sold in sets of three, packaged in a handmade pine box, for $5. Two other possibilities at Lord & Taylor are Danish bells and Swedish matches. The bells are silver-plated, and look like bluebells on a slender stalk ($13). The matchboxes are reproductions of old-fashioned Swedish ones, with such brands represented as The Three Girls, The Condor, The Tiger, and Moefti Mekah, and they are sold in a package of forty-eight boxes for $4. Lord & Taylor also sells a Japanese version of Swedish matchboxes, which, as you might expect, is very persuasive; a set of eight boxes for sixty cents.

BONNIERS is another outstanding source of house gifts this year. We were much taken with its collection of plastic dishes from Finland, which have the merit of looking expensive and not costing very much. (Shallow soup plates are $1.85, a small round bowl with a cover is $2.50, an eggcup is fifty cents, a square serving dish is $2.50.) The dishes come in white or orange, and they would be just right for a modern country house. Their design is simple and authoritative, and the plastic is good and hard and impervious to the dishwasher. Besides the dishes mentioned, there are platters, serving bowls, cups and saucers, and coasters. Also admirable is Bonniers' new china from France, which reminds one of the china used by French bistros in that it is heavy and solid and white and the rims of its plates and cups and bowls are decorated with two stripes, one hair-thin and the other a little wider—there being this difference: the stripes at Bonniers are orange instead of the traditional bistro black. A dinner plate costs $4.50, a demitasse and saucer are $3, a four-part French coffeepot is $11 in the two-cup size and $22 in the six-cup size, and a cream pitcher is $4. The china would lend itself more to hearty French than to dainty Schrafft's food, and it would look well on a solid modern table (such as, say, the pine trestle table we mentioned earlier).

It has always seemed foolish to us to give beautiful wine racks to people who immediately relegate them to dark closets for the sake of the wine. Bonniers now has a wine rack whose looks make a dark closet seem exactly the right spot for it—or perhaps the nursery, since it is also a kind of educational toy. It is composed of twenty

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pieces of black and orange plastic that snap together like Leggo pieces to form a wine rack that accommodates twenty-four bottles, and it would be a good present for apartment dwellers who have a lot of wine and small children; $7.50. Bonniers' instant frames are another invention that takes into account a problem of contemporary life and provides a simple, sensible solution. The problem is the awesome number of photographs and reproductions we accumulate and the limited wall space we have. The instant frame makes it possible to change framed pictures simply by sliding a piece of glass out from a plastic rectangle equipped with grooves, removing the picture, putting in another, and replacing the glass. The frame, which has an attached molding on the back for hanging, is painted black or white and comes in many sizes—from, roughly, four and three-quarters inches by six and three-quarters ($3.95) to sixteen and a half inches by twenty-three and three-eighths ($14.95). Snapshots of squinting grandchildren take on a Cartier-Bresson look of significance when presented in instant frames, and we highly recommend them as accompaniments to gifts of photographs.

We fixed our puzzled attention on an object displayed at Bonniers called a Kalliroscope, which is a flat rectangle (two and a half inches by four and a quarter) of translucent blue or red or white plastic, whose surface begins to move in an oozing pattern when you pick the thing up. There is a special liquid trapped in the plastic, we learned from a booklet written by Paul Matisse, grandson of the painter and inventor of the Kalliroscope, and what makes it move is the slight change in temperature produced by the touch of the hand. "The Kalliroscope is like the sea and the sky," Mr. Matisse asserts at the beginning of his booklet, and he continues, "As with many life-oriented things, a long explanation isn't necessary, for in the end you will make your own discoveries." One discovery (which Mr. Matisse fortunately doesn't leave the purchaser of the Kalliroscope to make for himself) is the fact that if the Kalliroscope is dropped and it breaks, the liquid, which is mainly composed of perchloroethylene, a solvent used in dry cleaning, gives off fumes that can be harmful if inhaled, and that if a child breaks the Kalliroscope and tastes the liquid he will be in serious trouble. Small children shouldn't be let anywhere near the Kalliroscope. It costs $15, and Bonniers also sells a little electric stand that keeps it warm

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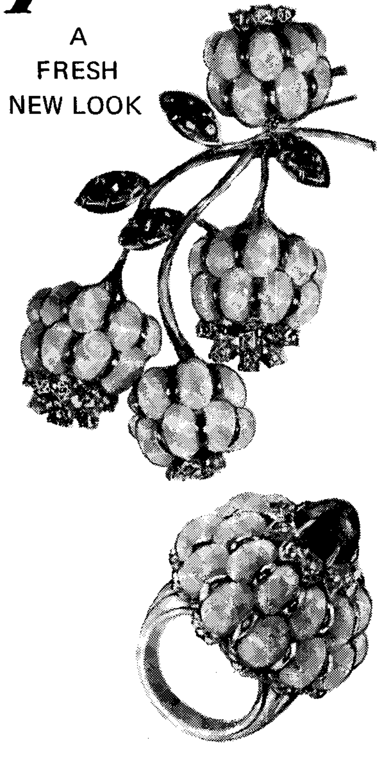

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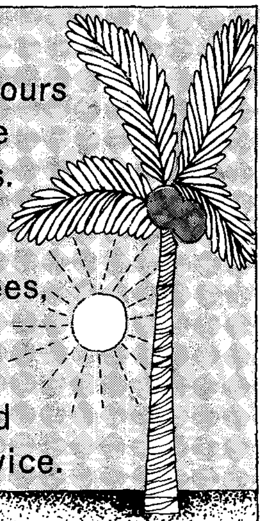

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and in constant slow motion; $10. "The Kalliroscope is a reminder that the only inevitability is change, and that however beautiful any one form may be, time will not only replace it but ultimately surpass it with others of even greater perfection," Mr. Matisse writes, and a few pages later he likens the Kalliroscope to the Second Law of Thermodynamics, which he interprets as meaning that "all systems naturally diminish in energy differentiation through time, and in particular that our greatest system, the known universe, is now following suit toward an ultimately featureless state of total entropy, from which no new forms are expected to rise." What a disheartening prospect. Let us turn, while we still can, to some stolid squat canisters that are made of heavy frosted glass, whose large mouths are stopped with large corks, and that come in pint, quart, and two-quart sizes, which cost, respectively, $4, $5, and $6. The canisters are sold in brown paper bags that have large black Roman numerals on them, but no one at Bonniers could tell us what the numbers signify.

On the ninth floor at Gimbels, we paused to examine a display of modern furniture designed by Dieter Schempp of West Germany and to read a sign that said the display itself was "presided over and designed by Mr. Schempp and his lovely wife, Ingeborg," and that "young Mr. Schempp calls his famous chairs 'a demountable seating program.' " The chairs—in case their fame hasn't reached you yet—are made of wood and canvas, and easily come apart so that they can be stuffed back into their original five-and-a-half-inch-high boxes, which, in turn, can be stuffed into a car. The design is simple and clever: between two square frames of wood, which constitute the arms and legs of the chair, a piece of canvas is slung on metal rods, and then two loose cushions are set on the canvas, one for sitting on and the other to lean against. The chair has a spare, square-cut elegance, and is quite comfortable. The one in the display had blue canvas and the wood was stained blue to match, but it is also available in natural wood and with canvas of many other colors. The price is $69. Mr. Schempp has also designed a side table that consists of a square of heavy glass resting on two of his chair frames. The price is $29.95.

A FEW months ago, we heard about an antique shop on West Eighty-sixth Street called the Augean Stable, but by the time we got over t

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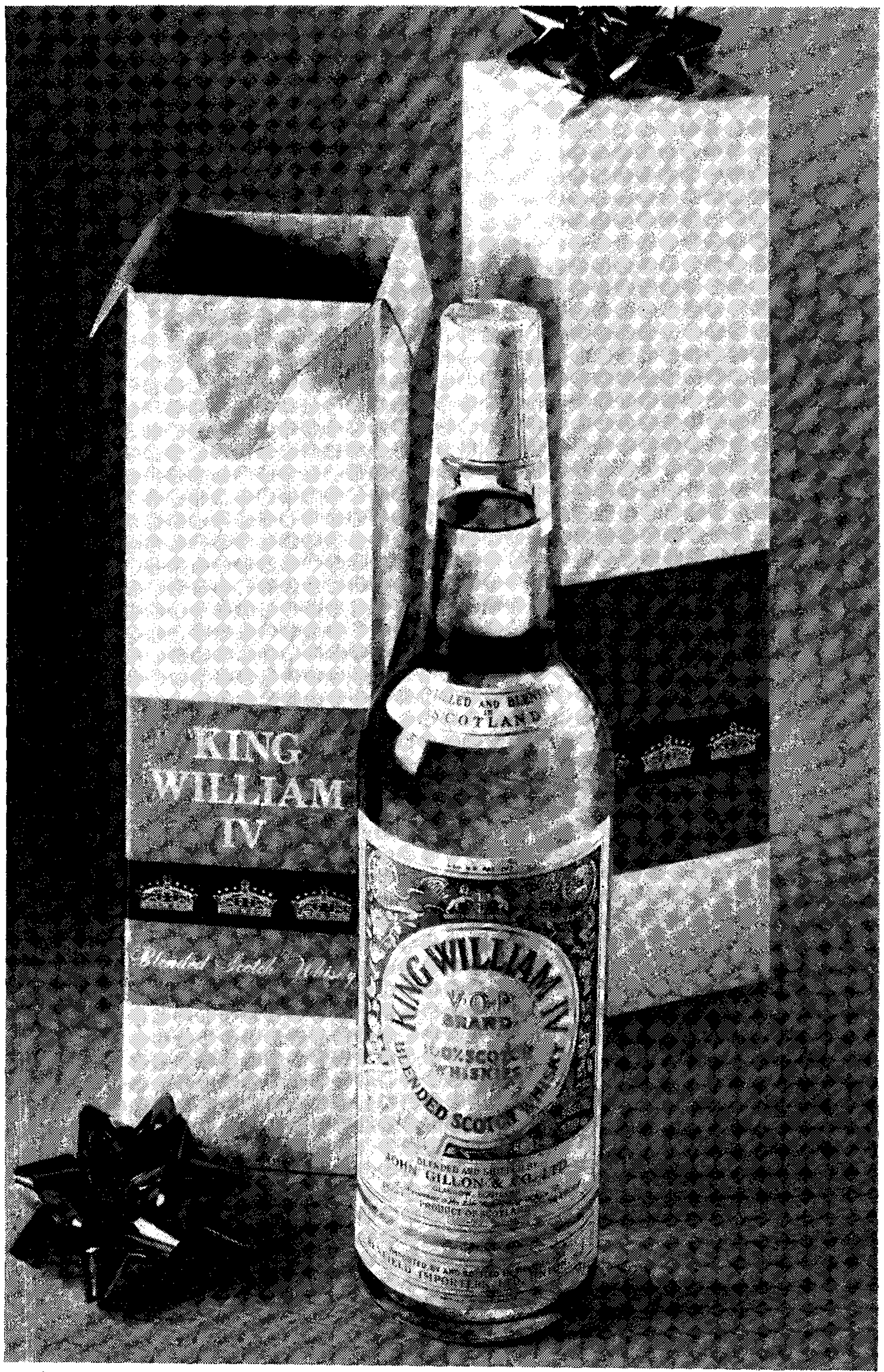

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Styled by Dorian

the place, a couple of weeks ago, it had gone out of business, and all that remained of the enterprise were a few faint letters of the shop's sign and a terse message chalked on the wall that read "HERCULES WAS HERE." Which brings us to an inordinately well-designed dustpan we saw at Bloomingdale's, made in Germany of stainless steel and priced at $5.50. The dustpan is very light and wieldy, is edged with rubber, and is the sort of thing one would imagine they cleaned the Bauhaus with. Another utilitarian object that you don't often see made in stainless steel is the watering can. At the Sutton Flower Shop, 947 First Avenue (52nd), we came upon some of the most beautiful watering cans we have ever seen, handwrought of stainless steel and copper by a local craftsman whose name the proprietors of the flower shop understandably won't divulge, and of a size that would gratify people who own a large number of houseplants. Most watering cans seem intended for people who own a couple of cacti. One of the Sutton cans holds more than a gallon of water and costs $39.50, a slightly smaller one costs $35.95, and a two-quart specimen costs $22.50. There are many sizes and shapes, but all have long, attenuated spouts, curved copper handles, and gainly proportions. An outstanding local craftsman whose name we *can* give you is a Mrs. Florence Peto, who does crewelwork of an extraordinary degree of proficiency for the Elder Craftsmen Showcase. We admired some pillows Mrs. Peto had worked with various lovely multicolored flowers and wreaths that look like patterns in books on needlework, and it did not surprise us to learn that Mrs. Peto has written books on needlework. If all the pillows have been sold when you get to the Elder Craftsmen Showcase, Mrs. Peto will take orders, which, of course, can't be filled in time for Christmas, but the shop will issue gift certificates for the price of the pillow ($42.50), and the recipient of this nice gift can come in and specify the colors and the type of design she'd like to have on her pillow. We also very much admired a quilt that another elder craftsman had decorated with cross-stitching in green, brown, and orange thread on an off-white cotton background. The quilt measures seventy-two inches by ninety-eight, and costs $50. It looks very cozy and old-fashioned, and it, too, can be made to order after Christmas. At Judith Garden, 36 East 57th Street, we saw some interesting pillows made by a lady who employs the rare old

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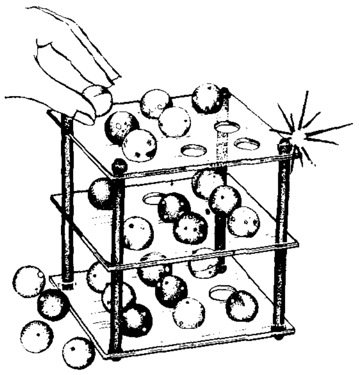

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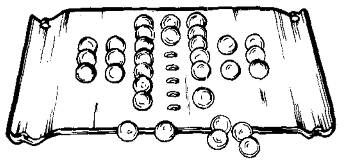

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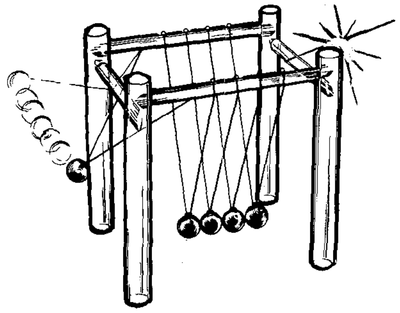

ACTION—REACTION. Let one ball strike; one ball bounces off the other end; two and 2 and so on. Lucite frame 20.00
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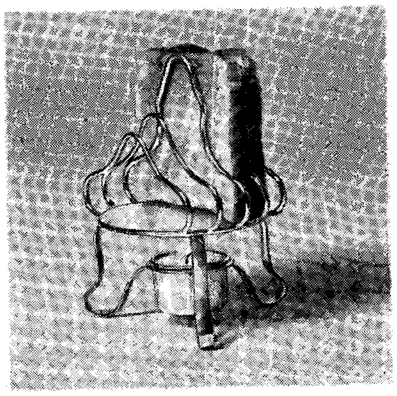

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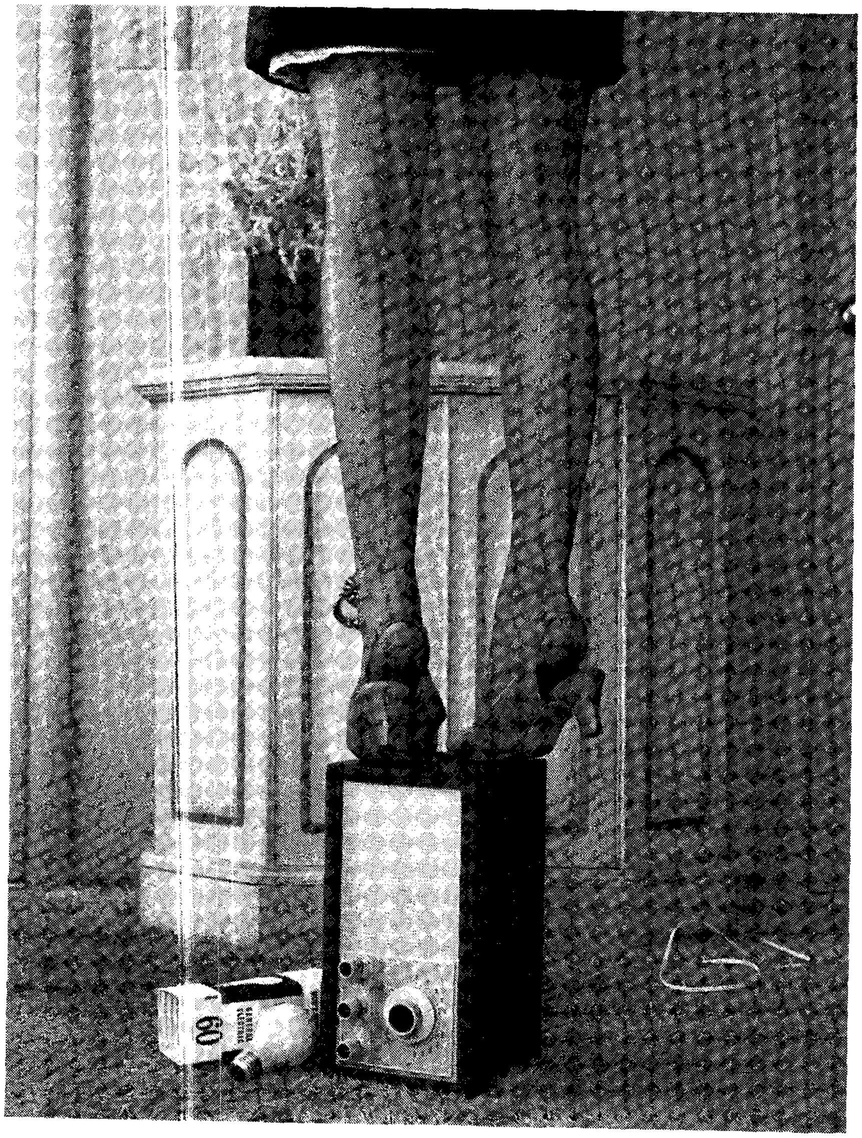

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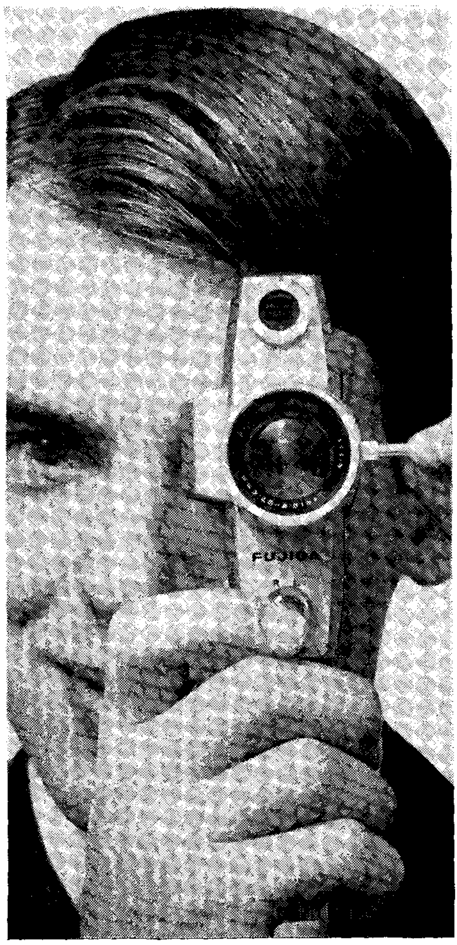

technique of painting on velvet. The pillows depict a variety of subjects, very prettily and realistically painted: a pot of flowers, a pair of goldfish, a hare crouching over some carrots and nibbling their leaves. The pillows come in various rectangular sizes, and prices start at $195. They can't be dry-cleaned, and we would hesitate to give them to a family with children or animals, but they'd be excellent presents for maiden aunts and effete young men.

A LETTER from a reader describing the terrible time she has in the morning squeezing oranges by hand for her family of eight made us wonder whether we hadn't been hasty in dismissing the electric orange-juice squeezer as a gratuitous and decadent appliance, and after trying out an electric squeezer made by the Braun Company, of West Germany, we guess we had. The Braun squeezer is a lovely machine. It is so simple to operate that a five-year-old can make himself a glass of juice with its aid, and it has the sleek, dashing good looks that distinguish all the Braun appliances. All you do is plug in the machine and press *half an orange down on the reamer* that sits atop a knob arising from the motor base, whereupon the reamer begins to rotate as the motor makes a discreet whirring sound. Juice descends through a strainer into a squat cylindrical container with spouts. The strainer and the container have a hole in the middle and can be slipped on and off the base. (You're undoubtedly wondering how the juice stays in a container with a hole in the middle of it, and we wish you weren't.) All the parts are made of hard white plastic and can be put in the dishwasher. The juicer costs $30, and is available where Braun appliances are sold, which is just about everywhere. Another giftworthy appliance made by Braun is its new electric hand beater. It costs $20, which is a lot more than most hand beaters cost, but it has a lot more power than most hand beaters have. The reason for the extra power is the dough hook attachment that comes with the Braun beater, which a weaker motor couldn't propel through bread dough. Another—minor—advantage of the Braun beater is that the whisks (which snap on and off) are thinner than those on other beaters, and therefore easier to divest of what's being beaten. Women who don't make bread would probably be just as well off with a less *luxe* beater, since the extra power doesn't make any measurable

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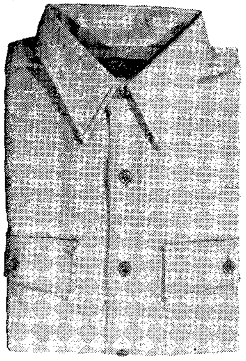
Bean's Chamois Cloth Shirt



Sueded cotton. Looks and feels like high grade chamois leather. Machine washable and is more durable than wool. Mr. Bean personally used this shirt on his hunting and fishing trips. Colors: Tan and Bright Red. Sizes 14½ to 19. Price $6.85 postpaid.

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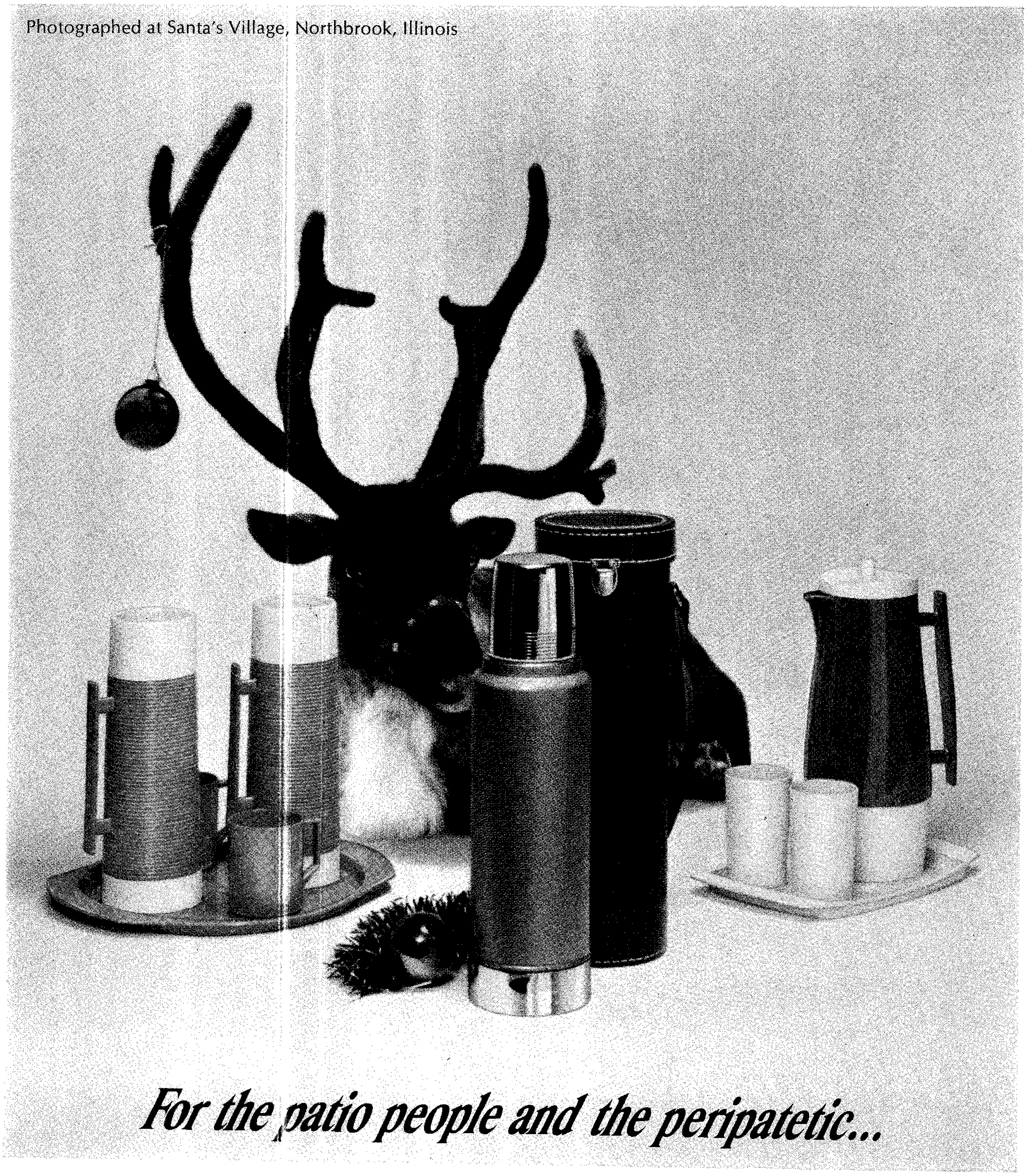

Photographed at Santa's Village, Northbrook, Illinois

Give a vacuum-insulated Dewar flask . . . in three body styles for diverse purposes. Left: **Aladdin's Breakfast in Bed® thermos ensemble** . . . perfect A.M. eye-opener . . . keeps coffee made the night before fresh and hot. Center: **Aladdin's all-steel Stanley® thermos kit** for the outdoor type, whatever the motivation. Right: **Aladdin's Beverage Butler® thermos pitcher** . . . the entertaining way to keep *any* concoction hot or cold without fire and ice At knowledgeable stores almost everywhere.

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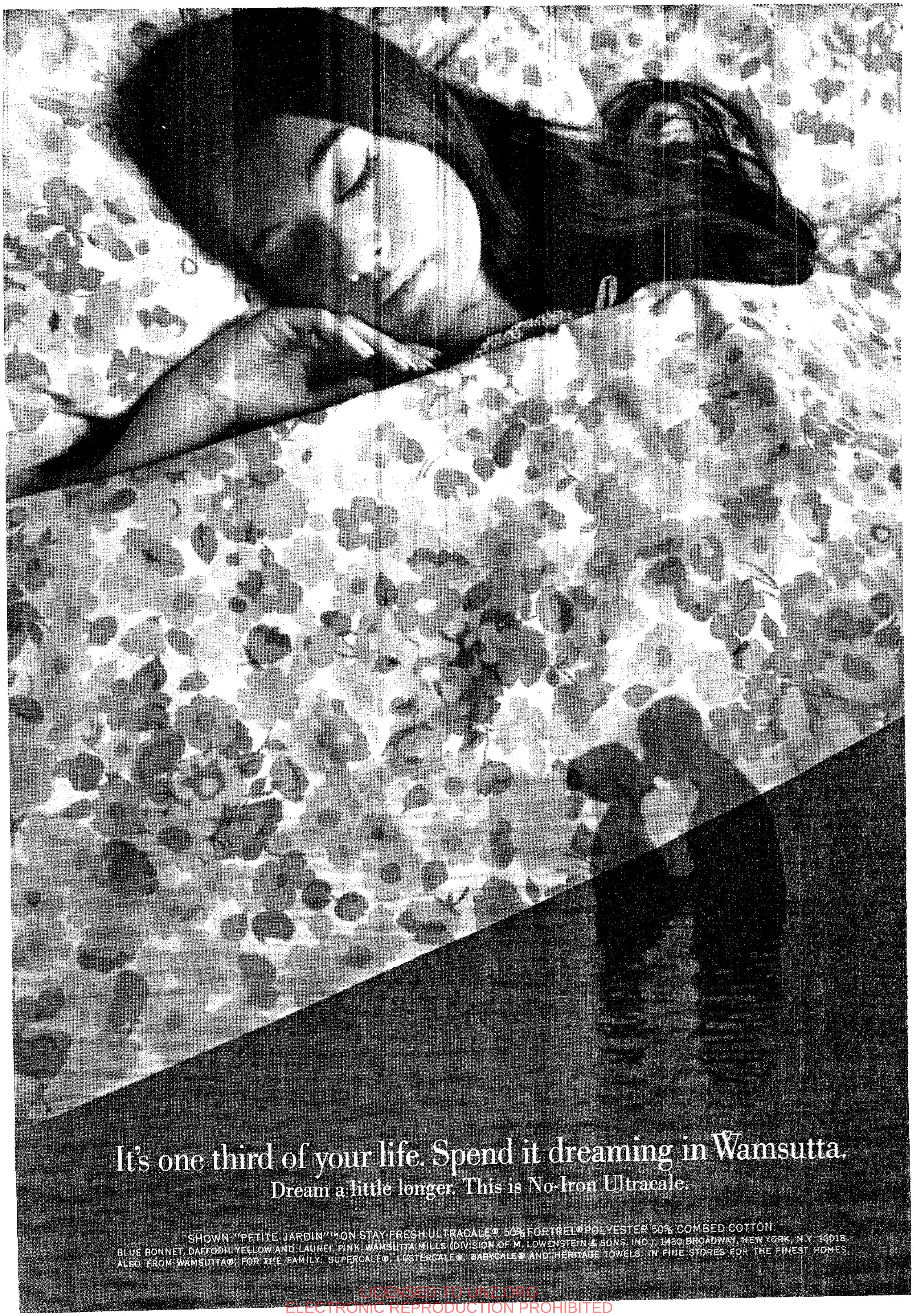
Aladdin's thermosware


It's one third of your life. Spend it dreaming in Wamsutta.
Dream a little longer. This is No-Iron Ultracale.

SHOWN: "PETITE JARDIN"™ ON STAY-FRESH ULTRACALE®, 50% FORTREL® POLYESTER 50% COMBED COTTON. BLUE BONNET, DAFFODIL YELLOW AND LAUREL PINK. WAMSUTTA MILLS (DIVISION OF M. LOWENSTEIN & SONS, INC.), 1430 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. ALSO FROM WAMSUTTA®, FOR THE FAMILY: SUPERCALE®, LUSTERCALE®, BABYCALE® AND HERITAGE TOWELS. IN FINE STORES FOR THE FINEST HOMES.

difference in the beating of egg whites or the creaming of butter and sugar.

The appliance that we dote on above all others is the Kartoffelskræller, which is a large plastic pot with a clear-plastic domed lid and a crank at the side, into which you pour some water and a pound or two of dirty, unpeeled potatoes; after turning the crank for a minute you look through the lid and observe that the potatoes are all peeled. The pot contains a rotating disc and a lining that are both made of a tough, abrasive material, and as the crank turns, the potatoes undergo a kind of keelhauling as they are jounced against the abrasive inner surfaces. The skins get so finely ground in the process that they can be rinsed away with the water, and the potatoes can be deposited in the lid, which is thoughtfully perforated, and there washed, and trimmed of eyes and scars that the machine is not equipped to remove. It is for sale at Seabon Scandinavian Imports, and costs $1[illegible].95, which seems a small price to pay for never having to peel another potato.

ANTIQUE dealers tend to run out of space after being in business for a few years, and their shops become so crowded and piled up that they positively frighten the people who come into them. John Gordon, an antique dealer who has been in business for four years, has no space problem whatever; in fact, his small second-story shop at 313 West 57th Street looks even emptier now than it did when he first opened it. The reason for this is that Mr. Gordon is so loath to part with the American folk-art objects he is in the business of selling that he keeps most of them hidden in closets, and puts things up for sale only (one surmises) when the rent is due or his wife needs a new dress. His reluctance is understandable. Mr. Gordon is an authority on American folk art, and everything in his shop is either beautiful or rare or interesting, and some things are of museum quality. One such object that we inspected on a recent visit was a watercolor-and-ink painting of a dragon, on which the anonymous folk artist had inscribed the words "Flying Green Dragon," and which is a great rarity. There is a dragon like it in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and there is reason to think that both dragons were done by the same artist. Mr. Gordon's dragon is beautifully designed and colored, and it has a somewhat Oriental character, as if the artist had got his inspiration from a figure on a Japanese silk robe. The creature has a

The Perfect Martini.

You deserve nothing less than perfection. So we've gone through a little trouble for you.
We've taken an extra step and run our vapors
through our botanicals to create a gin so gentle, you can drink it straight.
For a superb martini, take four parts Bombay Gin. And one part Bombay Vermouth.
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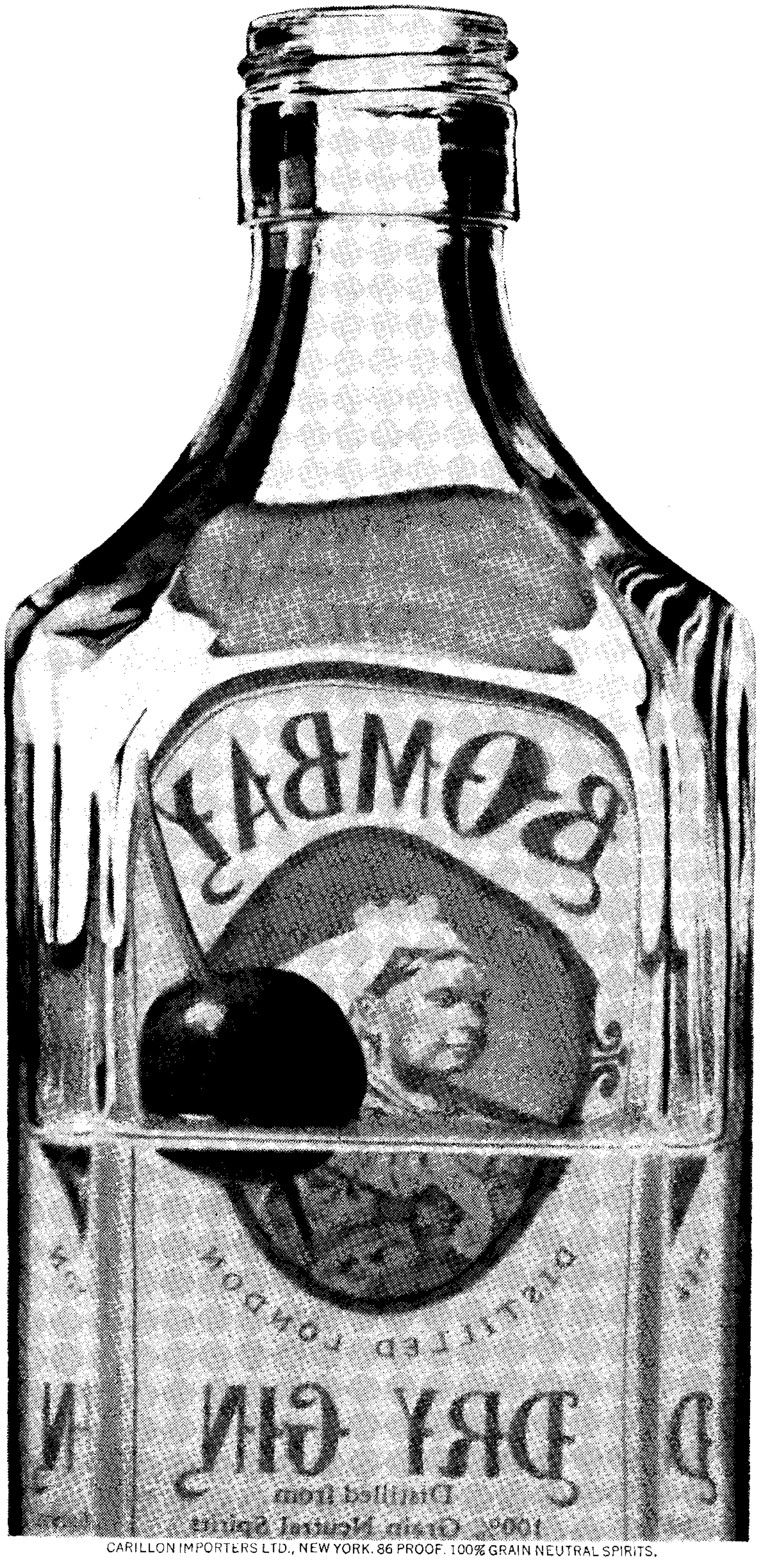

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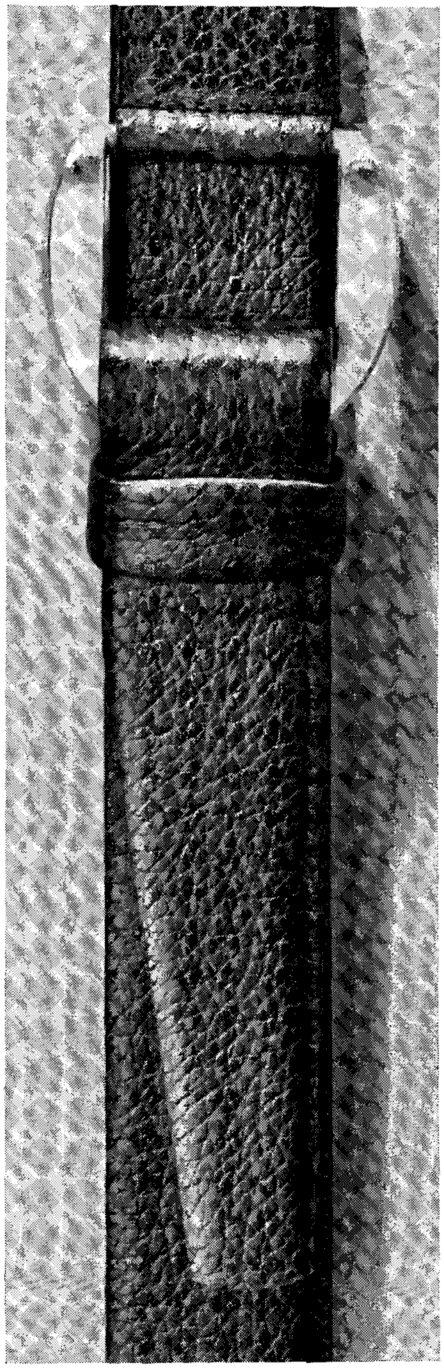

"LE REPLI" BY LANVIN OF PARIS

in shrunken grained calfskin. Brown or black, $12.50. Just one of twelve rare designs in the elegant Lanvin collection of precious leathers. Buckled in solid brass, and gold plated. Detailed workmanship and insistence on unequalled perfection makes this collection the last word in belts for the distinguished gentleman. $7.50 to $40.00. Ask for Lanvin by Greenhall at better stores everywhere.

LANVIN

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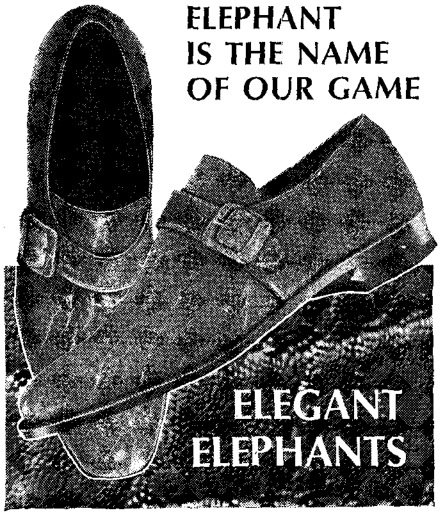
blue-green scaly body, large blue wings, a red out-thrust tongue, and a red tip of tail, and he looks more like a rearing than a flying dragon. The price of the picture is $1,500. Another rare object is a life-size painted carving of a foxhound, done with utter realism—and probably a portrait of an actual dog. The dog sits as if waiting for a command, and it's a *little* disconcerting to come across such a large, lifelike creature sitting on the floor of an antique shop; $950. We next inspected a reverse painting on glass of a young Napoleon wearing epaulets and looking very Early American. The portrait is in a frame that measures nine and a half inches by eleven and a half, and the price is $110. Reverse painting is a strange technique: the artist works from behind the glass, as it were, and paints things first that the artist working on canvas or paper does last. Eyes are done before flesh, epaulets before the coat. We looked up to admire a graceful chandelier made of six slender arms of forged iron that sinuously extend from a center post of turned maple and are equipped with removable tin candle holders. The conjunction of delicate, undulating metal with solid, mellow maple is very pleasing, and the chandelier looks almost modern in its confident simplicity. It was made in the Revolutionary War period, and costs $1,100. Below the chandelier sits a Shaker stove—an iron box twenty inches long, eleven inches wide, and eight inches deep. It is set on eight-inch legs and has a curved platform extending a few inches beyond its door, and on the opposite side it has a flue. It is austere and handsome, and will heat a room; $265.

IN vivid contrast to Mr. Gordon's selective, sparely furnished establishment, Gemini Antiques, 1269 Madison Avenue (91st), looks like the habitation of a potty Victorian collector, complete with palm tree, parrot, and cases full of curious artifacts. The shop sells, according to its card, "primitive and naïve art, period and country furniture, archaeological objects, and camp," and it is a good place to go if you're bent on giving someone an odd gift. While there, we were struck (literally) with a "Newly Invented Magneto-Electric Machine for Nervous Diseases," which costs $80 and gives small electric shocks. One of the owners of the shop demonstrated the machine for us on a Dalton schoolboy who hangs around the shop after school, who gamely electricized himself with a little metal



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Hunting World's exclusive Genuine Black Elephant Leather . . . soft, supple, lightweight . . . never requires shining. Elephant covered buckle! Leather soles; Sulvaprene heels. So hard to wear out your Grandchildren may have to give them away. State Regular Shoe Size.

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A sitting in black and white plus six glossies, only $42.50. Color from $150.

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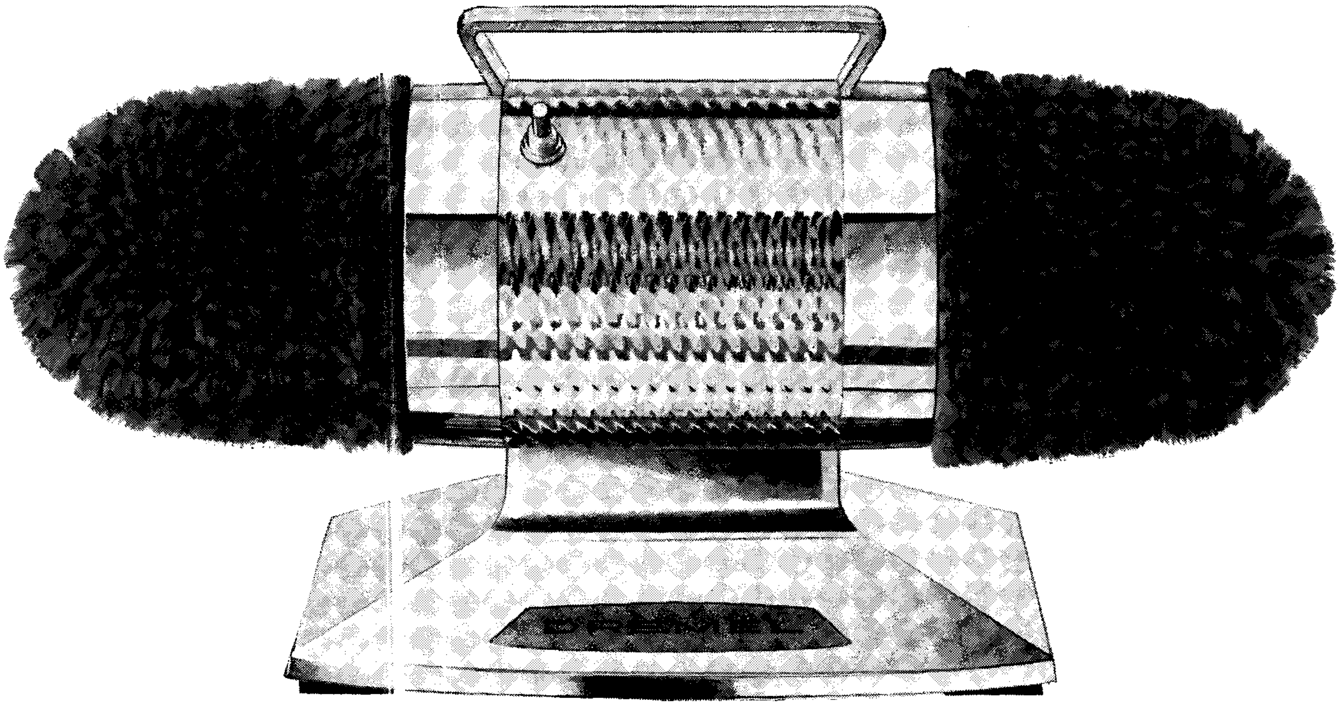
Dremel shoe polisher puts an end to...

dull shoes, dirty polishing cloths, aching backs, missing shoe brushes, stained fingers



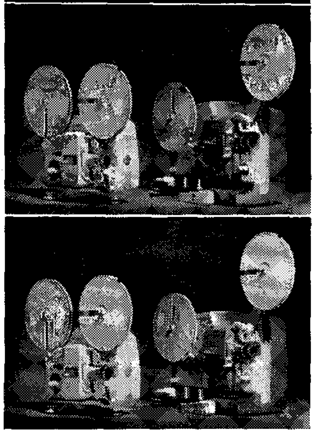
and gift problems...

This pleasantly civilized device makes that routine but annoying task effortless and a most pleasant. Further, it's not the kind of thing you use once or twice and then forget. Because once you get together, you'll take an instant shine to it . . . and vice versa.

If you're the sort of man who's a foot tapper, there's a model with a foot switch. If you're a button pusher, try the polisher with the button in the handle. Either way, we suspect you're the sort of man who cares about his appearance. That's why the Dremel Shoe Polisher is fun to give, but better to get. How do you do that? Just hint around a bit. You'll find three models from $29.95 to $39.95 at better stores everywhere . . . or write: Dremel, Racine, Wis. 53401.

Bolex makes a sound silent projector and a silent sound projector.

Bolex makes a sound silent projector and a silent sound projector.



Making a sound silent projector, like the Bolex 18-5 Super 8, involves designing the most light-weight compact body, the most precise automatic threading, optical perfection, and maximum brilliance. For frills, the Bolex 18-5 has an extraordinary ultra-slow motion at 5 frames per second which permits detailed analysis of movement. Then there's instant switching from forward to reverse projection. The Bolex 18-5 is available with 15, 20 or 25mm lenses or versatile zoom lens. All four lenses have a remarkable f/1.3 aperture, for more light on your screen.

As they used to say back in 1910, this projector's sound as a dollar. And being a truly great silent projector, it's soundless.

Making a silent sound projector involves removing the usual static sound track you're used to hearing every time you project a film. With the Bolex SM-8 you get faithful sound reproduction. And you can record or do a mix in the completely transistorized projector amplifier. (The SM-8 comes with a microphone.)

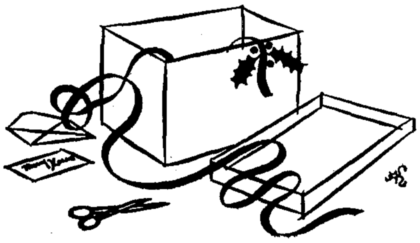
Along with silent sound, you get bright, sharp pictures because of the quartz iodine lamp and Paillard 15, 20, 25mm or zoom lenses. Choice of speeds—18 or 24 frames per second.

The Bolex "silent sound" projector lets you really hear your soundtrack. And from only $379.50, it's a very sound deal.

For folder and name of Bolex dealer nearest you, write to Paillard Incorporated, 1900 Lower Road, Linden, New Jersey 07036. **BOLEX**

roller attached to the machine by a wire while the owner turned a crank and we turned pale. But the boy suffered no harm, and we must say neither did we when we dutifully lent ourselves to this idiocy. The machine was made by an English surgical-instrument maker named William Skidmore, whose address, we learned from the label on the inside of the lid of the impressive mahogany box the machine comes in, was Cemetery Road, Sheffield. Another good gift for someone jaded might be a Mexican coin-operated stereopticon that accepts twenty-centavo pieces and shows murky nineteenth-century views of New York City. It costs $150, and several slides and one twenty-centavo piece are included. Some other things we noted were a tiny long-necked rosewood bottle whose top screws off and which still contains bits of the glove powder it was made to hold ($15); handsome eighteenth-century Mexican wrought-iron barbecue skewers ($20 and up); a stuffed goat that nods its head when wound up ($150); a French puppet stage, prettily painted with flowers and equipped with an embroidered silk curtain ($120); and a 1923 Philco radio that still plays but, alas, only 1968 programs ($65).

Eris Antiques, 997 Second Avenue (53rd), is another rich source of peculiar presents. There are some good-looking painted wooden plaques hanging on the wall here that have a small, inconspicuous square notch on the bottom and that used to be the doors of beehives. We take it that the notch was for the bees to get in and out of the hive through and the larger opening covered by the door was for the beekeeper's hand. The plaques (or doors) measure five and a half inches by twelve, and they depict animals in an engaging folk-art style, in colors that have faded and undoubtedly look better now than they did when they were first painted. Some of the animals wear clothes and recall Beatrix Potter's animals, and others are in their natural state; the plaques cost from $25 to $35. Eris has a large collection of the minuscule painted bronze figures, mostly animals, called Vienna Bronzes, which many people collect and cherish for their remarkable (considering that



THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE
The fur hat is what's going on now, looking right and feeling warm. This is the Ambassador, of brown-dyed ranch mink sides, $40. Also in black-dyed Persian lamb, $50, or black-dyed beaver, $30. And there are many more in our Hat Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.
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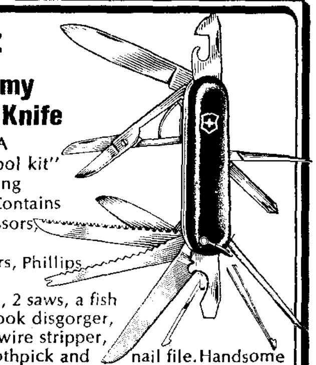

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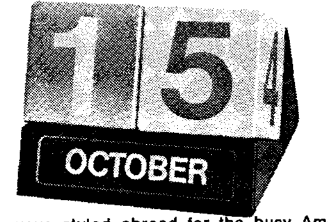
Swiss Army Officer's Knife
Perfect gift. A complete "tool kit" in one amazing 3½" knife. Contains 2 blades, scissors, tweezers, 2 screwdrivers, Phillips screw driver, a hole punch, 2 saws, a fish scaler and hook disgorger, can opener, wire stripper, cap lifter, toothpick and nail file. Handsome red enamel sides with silver crest. **$19.95** plus 35c postage. By Edwin Jay. Major credit cards accepted. Add appropriate sales taxes. **Hoffritz,** 551 5th Avenue, Dept. G-77, New York, N.Y. 10016, or come into any Hoffritz store.

the HOFFRITZ perpetual calendar has turn-over



New-wave styled abroad for the busy American life. You just slip in easy-glide month tab, turn over the dice-like cubes, start a bright new day ad infinitum. A forever gift. At all adventurous Hoffritz stores, or by mail. **$5.00** *plus 35¢ postage & handling.* Major credit cards, of course. Add appropriate sales taxes, please.
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MEMBERSHIPS ARE NOW BEING ACCEPTED FOR THE

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Cologne Water

WITH YOUR GRACIOUS PERMISSION, WE SHOULD LIKE TO PROPOSE YOU FOR THE JOCKEY CLUB, THE EXCLUSIVE GENTLEMAN'S COLOGNE WHICH TRACES ITS HISTORY BACK WELL BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR. ★★ It has never been easy to gain access to the Jockey Club. So this may well be a unique opportunity for you to share the pleasures of an aristocratic fragrance, up to now enjoyed by only a small coterie of distinguished American males. Indeed, outside Club circles, few are even familiar with the intriguing story surrounding its inception. ★ Jockey Club was created by America's oldest Chemists & Perfumers, Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd., when they were domiciled at the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, opposite the Hoffman House, in the mid-19th century. It was an immediate social success, widely acclaimed by gentlemen of the era for its unusual elegance and many faceted personality, painstakingly achieved by blending together no less than 351 separate ingredients by hand. ★ A cologne as complex as Jockey Club cannot be duplicated by machine. Thus, its relative rarity. Every process attending its creation must be executed by hand. The blending, the rounding off (which is accomplished by rolling Jockey Club in casks the length of our laboratory floor), even the filling into glass tincture bottles. ★★ ON OUR BEST DAYS, WE CAN PRODUCE SOME 200 BOTTLES OF JOCKEY CLUB COLOGNE—HARDLY ENOUGH FOR IT EVER TO BECOME COMMON PLACE OR WIDELY AVAILABLE. AND WHEN YOU ARE AWARE THAT EVERY BOTTLE OF JOCKEY CLUB THEN AGES FOR UP TO SIX MONTHS ON OUR PREMISES, MATURING LIKE VINTAGE WINE, IT IS EVEN MORE APPARENT THAT THIS BRILLIANT FRAGRANCE WELL DESERVES ITS ELEVATED, EVEN SNOBBISH REPUTATION. ★ **When it can be had, Jockey Club Cologne fetches $4.00 for the 3 oz. bottle shown here, $8.75 for the 8 oz. bottle and $16.00 for the 16 oz. size. Another Club member, made to our own special formula, is our remarkable Jockey Club After Shave Lotion, the ultimate skin refresher, selling at prices equal to those commanded by our Cologne.** ☞ More costly and even bolder is Caswell-Massey Jockey Club Toilet Water. For those who can afford it and find it, this highly concentrated fragrance will be a prized acquisition, each bottle being hand sealed with wax and beribboned. The price: $10.00 for 4 oz. and $18.75 for 8 oz. ★ OUR TOILET WATER, AFTER SHAVE LOTIONS AND COLOGNES MAY BE HAD IN EIGHT OTHER ORIGINAL FRAGRANCES AS WELL. THESE ARE GEORGE WASHINGTON'S OWN NO. 6, CASMA, NEWPORT, TRICORN, PERSIAN LEATHER, LIME, LEMONY-LIME AND VERBENA. ★ The best department store or man's shop in your city will be quietly pleased to sponsor you for membership in The Jockey Club, and to accept your dues. Our corresponding Secretary will be happy to supply their names.

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Authentic 19th century Jockey Club heraldic emblem, label designed by Emma Clara Peale, 1814-1882, (grand-daughter of Charles Willson Peale), stone lithographed in 5 rich colors in the last century. Very suitable for framing. Measures 3" x 5". Available for only 25c to cover handling.

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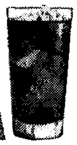
Please send me the name of the Jockey Club sponsor nearest me. (Offer terminates when this limited edition is exhausted.)

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, GENTLE LITTLE RUM AND COLA



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WORLD FAMOUS
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MYERS'S RUM
Planters' Punch
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Myers's doesn't make a nice, gentle little anything.

What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Rum and Cola is the rummiest Rum and Cola of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

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Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. 84 Proof.

some of them are less than half an inch tall) detail and playful characterizations. Vienna Bronze cats are especially engaging; their fur stands out from their bodies so that they appear to be in a state of perpetual fierce fright. A cat holding a bell costs $35; an arrangement of cats—two kittens on a bench being photographed by a cat manipulating an old-fashioned box camera on a tripod—is priced at $150. There are all manner of other creatures in the collection, including a devil pulling a colleague around in a cart ($35).

At Richard Camp (993 Second Avenue), two doors down from Eris Antiques, we regarded a large metal butterfly with gleaming lavender wings, which turned out to be an electric heater. The heating element forms the body of the butterfly, and the wings, which are movable, act as reflectors. The heater comes (as you might expect) from England, and the price is $185. The wiring is European, but the store will convert it to American voltages for anyone who buys it. It might cheer up a homesick Englishman who has moved here. So might an honest-to-goodness English teakettle that is for sale at La Cuisinière and comes with a booklet of advice on water boiling and tea brewing. ("Do not allow the water to 'simmer' in a kettle—this will increase the fur deposits.") The kettle is made of aluminum, and has a nice squat shape and a curving handle and spout; a one-and-a-half-quart kettle is $11.95, a two-quart kettle is $12.95, and a three-quart kettle is $13.95. A serious tea drinker might be gratified by the gift of a tea caddy. But since the only tea caddies we have seen this year that we can honestly recommend cost $4,500 a pair (they are eighteenth-century, octagonal, made of silver, and boxed in mahogany, and are at S. Wyler, 713 Madison Avenue, at 63rd), we'd better proceed to our next tea thing, which is a tea cozy. The one we have in mind is for sale at the United Nations Gift Center, and is a doll as well as a cover for a teapot. It is a Russian grandmother wearing a shawl and holding a bowl to her mouth and blowing on it, and her long, thickly padded skirt will keep a teapot warm when placed over it. The tea cozy costs $12, and it looks very Russian and appealing.

At Greek Island, Ltd., 215 East 49th Street, there is some wonderful painted pottery that is made on the island of Skyros by a husband and wife who are known as "the Nikolaou couple." The plates and vases made by this pair have a special quality that is like a

Waiting for your footprints . . . the sands of
Kauai Surf
Island of Kauai, Hawaii
And when you've strolled the sunlit beach . . . swim, surf, sail, golf, play tennis, go riding, dine in one of four restaurants, dance and enjoy Polynesian entertainment . . . all in the tropical beauty of this 100 acre resort.
For reservations see your travel agent (ask him about Hawaii's Common Airfare Plan) or write . . .
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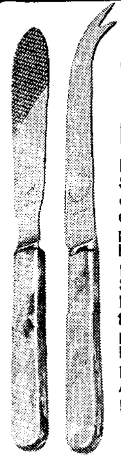
(IN TRAVEL CASE)
Automatic electric "salon" manicurist has every attachment for shapely, healthy nails; buffer, shaper/ trimmer, corn/ callous remover, ingrown nail remover. Fast, gentle; will produce professional results. Slim, smartly styled snap case is ideal for travel. **$24.95,** plus 50¢ postage. Major credit cards accepted. Add appropriate sales tax. **Hoffritz,** 551 5th Avenue, Dept. G-78, N.Y., N.Y. 10016, or come into any Hoffritz store.



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gift set for the Edam/ Roquefort set
Deluxe 2-piece cheese set from Sheffield, England. Mirror-bright, easy-care stainless steel with elegant simulated mother-of-pearl handles. Hard Cheese knife has razor-sharp cutting blade, pronged tip for easy serving. Soft Cheese Spreader has cross-hatched end to keep cheese from sliding. Red flock-lined presentation box. At all quality Hoffritz stores, or by mail. **$6.00** plus 35¢ postage & handling. Add appropriate sales taxes, please. Major credit cards.
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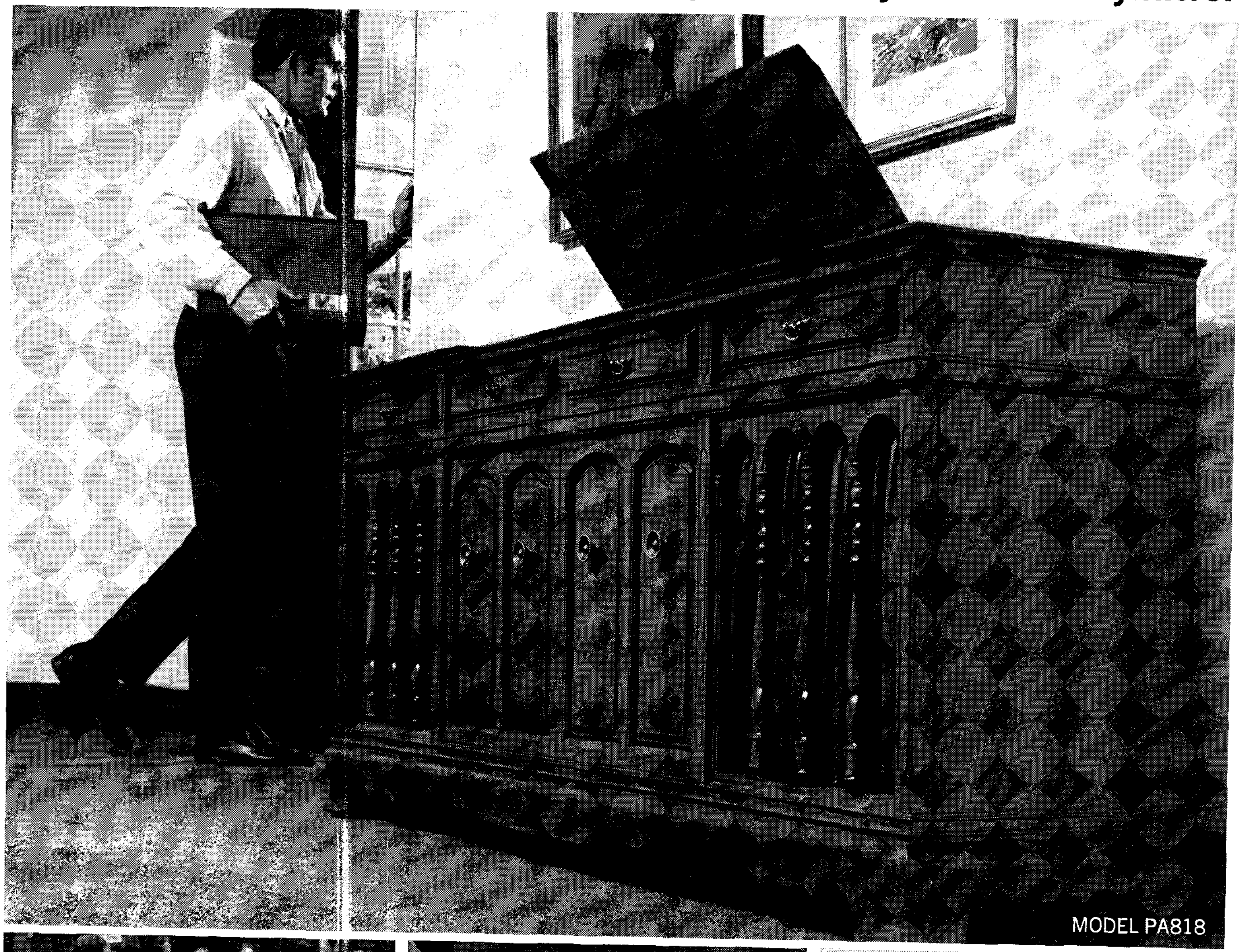
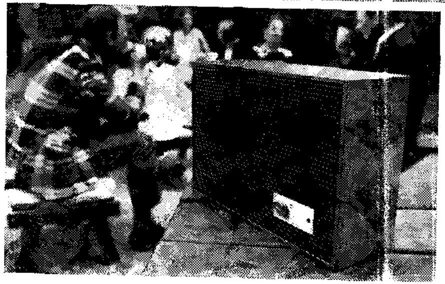
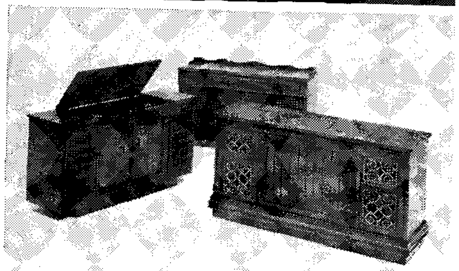
A GE exclusive!
The Porta-Fi® remote sound system that lets you listen to your console anywhere!





Indoors or outdoors. Listen to radio or records anywhere! No trailing, troublesome extension cords! Just plug the Porta-Fi speaker into any electrical outlet—upstairs, downstairs, even outside!

Superior sound. "The Jamestown" shown above is an AM, FM, FM stereo radio and a stereo phono, too! 6 speakers. 270 watts peak music power. Even a switch that mutes the music when you want to listen *and* talk.



24 magnificent models. All equipped for Porta-Fi. Optional with some models...*included* with others, like "The Jamestown." Whatever style you want, GE has a stereo to go—beautifully—in your home!

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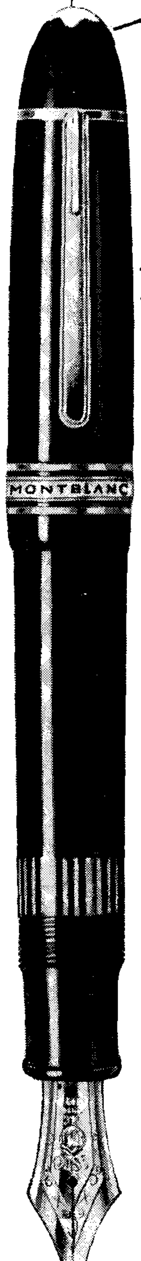
Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois

MONT BLANC

Brings out the hidden best in a man's handwriting



The Magnificent Diplomat

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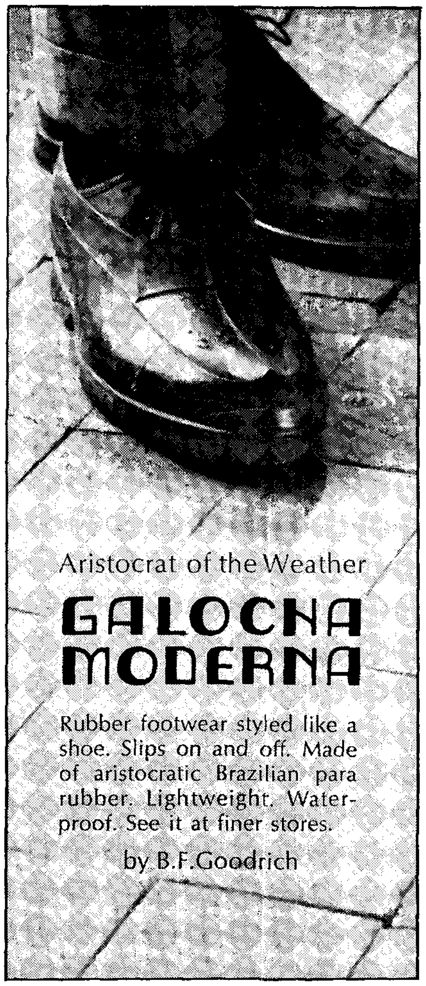
Many pen experts here and abroad consider the MONTBLANC to be the finest pen ever designed. It's Europe's most prized pen, classic in beauty, unmatched in writing ease. There's a MONTBLANC point, from extra fine to triple broad, to suit every hand.

$33 is a small price for this superb writing instrument—a lifetime gift imported by KOH-I-NOOR, Inc., 201 North St., Bloomsbury, N.J. Beautifully gift boxed. Engraving optional at low cost. Other MONTBLANC pens at $7.95 to $178. Also desksets in choice onyxes from $27.50 to $95.

At fine stores and pen shops everywhere, including **Abercrombie & Fitch,** *N.Y.C., Chicago & San Francisco;* **Bloomingdale's,** *N.Y.C.;* **Bullock's Wilshire,** *L.A.;* **Dayton's,** *Minneapolis;* **Higbee's,** *Cleveland;* **L. S. Ayres,** *Indianapolis;* **John Wanamaker, A. Pomerantz,** *Philadelphia;* **Filene's, Jordan Marsh and Shreve, Crump & Low,** *Boston,* **Marshall Field,** *Chicago;* **I. Magnin,** *Calif., Ore., Wash.;* **Julius Garfinckel,** *Wash., D.C.;* **Hudson's,** *Detroit,* **and at leading college bookstores and stationers.**

signature, and are entirely different from the bold, often garish pottery being made elsewhere in Greece today. The Nikolaous use muted, subtle colors, and the fresh, innocent paintings of birds, leaves, and flowers that decorate their pieces are reminiscent of the decorations on French provincial pottery. The plates all have holes in the back, for hanging, and they are a lovely sight on the wall. A twelve-inch plate with a graceful spray of multicolored irises in the middle, and a wreathed border, is priced at $24, and an eight-and-a-half-inch plate decorated with a multicolored partridge (a traditional motif on Skyros) and sprigs of flowers costs $10. Mr. Nikolaou does the pottery and Mrs. Nikolaou does the painting, and they are the only people involved in the enterprise, so when they retire that will be the end of it. This seems a pity, but it also invests what there is with greater value than it would have if the supply were inexhaustible. At Greek Island there are also some very well-designed decanters that are the ordinary wine bottles used in homes and in restaurants all over Greece. They are made of heavy glass, and their plain good looks puts one in mind of Scandinavian glassware; a litre bottle is $3, and a half-litre is $2.

At Sona the Golden One, 11 East 55th Street, our attention was caught by a collection of lacquered papier-mâché boxes from Kashmir, decorated with pictures that look like details from Indian miniatures. For example, a round pillbox, three inches in diameter, has a concise stylized iris—purple flowers and green leaves traced with gold—set against a white background ($4.25), and an oval pillbox, four inches long, has a red rose tree flanked by a pair of gold-and-green birds on a black background (also $4.25). A larger, heart-shaped version of this box costs $12, and there are other sizes and shapes and designs to choose from, all meticulously made and richly, precisely decorated. In a different vein are Sona's shallow bowls hand-carved of Benares soapstone, which has a very earthy, natural look. Each one is differently veined and is of a different shade of brown or beige or rust, and the bowls would make good ashtrays. They range in diameter from two to seven inches and in price from $1 to $15. We liked the printed-cotton bedspreads sold at Sona, which are hand-blocked with simple geometric or stylized floral designs in color combinations of red, black, and white; red, white, and blue; and red, yellow, black, green,



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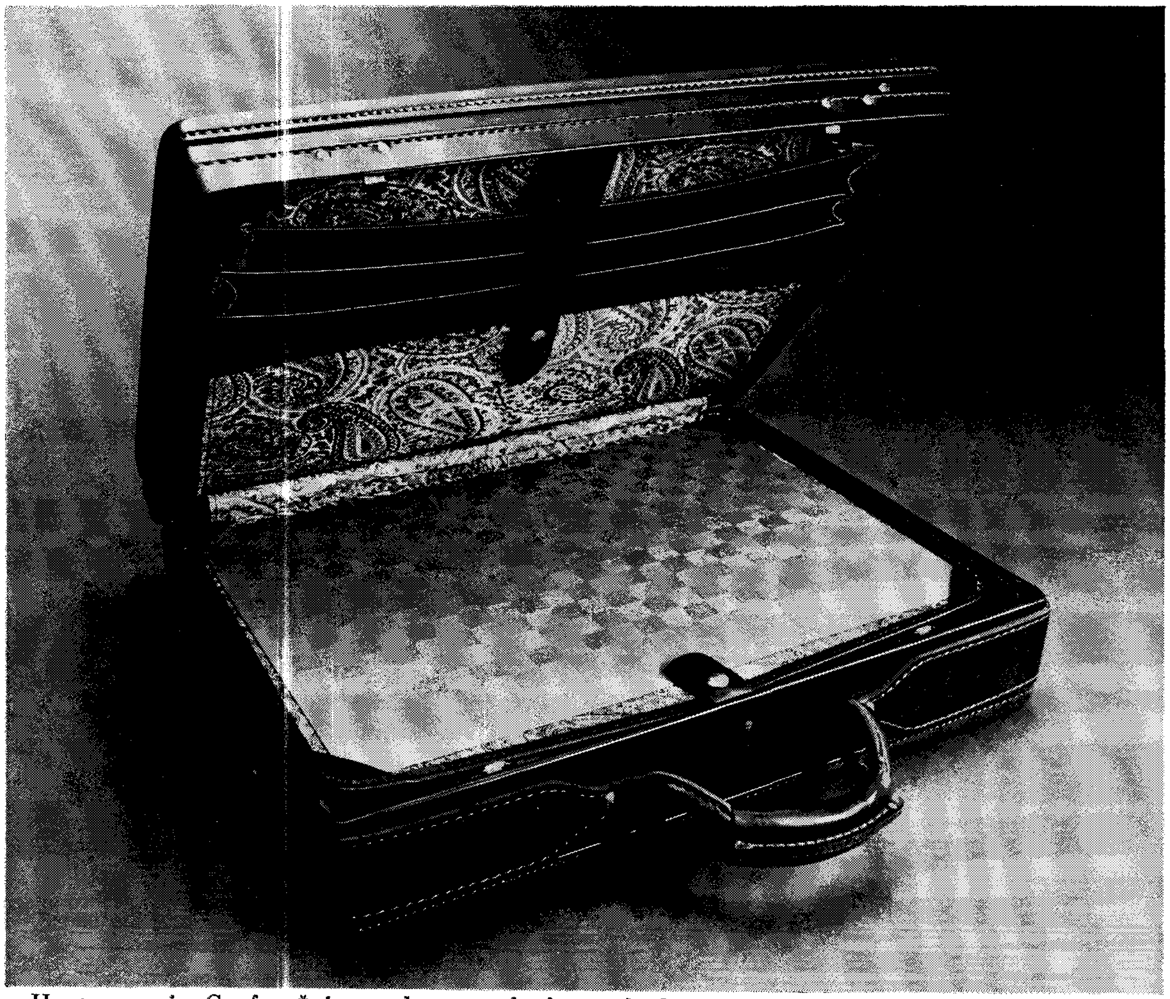

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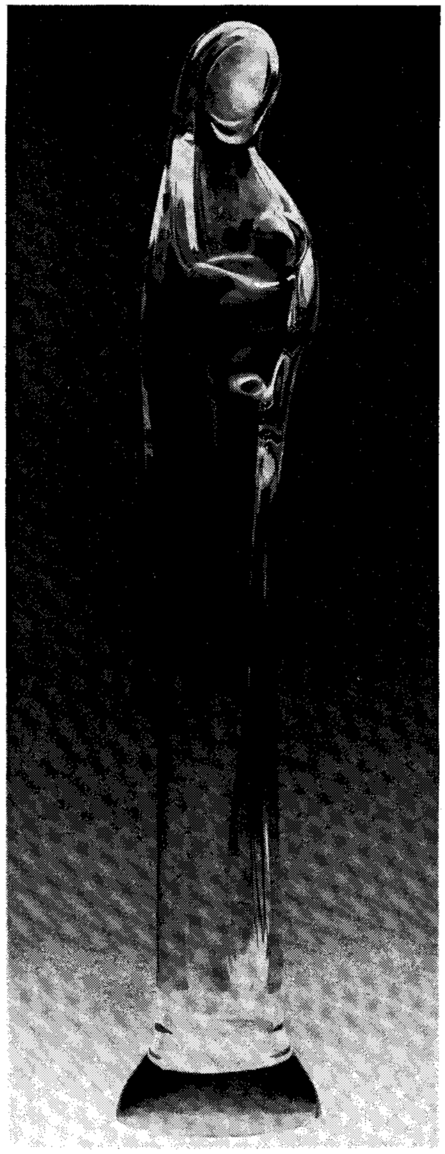

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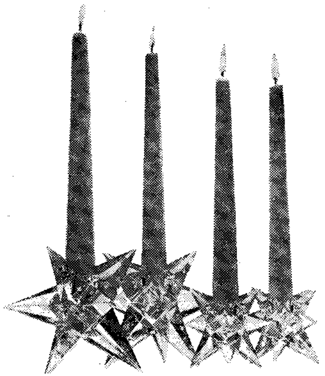

Rosenthal Stars; Designed by Vicke Lindstrand, of Sweden. Available in 4 sizes. For beautiful candleholders, or decorative accessories.

Rosenthal Stars; large, 3½", $20 pr.; medium, 2½", $15 pr.; small, 1¾", $15 pr.; super star, 4¾", $15 ea.

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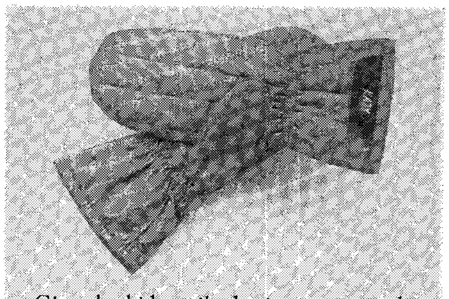
and white. These spreads are very different from the India-print spreads one sees in college students' rooms under pictures of Che Guevara and Dr. Spock. A sixty-by-ninety-inch spread costs $8.50, the seventy-two-by-a-hundred-and-eight-inch spread is $10, and the ninety-two-by-a-hundred-and-eight-inch size is $12. College students remind us of some very attractive police truncheons we saw displayed at James Robinson, Inc., 12 East 57th Street, that belonged to private and city policemen who lived in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The sticks are handsomely embellished with crests and emblems and the names of the towns and estates they were carried in behalf of, and people buy them and hang them on their walls, we're told. The prices of the truncheons run from $35 to $150. A gentler present would be one of the patch boxes that Robinson has an outstanding collection of—tiny oval or round enamelled boxes made in the eighteenth century and so called because ladies kept their beauty patches in them. These trinkets (which are priced from $125 to $200) are decorated with dainty pictures and romantic mottoes, such as "Who opens this, must have a kiss," or "Love him who gives this trifle." A few of the boxes bear mottoes addressed not to girls but to Lord Nelson: "Hail, Nelson, hail!/ Thy naval thunder's roar/ Humbl'd proud France/ Near Egypt's fertile shore," reads one. Upstairs at James Robinson, we gazed fondly at a lacquered Victorian combination sewing-writing-jewelry box, elaborately painted and gilded with flowers, and internally appointed with a velvet-lined sewing compartment that has all its original fittings—spools, scissors, thimbles, needles, yarn winders, beeswax, and so on—and with a jewelry drawer and a writing tablet. The box is twelve and a half inches high, thirteen inches wide, and ten inches from front to back, and it would be a wonderful gift for a woman who quite possibly doesn't exist anymore. Price: $575.

The proprietor of Merrill Ames, down on Eighth Street, seems to think that women still exist who make *Gugelhupf*, and that they are living in the Village. This seems unlikely, but the *Gugelhupf* molds at Merrill Ames are a pleasure to contemplate, if not to fill with *Gugelhupfteig*, and they could also be used for turning out molded desserts. They are made of lovely thin glass that seems much too frail for the heat of the oven but apparently isn't, and they come in



Give the kids quilted mittens stamped with their first name in 24 karat gold. There's a leather tab on each one for that purpose. Waterproof nylon, lined with acrylic pile, in red, gold, navy or black. Small (2 to 3 years), medium (4 to 7), large (8 to 11), extra large (12 and up). $3 a pair. Children's Accessories. Mail and phone orders filled. Add 75c handling charge for orders under $5, allow ten days for delivery.

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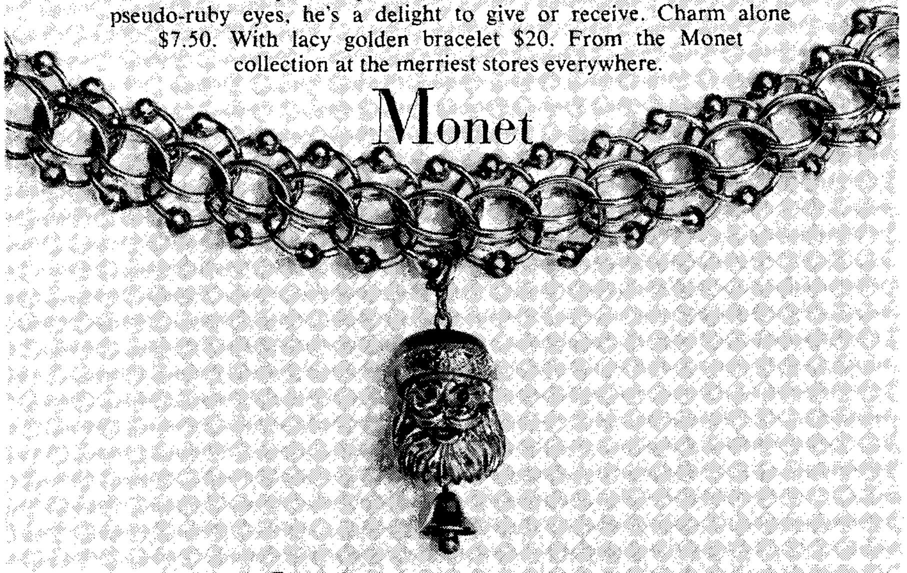
two sizes: one that accommodates recipes using three-quarters of a cup of flour ($5.55) and the other for recipes using a pound ($7.95). At Ginori, 711 Fifth Avenue (56th), there is a collection of condiment dishes in a great variety of colors, patterns, and prices ($7.25 to $49) but all looking like miniature oval soup tureens, with attached oval underplates and domed lids with gaps in them for the little porcelain ladle that comes with each dish. They are five inches long, and they are very nice. Soupçon, at 147 East 70th Street, offers a little china Strasbourg goose with a hollowed-out body as a server for pâté. The goose has multicolored flowers painted here and there on it, and costs $8.50. A little wooden pâté paddle costs a dollar. West Town House, at 260 West 76th Street, has some appealing earthenware from Staffordshire that is printed with a very dense blue-and-white flowered pattern called Calico, which it closely resembles; mugs are priced at $3, cups and saucers at $2.50, and a sugar-bowl-and-creamer set costs $8.95.

THERE is an exhibit of Eskimo prints at the American Indian Arts Center, 1051 Third Avenue (62nd), and in it are pictures that in our opinion are as beautiful and interesting as any graphic art being done today. The prints (stone cuts and copperplate engravings) have the affinity with modern art that exists between it and so much primitive art, and they are marked by their strong design, unerring use of empty space, and bold stylizations of the Arctic birds and animals and people they depict. The prints are so assured and accomplished that it is hard to believe that printmaking among Eskimos is only ten years old and came about only because a Canadian artist named James A. Houston happened to be in Cape Dorset, a small Eskimo settlement on West Baffin Island, in the winter of 1957. In his book "Eskimo Prints" (published by Barre and for sale at the American Indian Arts Center for $12.50), Mr. Houston relates how printmaking began among the Eskimos of Cape Dorset:

> This is how it started:—Oshaweetok, a famous Eskimo carver and good friend, sat near me one evening casually studying the sailor head trademarks on two identical packages of cigarettes. He noted carefully every subtle detail of color and form, and he suggested to me that it must be very tiresome for some person to sit and paint every one of the little heads with exact sameness on an endless number of packages.
>
> I started to explain in Eskimo, as bes



Monet's Santa is both the medium *and* the message. Pull the jingle bell and there it is—"Have a Merry." Sculptured in the Golden Manner of Monet, with pseudo-ruby eyes, he's a delight to give or receive. Charm alone $7.50. With lacy golden bracelet $20. From the Monet collection at the merriest stores everywhere.

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Jolly Santa Spells Out the Message

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I could, about "civilized" man's technical progress in the field of printing little sailor heads, and the entire offset printing process. My explanation was not altogether successful, partly because of my inability to find the Eskimo words to describe such terms as intaglio and color register, and partly because I was wondering whether this could have any practical application for Eskimos.

Looking around in order to find some way to demonstrate printing, I saw an ivory walrus tusk that Oshaweetok had recently carved. The white tusk was about fifteen inches long. Oshaweetok had carefully smoothed and polished it and had incised bold engravings on both sides. Into the lines of these engravings he had rubbed black soot gathered from a seal-oil lamp.

Taking an old tin of writing ink that had frozen and thawed many times, I poured off the separated gray matter. With my finger I dipped up the heavy black residue and smoothed it over the tusk. Taking a thin piece of toilet tissue, I laid it carefully on the inked surface and rubbed it lightly and quickly. Stripping the paper from the tusk, I saw that by good fortune we had a clear negative image of Oshaweetok's incised design.

"We could do that," he said, with the instant decision of a hunter. And so we did.

Under the guidance of Mr. Houston, the Eskimos learned to make stone cuts and, later, copperplate engravings, and the conjunction of the new form with traditional Eskimo images and designs has resulted in a brilliantly successful printmaking industry in Cape Dorset. A print made by the artist Kenojuak recently sold at an auction for $2,000, but this is an unusual price; most of the prints for sale at the American Indian Arts Center are under a hundred dollars. They are printed in editions of fifty, after which the blocks or plates are destroyed. Some of the stone-cut prints that we especially liked are "The Owl," by Pudlo, a fearfully symmetrical bird made of vigorous, sweeping black lines and two round green eyes ($60); "Women Juggling Stones," by Pitseolak, two very Chinese-looking ladies sitting unconcernedly as they juggle ($50); "Geese in Flight," by Sharni, two large geese and six small ones, drawn with the utmost economy of line and flying in a beautifully disciplined formation ($50); and "The Dream," by Netsiapik, an outline figure, half bear and half penguin, inside which are an Eskimo, a walrus, and a mysterious hooded figure ($65). The stone-cut prints, with a few exceptions, measure twenty-two inches by twenty-seven. The copperplate engravings are smaller (ten and a half inches by twelve and a half) and have a different character; they tend to be more detailed and realistic. "Three Owls,"

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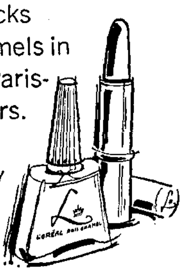

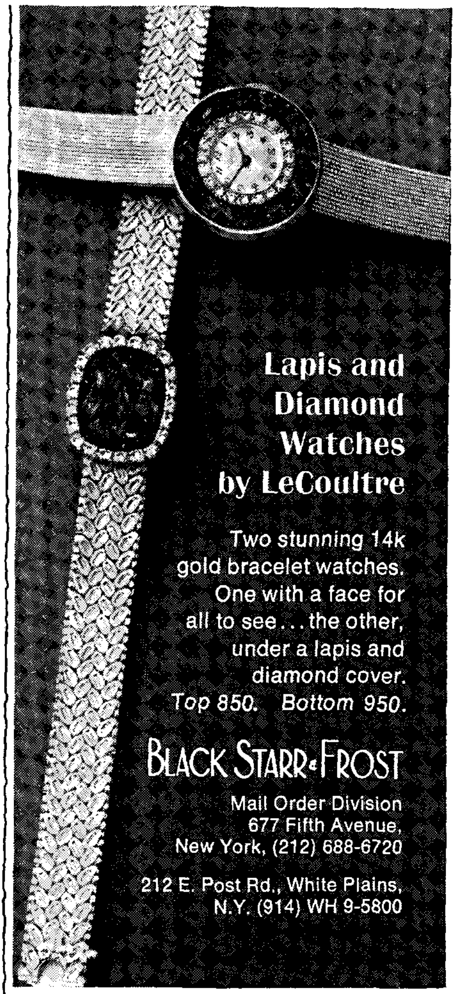

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by Iyola, shows two owls with black bodies and brown heads, and on each head a third owl, all brown, has planted a foot. The feathers of the owls are rendered in tiny, delicate strokes and the print is at once naturalistic and comical; $70. "Bright Owl," by Kenojuak, in contrast, is decidedly stylized, though also very delicately limned. The bird is in profile, has a rather small eye for an owl, and a pair of enormous black claws; $65.

POSTER ORIGINALS, LTD., 16 East 78th Street, is a handsome gallery that sells art posters, which are, by the gallery's definition, posters made by an artist to announce a one-man show or a museum exhibit or a performance. The posters are of very good quality, and the range of art represented includes a Bulgarian icon and a Roy Lichtenstein. The icon poster, one of the most striking in the gallery, was made to announce a Paris exhibition of treasures from Bulgarian museums, and it shows a haloed knight mounted on a red horse and prodding a tiny man on the ground with his lance. All this is set against a rich gold background and the poster, which is thirty inches by twenty, is available matted and framed in brass for $140. The Lichtenstein poster was made to advertise himself at a Swiss museum this year, and it shows the face of a comic-strip girl who is unaccountably weeping and thinking to herself, "That's the way it should have begun! But it's hopeless." The poster, which the gallery personnel frankly call "Hopeless," is enormous (fifty and a half inches by thirty-five and a half), and the colors are yellow, red, black, and blue. The price is $20 unmounted, and $40 covered with thin transparent acetate and mounted on cardboard that has a hanging device. There is a superb poster made by the Brooklyn Museum for its "Triumph of Realism" show in 1967: a reproduction of Sargent's "Madame X"—a full-length portrait of a beautiful, haughty lady—set within a deep border of mottled beige and brown that looks like old-fashioned endpaper; yellow lettering is superimposed on this border, which forms a vertical oval around the portrait. The poster measures twenty-five inches by thirty-six and three-quarters, and the price is $5 unmounted and $15 mounted. We were interested to learn that the owner of Poster Originals, Ltd., is the person who was responsible for the one-dollar Batman and Superman posters that were all over the place a few years ago. They were conceived as a money-making business to help get

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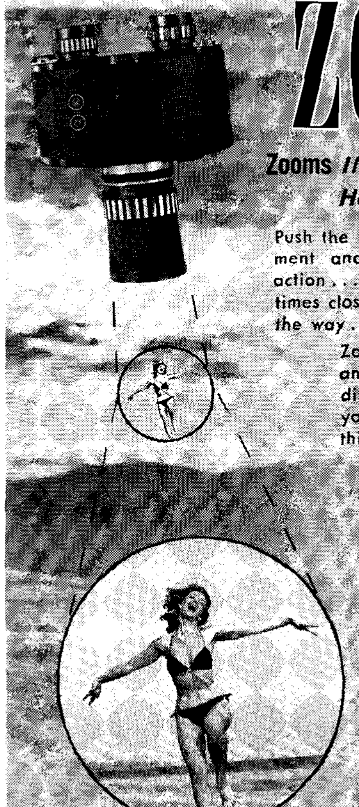

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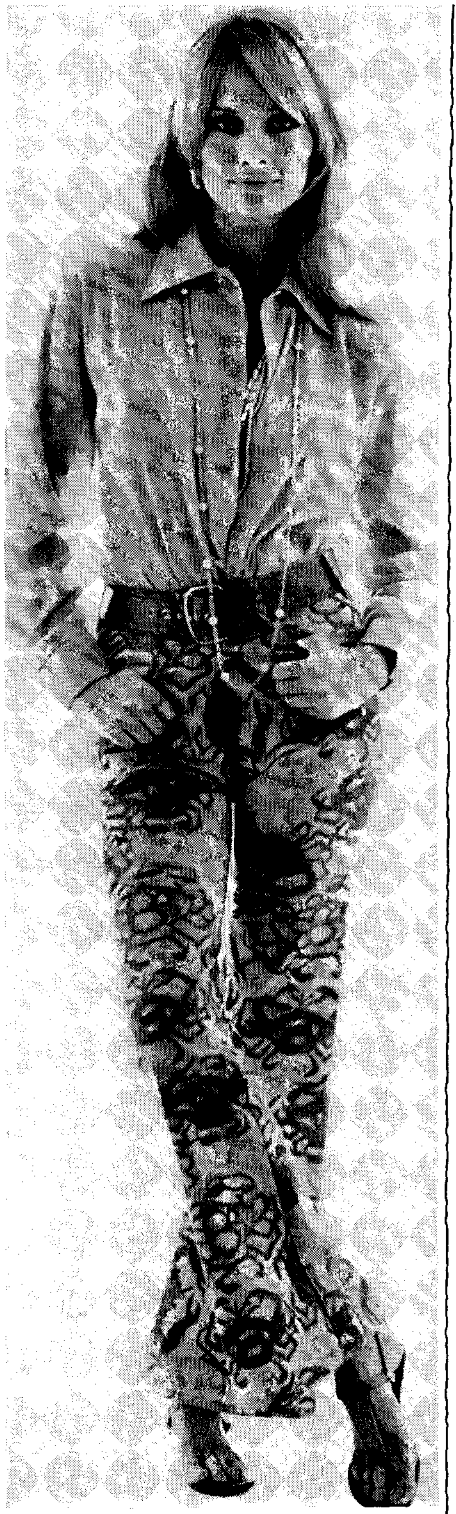

Prize pair

Lilly Pulitzer belled resort jeans, 30.00 to wear with a body shirt, 25.00 (and a bright belt, 4.00) Everything, in dazzle-colors. Sports Floor, Fifth, Lord & Taylor, all stores

Lord & Taylor

the art-poster enterprise on its feet, which it did; a hundred and fifty thousand Batman and Superman posters were sold by the end of 1966. We rather relish the notion of cheap commercial posters of comic-strip characters making possible the production of expensive art posters of comic-strip characters.

At the Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Avenue (104th), a handsome and informative map of Central Park is sold for ten cents and could be transformed, for ten or fifteen dollars, into an impressive framed Christmas present. The map, like the Park, is long and narrow (twenty-seven inches long and seven inches wide), and is based on an old official map that has been revised and brought up to date by Richard Edes Harrison, the well-known cartographer, and Henry Hope Reed, the present curator of Central Park. Mr. Harrison and Mr. Reed have stated on various occasions their belief that the raison d'être of Central Park is its trees and lawns and lakes and birds and animals, rather than its open-faced sandwiches and Happenings, and the map is filled with editorializing to that effect. In the lower left-hand corner, for example, there is an arrow pointing to nothing, accompanied by the satisfied comment "Café grounds rejected 1966;" other arrows commemorate other incursions successfully thwarted or warn of desecrations to come, such as the proposed police-academy riding ring on the Great Lawn. The map also points out additions made since 1900, shows which of the original buildings are still standing, and gives comparative acreages for the years 1900, 1933, and 1966 of ground devoted to buildings, paved walks and drives, enclosures, and meadows. There are, as you might expect, more buildings, pavements, and enclosures today, and less meadowland, but the Park (on the map and in actuality) still looks very green, and, considering what has happened to the rest of the city, it has held up very well indeed.

Another reassuring present for a conservationist would be "Vogue's Book of Houses, Gardens, People" (Viking, $22.50), by Valentine Lawford, with photographs by Horst—a volume that deals with a once nearly extinct species, the appallingly rich, and documents its tremendous comeback in eighteen studies of persons or families, here and abroad, who have somehow escaped the depredations of the income tax and live in unbelievable ease and luxury. If such people

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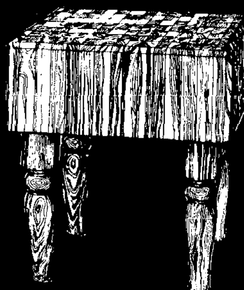

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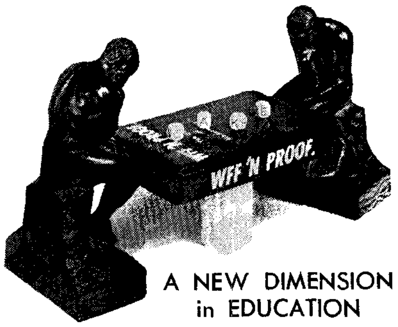

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can flourish today, surely so can the whooping crane and the giant panda. The job Mr. Lawford has done is exemplary in its thoroughness, attentiveness to detail, and persistence in the face of the obstacles the subjects put in his path. Though Mr. Lawford allows himself only to hint at the treatment he received, one can see the picture only too clearly. Mrs. Charles Fuller has "a voice that is soft to the point of being frequently inaudible, and an elusiveness amounting to evanescence—for in the course of conversation with her again and again one is amazed to find that she is no longer in the room." Another lady (Lady Eliot of Cornwall) "has a way of vanishing upstairs if she does not feel that her presence is indispensable," and "when one eventually arrives at Hasley to stay [with Mrs. Nancy Lancaster], one is scarcely surprised to find that she herself has had to go to London for the first day of one's visit." The efforts of his subjects to avoid him may explain the elusiveness amounting to evanescence with which Mr. Lawford writes about them. For example:

> Under Rembrandt's "Bel and the Dragon," a possibly original Rubens self-portrait, and the ten Van Dycks, the Eliots breakfast in their dressing gowns, reading the morning's letters and newspapers and magazines. Here they lunch, in blue jeans, she polite but preoccupied with her film-washing, he enjoying a good conscience and healthy appetite after a long walk of inspection around the estate . . .

Or:

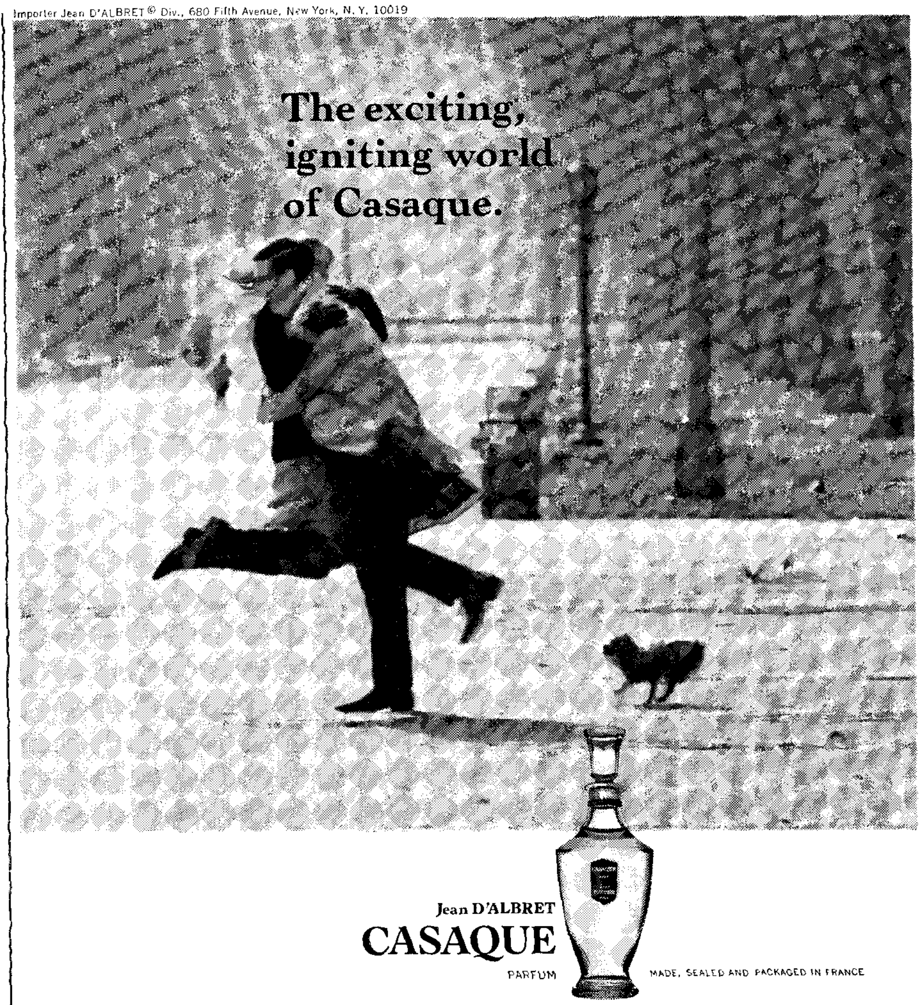
> But there is nothing crushing about her conversation, or adamant in her glance. On the contrary, there is a touching vagueness about her reactions to everyday life, as though she had eternally just been awakened from sleep.

Or:

> Knowing from hearsay that he is one of those men whose clothes are in the care of a maid and not a valet, one enjoys appraising his way of dressing.

The man whose clothes are in the care of a maid is Baron Philippe de Rothschild, who appears to be one of the richest men in the book—his library has "several feet (if not yards) of Stendhal"—and whose wife, Pauline, seems to have been nicer to Mr. Lawford than any of his other hostesses. She does not flee the room when he enters it, and the astonished Mr. Lawford can only exclaim, "In hospitality such as this, it is hard to say where efficiency ends and genius begins."

Horst's photographs are very accomplished, and some of them are beautiful. The cover picture, of Mrs. Desmond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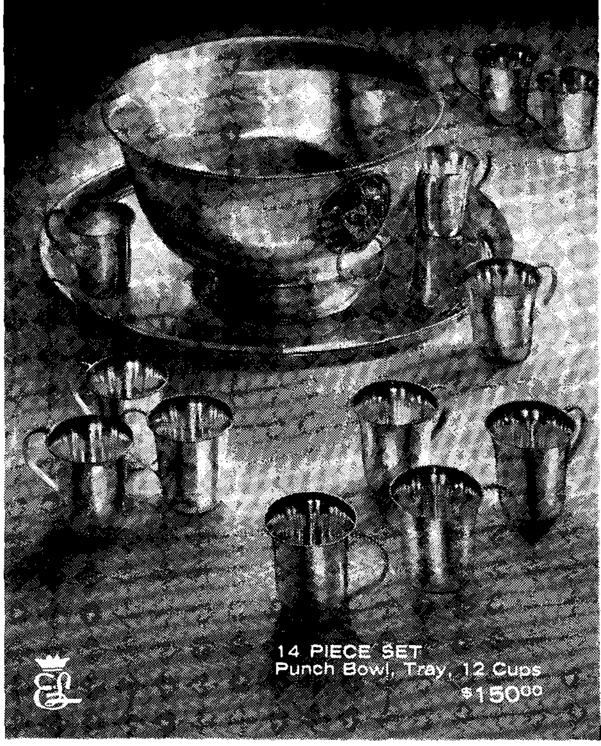

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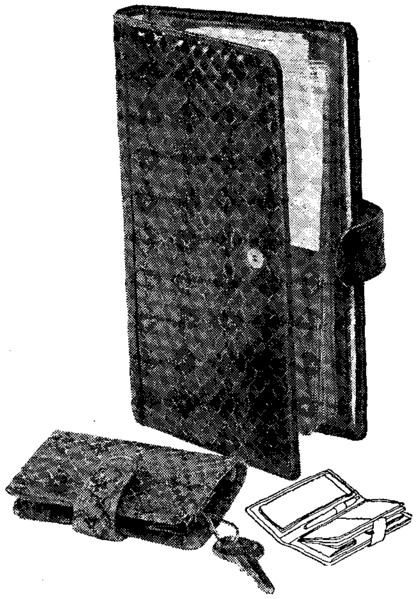

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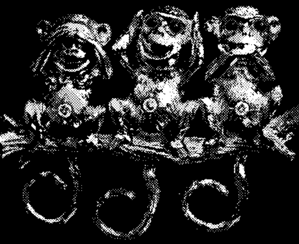

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Guinness, wearing a black shawl and gazing in profile at a large bouquet of flowers on a dressing table with a crisp white ruffle, looks like an Impressionist painting, and there is a picture of Mrs. Guinness's seven-year-old daughter, in an open horse-drawn carriage parked in front of the Guinnesses' Irish castle, that has great distinction and a lovely Surrealist quality, which is also present in a photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Cy Twombley in the courtyard of a palazzo, she seated at the wheel of the family Alfa Romeo and he standing behind it, dressed in a World War I leather greatcoat with no buttons and a velours hat, fiercely looking in the opposite direction.

"The Architecture of Country Houses, Including Designs for Cottages, Farm Houses, and Villas, with Remarks on Interiors, Furniture, and the Best Modes of Warming and Ventilation," by A. J. Downing, author of "Hints to Persons About Building" and other works, was first published in 1850, and for many years it exerted a tremendous influence on home building in America. Its republication this year (Da Capo Press, $15) provides a Christmas present for an amateur of architecture that is likely to please him very much. The book can no longer be used as a practical guide—it would cost too much now to do things the way Mr. Downing wants them done—but it can be read with pleasure, and perhaps with surprise, because so much of what Mr. Downing said about houses in 1850 is just what we are saying (though rather less orotundly) today. "The basis of enduring beauty is truthfulness, no less in houses than in morals" is, after all, saying no more than what we mean by "functionalism," and the author's strictures against the "false taste" of cottages built to look like Doric temples and the "glaring want of truthfulness" in houses built of wood treated to look like stone are very much in line with our dislike of pretension and ostentation. "To give an expression of local truth to a country house, it should always show a tendency to *spread out* and extend itself on the ground, rather than to run up in the air," Mr. Downing soundly advises. "There is space enough in the country, and because a citizen has lived in town, where land is sold by the square foot, and where, in consequence, he has had to mount four pairs of stairs daily, it is surely no reason why he should compel himself to do the same thing in the country." Of farmhouses he writes, "It cannot but be plain to our readers that a farmhouse must, first of all, look like

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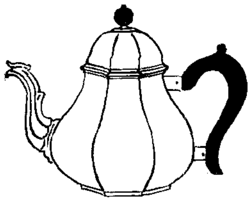

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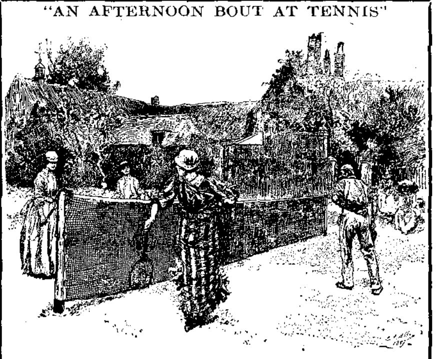

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a farmhouse," and he adds, disarmingly, "It is equally plain that to raise the farmhouse in the scale of truth and beauty, we must make it express that beauty, whatever it may be, which lies in a farmer's life." The houses, when Mr. Downing comes to spelling out their particulars, are not as plain and simple as one might expect from his introductory asseverations—some of his cottages for workingmen are much grander than anything most of us are ever likely to inhabit—but they are all sound and interesting houses, and much can be learned from a study of their design and interior arrangements. Here and there, one is not quite sure what Mr. Downing is talking about—for instance, when he chastises the people who "are guilty of the mistake of painting or colouring country houses white," and cites the authority of a Mr. Price who said in his "Essays on the Beautiful and Picturesque" that "very white teeth give a silly expression to the countenance." But one has no trouble understanding or agreeing with Mr. Downing when he roundly argues against the building of large, expensive country seats—such as the ones we have seen in "Vogue's Book of Houses, Gardens, People"—"because they are contrary to the spirit of republican institutions; because the feelings upon which they are based can never take root, except in a government of hereditary rights; because they are wholly in contradiction to the spirit of our time and people." Mr. Downing believes, and we do, too, that:

> The just pride of a true American is not in a great hereditary home but in greater hereditary institutions. It is more to him that all his children will be born under wise, and just, and equal laws, than that one of them should come into the world with a great family estate. It is better, in his eyes, that it should be possible for the humblest laborer to look forward to the possession of a future country house and home like his own, than to feel that a wide and impassible gulf of misery separates him, the lord of the soil, from a large class of his fellow-beings born beneath him. Yes, the love of home is one of the deepest feelings in our nature, and we believe the happiness and virtue of a vast rural population to be centered in it; but it must be a home built and loved, upon new world and not the old world ideas and principles; a home in which humanity and republicanism are stronger than family pride and aristocratic feeling; a home of the virtuous citizen, rather than of the mighty owner of houses and lands.

• •

STOPOVER IN BELÉM

It's hard to believe the Amazon is home
For that bent figure fishing from a rock
Before we hit the runway in Belém;

For him the Amazon is a mess of fish
And little else but a benevolent brown breast
To suck at—throbbing, lethally alive—

Ignoring the rich thunder of our engines
And maybe dozing under his straw hat
Dreaming of some enormous dazzling queen.

A cold beer in the airport of Belém
Is one way to inhabit earth again
And merge our hunger with the fisherman's.

Still, it's hard to believe those palms are real
Shivering across the almost molten lake
Of asphalt where our jet sits swilling fuel

As, sitting in the steam bath of Belém,
We feel the gross weight of the physical,
Noting the essential sameness of each scene.

And hard and harder still to accept each takeoff—
The fierce detachment of the torrid sun
Wheels up while wheeling the wide Amazon:

The routine thunder over humdrum jungle,
The blazing depths of incredible Brazil,
And the eternal tyranny of green.

—RICHARD O'CONNELL

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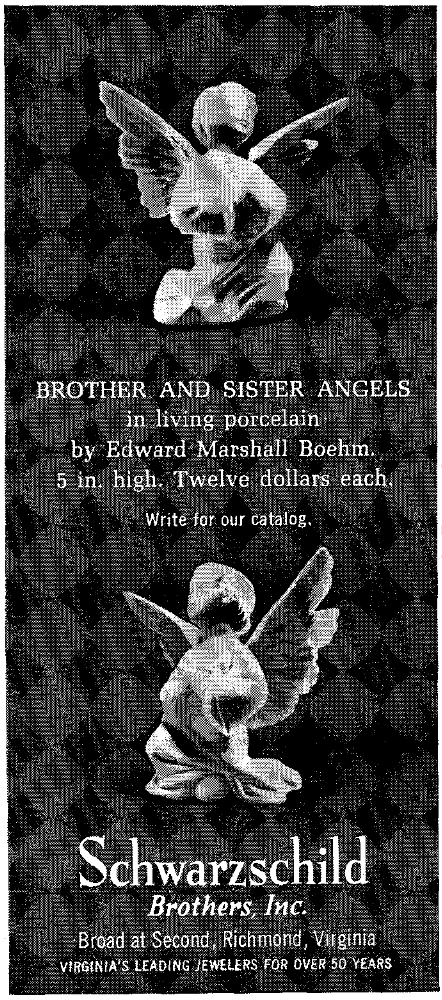

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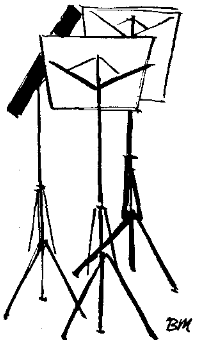
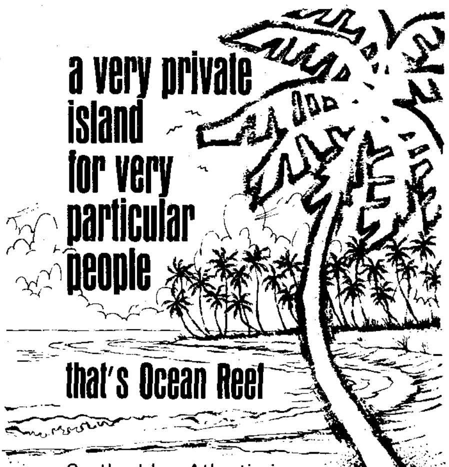
Bubbles



MUSIC criticism has always been regarded by literary men as a rather low branch of their art, and not without reason. But a dissertation on the subject by Jacques Barzun in the anthology "Lectures on the History and Art of Music," with a preface by Irving Lowens (Da Capo Press), should not be allowed to pass without a small rebuttal. Professor Barzun speaks of the "relative backwardness of discourse about music," makes some entirely intelligent remarks about the general aesthetics of music, and then proposes what, if I am not mistaken, is the following argument: The critic's primary function is to describe, but the words he uses to describe the art of music usually involve a technical jargon that literary men find baffling; the solution is to turn music criticism into literature that will be intelligible to literary men, and the way to do that is for the critic to build up a language of metaphors and analogies by which music can be "translated" into words. The weakness in Barzun's argument appears when he himself thinks up an example of the sort of analogy he believes desirable. A "bold critic," he says, described the overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" as being "like champagne," and to Barzun this is an instance of inspired music criticism. Now, I can, without much strain, recall a hundred musical compositions that might be described as being "like champagne." They include many overtures and arias by Rossini, nearly the whole output of Offenbach (to whom the expression applies much more accurately than it does to Mozart), Johann Strauss's "Fledermaus," and so on and on. The fact is that the expression "like champagne" is utterly devoid of specific meaning in relation to music and conveys nothing to the reader except the idea of champagne. I suppose that one could go on writing as Barzun proposes, and even arrive at pure poetry, but what one was writing would have nothing at all to do with what one was writing *about*. Music is indescribable without the occasional use of technical terms, and its meanings



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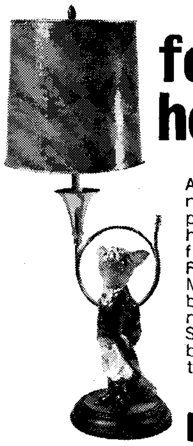

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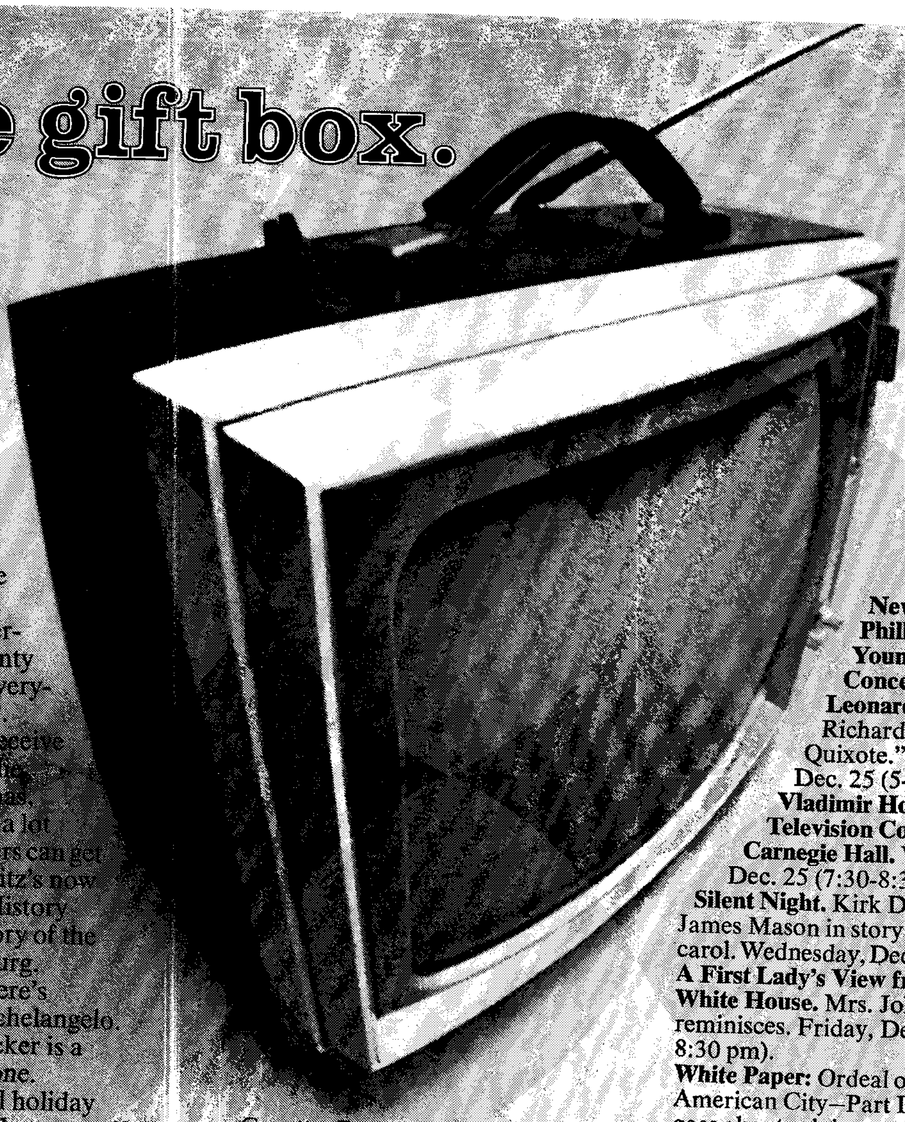

Look into before Christmas. And during. And afterwards. It has plenty of presents for everyone in the family.

The kids will receive Pinocchio, Charlie Brown's Christmas, Stuart Little and a lot more. Musiclovers can get Vladimir Horowitz's now famed concert. History buffs have the story of the battle of Gettysburg. For art lovers, there's The Secret of Michelangelo. And The Nutcracker is a delight for everyone.

Here's a partial holiday shopping list of what your gift box offers. Pick out whatever you would like to receive.

Discovery. Greenfield Village—Age of Mechanical Marvels; New York: The ASPCA; New Zealand; Moscow's Young Americans. Sundays, Dec. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29 (11:30-12 Noon).

Reptiles and Amphibians. National Geographic Society—Life cycle of reptiles. Tuesday, Dec. 3 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Mr. Justice Black. Martin Agronsky and Eric Sevareid interview the Supreme Court Justice Tuesday, Dec. 3 (10-11 pm).

Saturday Adoption. CBS Playhouse: Original drama about a white boy who tries to help a young Negro. Wednesday, Dec. 4 (9:30-11 pm).

The Secret of Michelangelo: Every Man's Dream. Michelangelo's fresco in the Vatican's Sistine Chapel. Christopher Plummer, Zoe Caldwell narrate. Thursday, Dec. 5 (9:30-10:30 pm).

Rudolph, The Red-Nosed Reindeer. Animated version of the story. Friday, Dec. 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Pinocchio. Burl Ives portrays Gepetto, Peter Noone is Pinocchio. Sunday, Dec. 8 (7-8:30 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. The "Peanuts" characters' holiday. Sunday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8 pm).

The Road to Gettysburg. The battle and the soldiers who fought it. Monday, Dec. 9 (9-10 pm).

Down To The Sea In Ships. Project 20: the dramatic and historic story of men on deep waters. Wednesday, Dec. 11 (10-11 pm).

Eternal Light Hanukkuh Special. Roberta Peters visits Israel. Sunday, Dec. 15 (12-12:30 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Vienna Boys Choir sings in animated story; Jose Ferrer narrates. Thursday, Dec. 19 (7:30-8 pm).

The Nutcracker. Ballet with Edward Villella, Patricia McBride, Melissa Hayden. Friday, Dec. 20 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Stuart Little. E. B. White's charming children's fantasy. Saturday, Dec. 21 (10:30-11:30 am).

Christ Is Born. Dramatization of events surrounding Christ's birth. Tuesday, Dec. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The World of Christmas. Bell special of holiday music. Tuesday, Dec. 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert With Leonard Bernstein. Richard Strauss' "Don Quixote." Wednesday, Dec. 25 (5-6 pm).

Vladimir Horowitz: A Television Concert At Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Dec. 25 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Silent Night. Kirk Douglas and James Mason in story of the famed carol. Wednesday, Dec. 25 (9-11 pm).

A First Lady's View from the White House. Mrs. Johnson reminisces. Friday, Dec. 27 (7:30-8:30 pm).

White Paper: Ordeal of The American City—Part II: How a city goes about solving problems. Monday, Dec. 30 (9-11 pm).

Correspondents Report—Part I. Year-end review of the major news events. Monday, Dec. 30 (10-11 pm).

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Tuesdays: CBS News Hour ("60 Minutes"/CBS Reports/Who, What, When, Where, Why, With Harry Reasoner)

Saturdays: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/ABC's Wide World of Sports/G-E College Bowl/Frank McGee Saturday Report/CBS News with Roger Mudd

Sundays: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Bullwinkle/Camera Three/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Discovery/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Animal World/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings: check also for noteworthy local programs.

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or emotional effects are describable only in terms of the most general sort. This is not because music is not specific in its meanings; the problem is that language is too crude a method of communication to describe the meanings of music. The overture to Mozart's "Marriage of Figaro" does not sound to me anything like champagne. It starts with a sonata allegro theme (that's jargon; it's also a fact) that has always reminded me of the excited feelings of a lot of gay people involved in lively intrigue. But I do not describe it that way, because my particular analogy is nearly as far off the point and nearly as meaningless as the champagne one. I don't believe that Barzun's literati are as ignorant of music as he supposes, and if they are, I think they should learn just a little bit about musical terminology—enough so that words like "atonality," "intonation," "fioritura," and "fugue," all of which have specific meanings (and all of which, by the way, are in Webster), will mean something to them. Which is not to say that an analogy or a metaphor cannot be appropriate.

QUITE a number of new or rarely performed compositions appeared on the programs of the orchestras last week. The most impressive one was "The Beatitudes," a large work in the best English choral tradition, by the veteran British composer Sir Arthur Bliss. This was presented Tuesday night in Philharmonic Hall by the American Bible Society, which is becoming the Sol Hurok of the spiritual world. The New York Philharmonic and the Westminster Choir were involved, and the composer, a soldierly-looking seventy-seven-year-old gentleman with white hair and a bristling white mustache, conducted. Sir Arthur woke his audience up at the very start with a wallop on the bass drum that must have put the fear of God into many of his listeners. There are fine passages in "The Beatitudes," notably the moment of climax, which is set to a poem by Dylan Thomas that begins "And death shall have no dominion." The general texture of the work is by no means old-fashioned. The powers of evil are always creeping in, and Sir Arthur depicts them with lusty dissonances. The word "blessed," which occurs repeatedly, is set so high for the soprano voice that clear articulation of it is virtually impossible—a point that struck me as odd for a composer of such long experience. But the soprano soloist, Virginia Babikian, coped fairly well with the problem. The tenor

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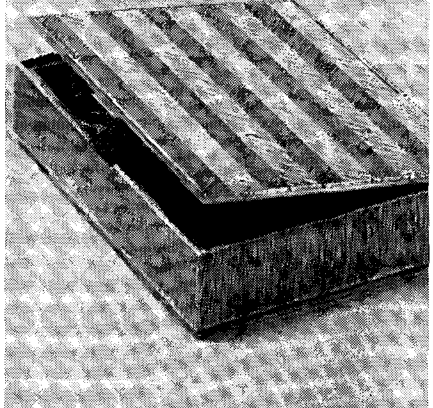

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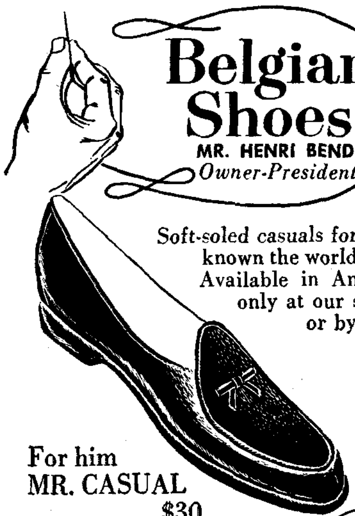

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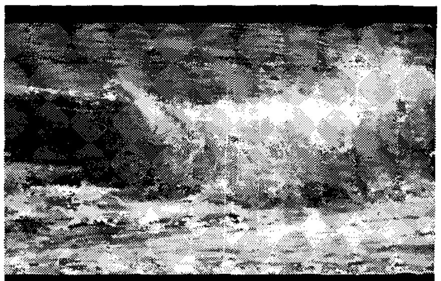

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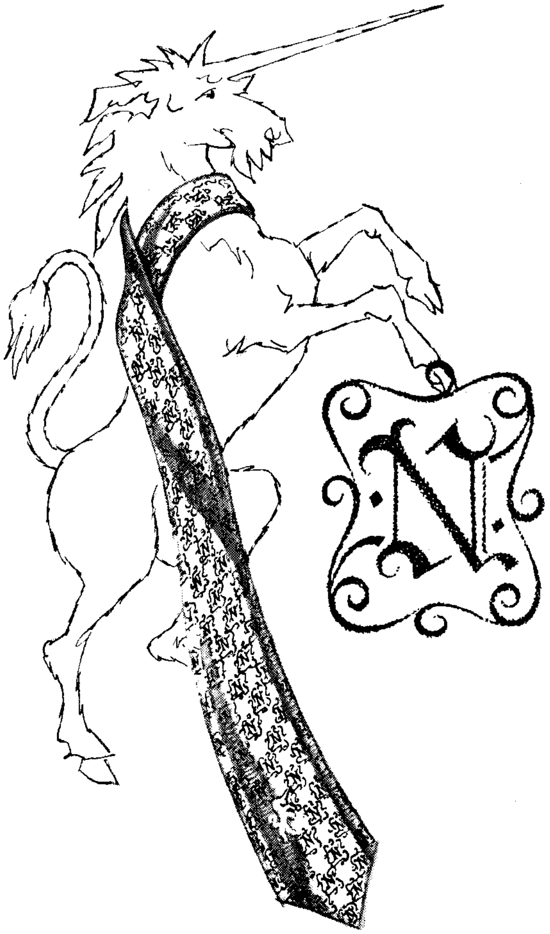
soloist, David Lloyd, seemed in poor voice.

ON Monday night of that week, Leopold Stokowski and the American Symphony Orchestra presented their audience in Carnegie Hall with an unusual program. It started off with one of the most original works that have recently come to my attention—Andrzej Panufnik's "Epitaph for the Victims of Katyn." Mr. Panufnik does not go in for the frenzied cacophony with which most contemporary composers vent their anti-Nazi feelings. His "Epitaph" portrays sorrow and tragedy rather than hatred, and it is a noble, dignified work. The harmonic language he has evolved for the composition is one of traditional chords with oblique resolutions, and it is exceedingly effective. I hope to hear more of Mr. Panufnik's music. It is expressive and at the same time highly individualistic. The "Epitaph" was followed by Alberto Ginastera's "Ollantay," an early work purporting to illustrate a pre-Columbian Inca legend about a war between the Son of the Earth and the Son of the Sun. To me it is noisy, and hardly to be ranked among Ginastera's better compositions. Then the guitarist Alirio Diaz performed the solo part of Heitor Villa-Lobos's Concerto for Guitar and Orchestra. There is a Parisian sound about some parts of this work, which is not surprising, since the composer spent a good deal of time in the Paris of Les Six, but the irrepressible melodic talent of Villa-Lobos appears everywhere and gives the piece a vitality that Les Six seldom achieved. After the intermission, Mr. Diaz and the orchestra performed Joaquín Rodrigo's "Concerto de Aranjuez," named after a town to the south of Madrid. (I suppose Mr. Barzun would like me to describe it as a breath of hot, lazy wind from the province of Madrid.) It is a work in the traditional Spanish gypsy style, which means that it is full of Moorish scales and that mannerism of Spanish guitar playing which consists in shifting the tonic chord a half tone higher and back again. It is an innocent composition, but in these days of anything-but-innocent writing it is extraordinarily fresh and charming. Mr. Diaz is apparently a guitarist of special technical endowments and an artist of sensibility. The evening ended with Debussy's "Trois Nocturnes."

IF the American Symphony's program was an unusual one, it was outdone in Philharmonic Hall last



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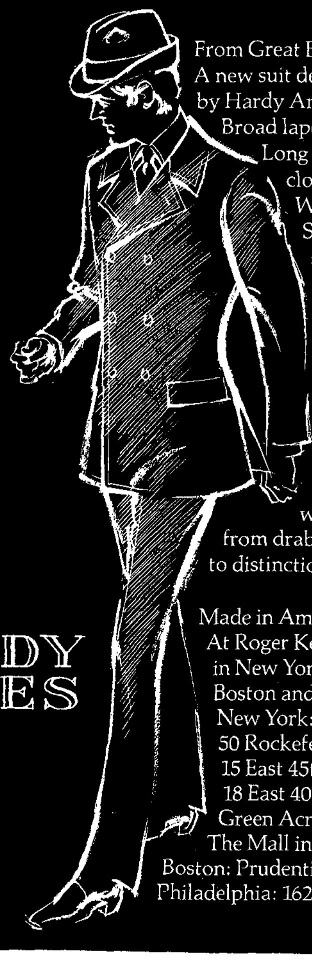

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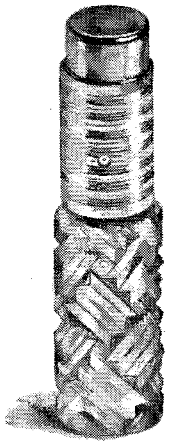

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Wednesday evening by the Boston Symphony, under Erich Leinsdorf. Following a ceremonial performance of "The Death of Mélisande," from Gabriel Fauré's incidental music for Maeterlinck's play, in memory of Charles Munch, Mr. Leinsdorf conducted Arnold Schoenberg's Kammersymphonie, Opus 9b, an early work, which, despite all the fuss about its containing chords built out of fourths instead of thirds, sounds like a sort of "Tristan und Isolde" pushed to an unhealthily neurotic extreme. I have never particularly admired it, though I prefer it by far to Schoenberg's later, twelve-tone compositions. Next came Stravinsky's symphonic poem "Le Chant du Rossignol," a concert version of the ballet by the same title, which was in turn excerpted from an early opera. It dates from the time when Stravinsky was playing the barbaric Slav, and it has some appealing moments, though it consists largely of rhythmic and instrumental tricks and has little musical substance. After the intermission, Mr. Leinsdorf performed a suite from the "Kleine Dreigroschenmusik" for wind instruments, by Kurt Weill, which made the Boston Symphony players sound like a timid jazz band. All the same, there was a refreshing vulgarity about this work that contrasted with what went before. Weill was no great melodist, but he did write one unforgettable melody in "The Moritat of Mac the Knife," and this in itself made the suite worth listening to. To top things off, the formidable Cuban pianist Jorge Bolet appeared as soloist in Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini"—a great showoff piece for piano virtuoso, and played in an especially sensitive manner. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

A friend told me that if I feed my dog gunpowder he will turn against every one and listen to no one but me. Is this true?—Cleveland, Ohio.—*From the Hackensack (N.J.) Bergen Record.*

It is probably true. On the other hand, you will not be the kind of person a dog *should* listen to. So it is a difficult decision to make. Think twice.

•

Two books have been suspended from the required reading list at Woodburn High School following a complaint from a Baptist minister. . . . They are the novel "Brave Thee Well" by Audost Hucksley and George Orwell's "1984."—*University of Oregon Medical School Lunch News.*

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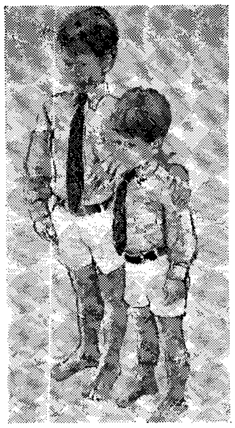

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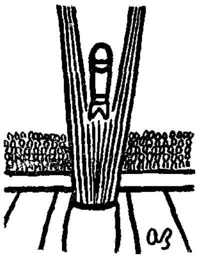

THIS correspondent's oldest professional friend, who played pro ball all his career, both in and out of college, and under more than one nom de combat (he doesn't mind the extra added name that, because of his still mighty hulk, he is assigned in these columns—Crowe Magnon), had only a brief higher-learning career (when he cracked a leg at the beginning of his junior year, his athletic scholarship hastily expired), but he saw—as sportsman or spectator sportsman—a lot of action. "I know about all the record-breaking that goes on now," he likes to say, "and I can come up with some good old ones. When I scouted Dartmouth, forty years ago, there was Myles Lane, who is now chairman of the New York State Commission of Investigation and will soon take office as a New York Supreme Court justice, and he ran back a kickoff ninety-five yards against Allegheny, and, just to show it was no freak, ran one back the same distance against Cornell. And Al Marsters, a couple of years before—sixty-five yards and ninety yards against Cornell for touchdowns, and passes for four more in the same game. I went all the way to the Coast with Dartmouth once, by train, to see them play Stanford. We were gone a couple of weeks! I don't see what's remarkable about the record-breaking now. They even stop the clock after every first down, and, of course, after every failed pass, and there are a lot more passes today. I saw that Army-Boston College game a couple of weeks ago—a hundred and fifty-nine plays in the sixty minutes. We could never run off anything like that. And the penalties. If you were tackled when you were trying to pass and you threw the ball away, you got a penalty. I don't see that happening anymore. You threw more than one failed pass in any series of downs, and they marked off five yards against you. And you played both ways, because once you got taken out of the game you couldn't go back in any old time. There weren't any Gogolaks to run out and kick a goal and then sit down again. So if we got a lead of a touchdown or ten points, we sat on it; we'd even delay a play until we got a penalty, just to use up time, and I remember once

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we took five penalties like that one after the other—a twenty-five-yard loss—while three minutes ran off before we got off a long kick out of bounds. We could do that because we didn't lose a down, of course, on any of the penalties. If we had thrown a pass while we were ahead, the coach would have shot us. A while ago, I saw Dowling do that, when Yale was ahead, from I swear five yards behind his own goal. He would never have played again. They do eat better today, and they get better looked after all round, and that helps. I went up to Brown from Philadelphia this fall, and the train stops at Princeton Junction and the whole local team gets on—sixty of them, with the coaches—and when I saw them in the diner I knew right then that I should have gone Ivy instead of to a pro school. And even if I'd had to have some kind of scholarship to get in, it wouldn't matter there if I'd dropped out of football or whatever; I'd be a scholar first and foremost."

Crowe Magnon is, I think, correct in most of his opinions, particularly the one about eating well. The train that Princeton squad travelled on is the Colonial Express, and the steward of its diner is often Paul Rehn, celebrated among his fellow-professionals as the grower of the finest tomatoes on Long Island. He told me that he had been on duty that day, and that he had fed the players tomato juice (not of his making, though), a plateful apiece of four big lamb chops, baked potatoes, and stringbeans, plus hearts of lettuce with French or Russian dressing, dry toast, honey, orange sherbet, and tea. "The coaches said no butter, no Cokes, no Pepsi, no matter what the boys said, and I did what I was told. I guess they were told not to eat the fat; they cut the hearts out of the chops and didn't fool around with gnawing the bones. That meal was exactly what the coaches ordered, and the railroad even printed a souvenir menu for everyone—I suppose so he'd remember what was good for him the rest of his life. I think the check was three hundred and ninety dollars." From what I know of Crowe Magnon's sere undergraduate years, I doubt if he ever had it anywhere near that good. —J. W. L.

•

When asked how the President viewed his role, Christian emphasized that all presidential decision-making would remain with Mrs. Johnson until he leaves office Jan. 20.—*Carroll Kilpatrick in the Chicago Sun-Times.*

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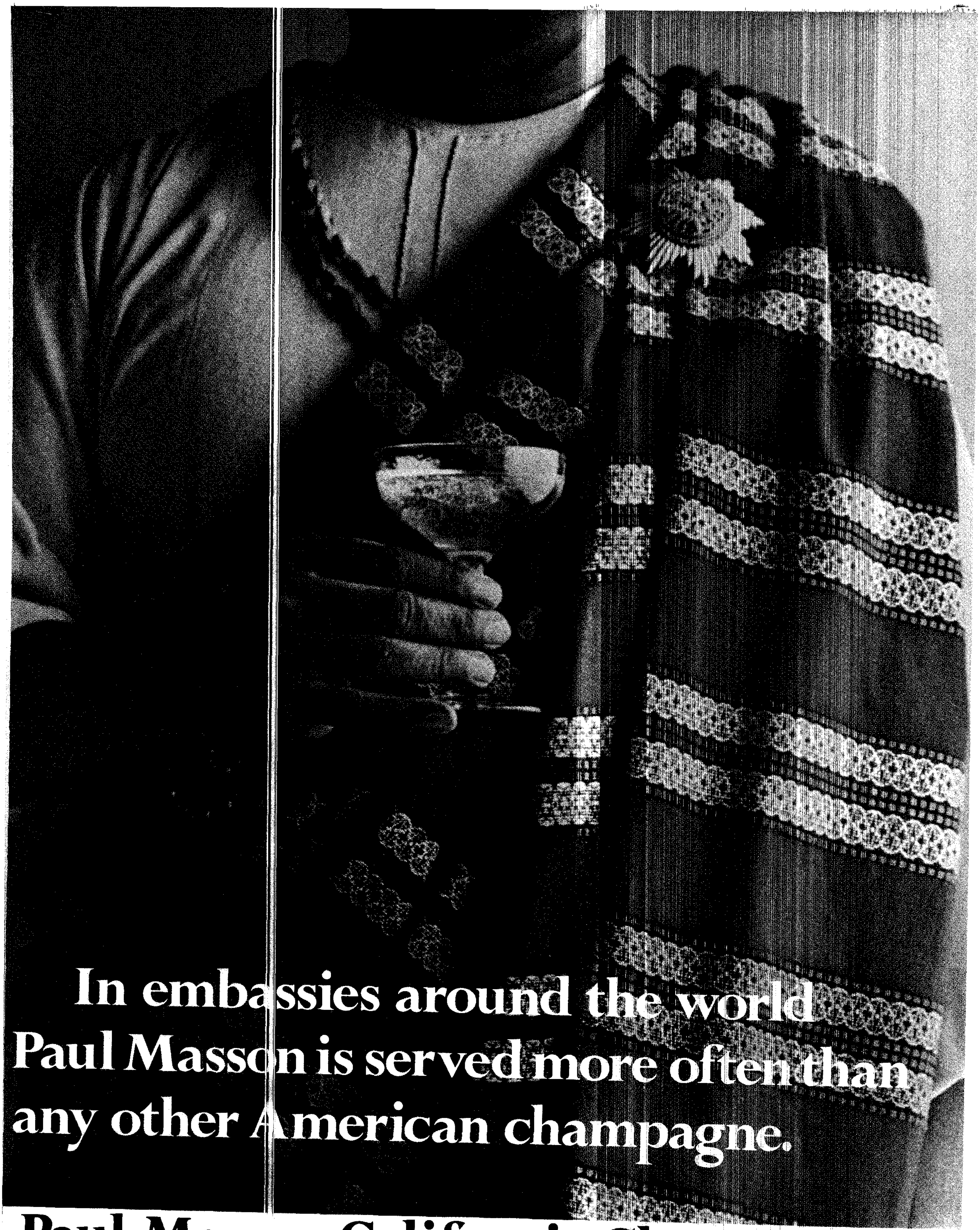

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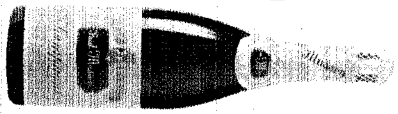

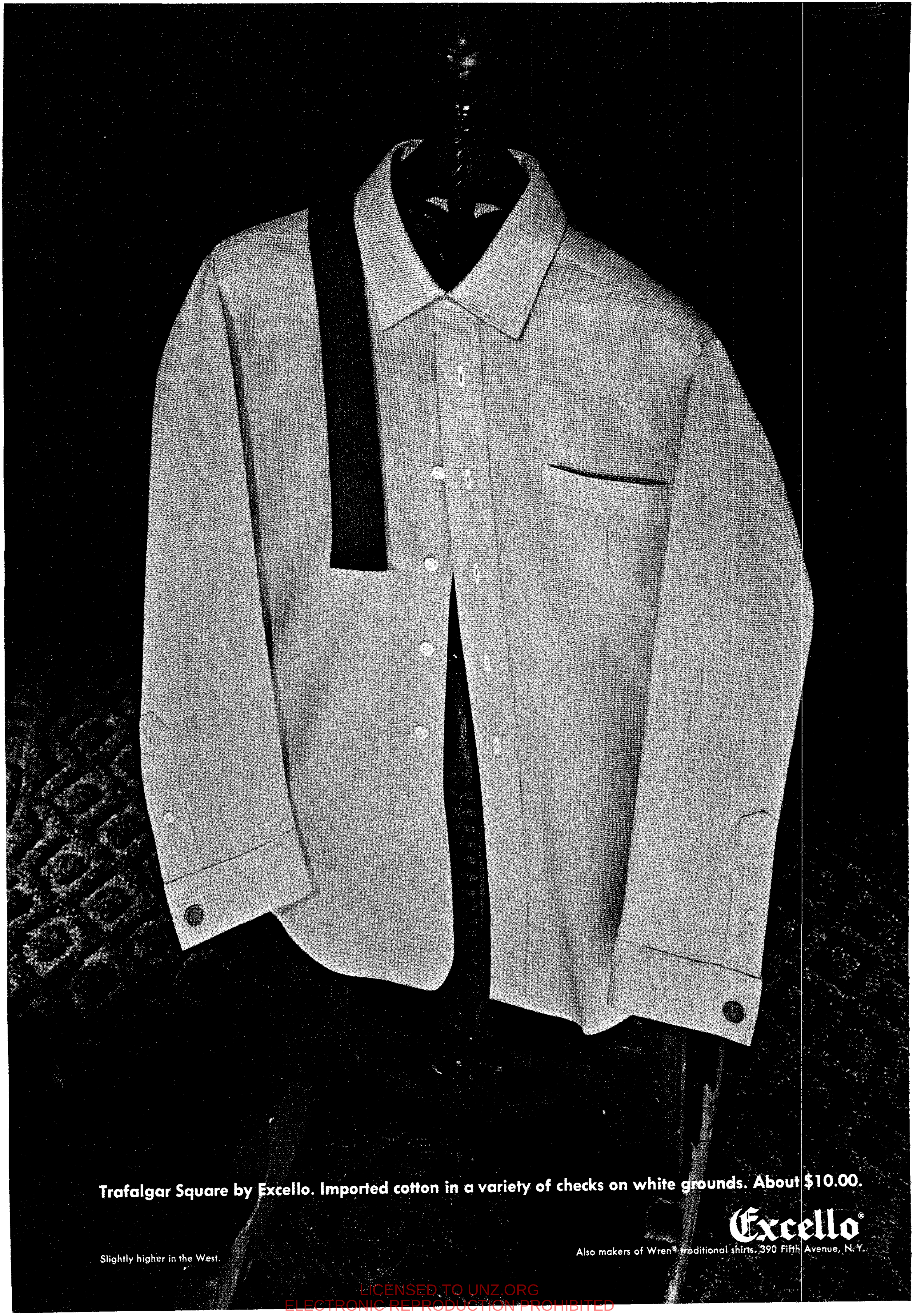

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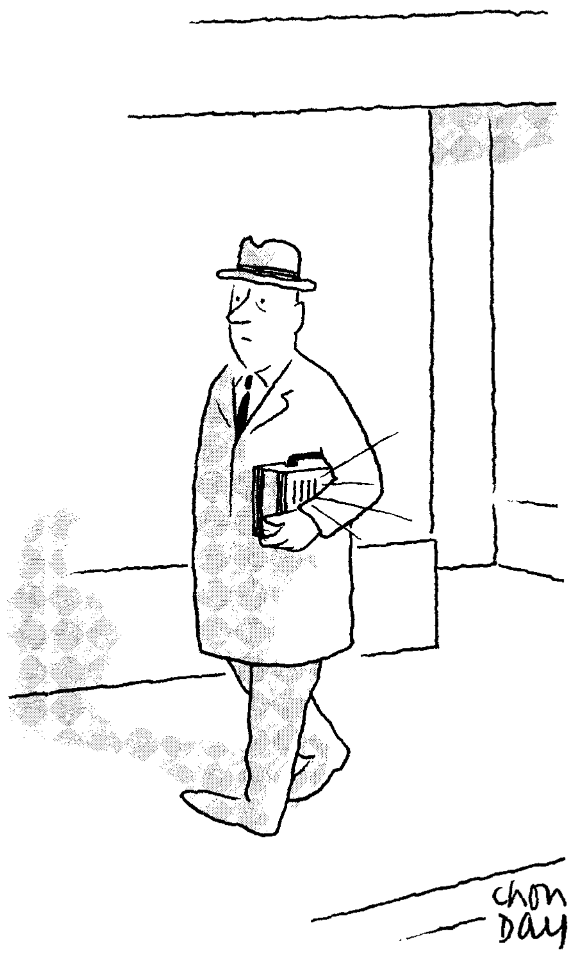
THE ART WORLD

The Thirties

ART museums have borrowed from journalism the practice of packaging history in ten-year bundles—exhibitions entitled "Art of the Forties," "Art of the Fifties," and so on—as if modes in painting and sculpture were conveniently born and expired in the cycle of decades in order to make memorizing them easier. Since, however, such arbitrarily marked-off time segments fail to fit the span of significant styles, it is customary to squeeze into both ends of the exhibition works from earlier and later decades before tying up the art-historical package with New Year's streamers. This finagling with time spans happens to be unnecessary in the case of the thirties; that decade almost coincides with a genuine historical epoch. Only the other day, an economist writing on financial stability referred to "the horrible thirties"—an indication of how vividly the decade has identified itself in his field. In art, too, the thirties have a distinct physiognomy, though one not sufficiently unambiguous to be called horrible; for instance, the era was a beginning in American mural painting. From the financial collapse of 1929, which drove American artists home from Europe, to the opening of the Second World War, which drove European artists out of their homes to America, the thirties were an interval in which history openly revealed its power to tamper with art. The Depression was a common situation, even for those not in need, and creation took place with a consciousness of the disturbed public presence—as today its awareness is of the frivolous art-world presence. Before the thirties were half over, the public presence had extended itself into the government presence and, particularly with artists in the large cities, into the presence of the political left. In the thirties, the avant-garde of art gave way, step by step, to the political avant-garde. The financial predicament of the artist and the issue of social patronage of the arts took precedence over aesthetic problems. American painting was produced on the borderline of social action; those who wished to restrain it from crossing that line had to dig in and defend their positions.

One effect of the social offensive was a pervasive mood of sobriety and constraint; a Warhol or a Rauschenberg is inconceivable in the thirties. The key word was "discipline." In painting and literature, "discipline" represented a spiritual position, like that of Mondrian or Eliot; in politics and political art, it meant submitting to direction by the Party. For wider currency, "discipline" was translated into "responsibility." Art felt obliged to make its purposes clear and its images publicly significant. It responded with countless landscapes and with depictions of local scenes and types and historical episodes. The artist reached past easel painting and figure sculpture to media for the many—murals and sculptured friezes on public buildings, prints, documentary photographs and films. Social themes hunted through museums and files of reproductions for an appropriate style. Masters of narrative and dramatic situations—El Greco, Bosch, Brueghel, Velázquez, Goya, Degas, Picasso—were naturalized again and again under scores of American names. The advanced movements of the twentieth century had lost direction, though a tiny minority of artists continued to reiterate the teachings of Cubism, Surrealism, and Neo-Plasticism.

Formally, the thirties were a drop-out; though there appeared an immense effusion of craft skill, not one new aesthetic idea emerged. Even when prophetic moves were made, they remained hidden or were nervously abandoned, as if in fear of offending the reigning utilitarian spirit. The murals of the thirties are sometimes credited with providing the starting point of bigness in the paintings and sculptures of the fifties and sixties. But to see the thirties as inspiring largeness amounts, in my opinion, to forcing the hand of art history; many of the murals were fairly small—sections of panels and borders around entrances. But regardless of size, almost all were cramped in scale because of the overcrowding of visual data intended to convey the social message. Overloading the picture space went hand in hand with rigidity of composition and drawing and with conventional use of color. In both its realistic and its abstract genres, American art of the thirties revealed an absence of freedom, a lack of assurance, and the hesitations of aesthetic apprenticeship. The saving feature of the period was its intellectual conscience—a virtue that was also its handicap. Non-objective painters were challenged to indicate what their circles and squares contributed to social progress; the usual reply was to draw an analogy between their work and that of the pure scientist engaged in advancing his specialty without regard to immediate practical application. But if the demand to adjust creation to utility was stultifying, it had the merit of discouraging the arrogance, cuteness, and clownishness of artists who perform



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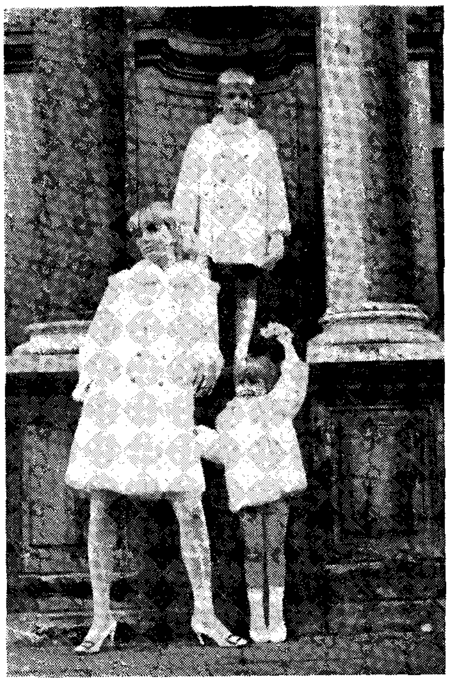

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THE current exhibition at the Whitney Museum, entitled "The 1930's: Painting and Sculpture in America," approaches the decade as a source of works capable of satisfying the tastes of today. In effect, history is turned inside out to make the thirties an extension of the sixties. The assumption of the exhibition is that whatever the decade may have meant to itself, it is significant to art only through the "good" works it has left behind. The perspective of the Whitney is that of an art collector of the late sixties who might be interested in acquiring an abstraction by John Graham before that painter abandoned Abstract art, a Man Ray fantasy, a pre-homage-to-the-square Albers. In sum, current fashion has the last word. Not only is there no effort to reflect the social situation of the thirties (one indignant critic suggested that the show ought to have greeted visitors with the figure of an unemployed person peddling apples) but, more to the point, there is no resemblance to an art exhibition of the era the show pretends to represent. The mass of American landscapes and scene paintings omnipresent in that time has been reduced to a sampling of the most unavoidable names—Benton, Burchfield, Curry, Evergood, Gropper, Levine, Shahn, Marsh—while considerably more than half the items consist of Abstract and Surrealist art, some of it by visitors to America, like Léger and Matta, some by Americans who worked in Europe until late in the decade, like Holty and Patrick Henry Bruce, and who exerted no influence upon it. (Bruce, the exhibition list tells us, died in New York three months after his return from Paris, where he had been working since 1904.) Artists who were either too young or too obscure to have had any effective role in the thirties, or who later changed their styles (e.g., Balcomb Greene), or who attained their true stature under the influences of a subsequent period (e.g., Gorky, de Kooning, Pollock, Hofmann) are included in order to swell the volume of thirties Abstraction. On the other hand, dozens of personages who, for better or worse, are fused into the period are omitted from the exhibition, among them—to name but a handful—Alexander Brook, Cameron Booth, Francis Criss, Isabel Bishop, Henry Schnakenberg, Maurice Sterne, Louis Eilshemius, Leon Kroll, Eugene Speicher, Boardman Robinson, Karl

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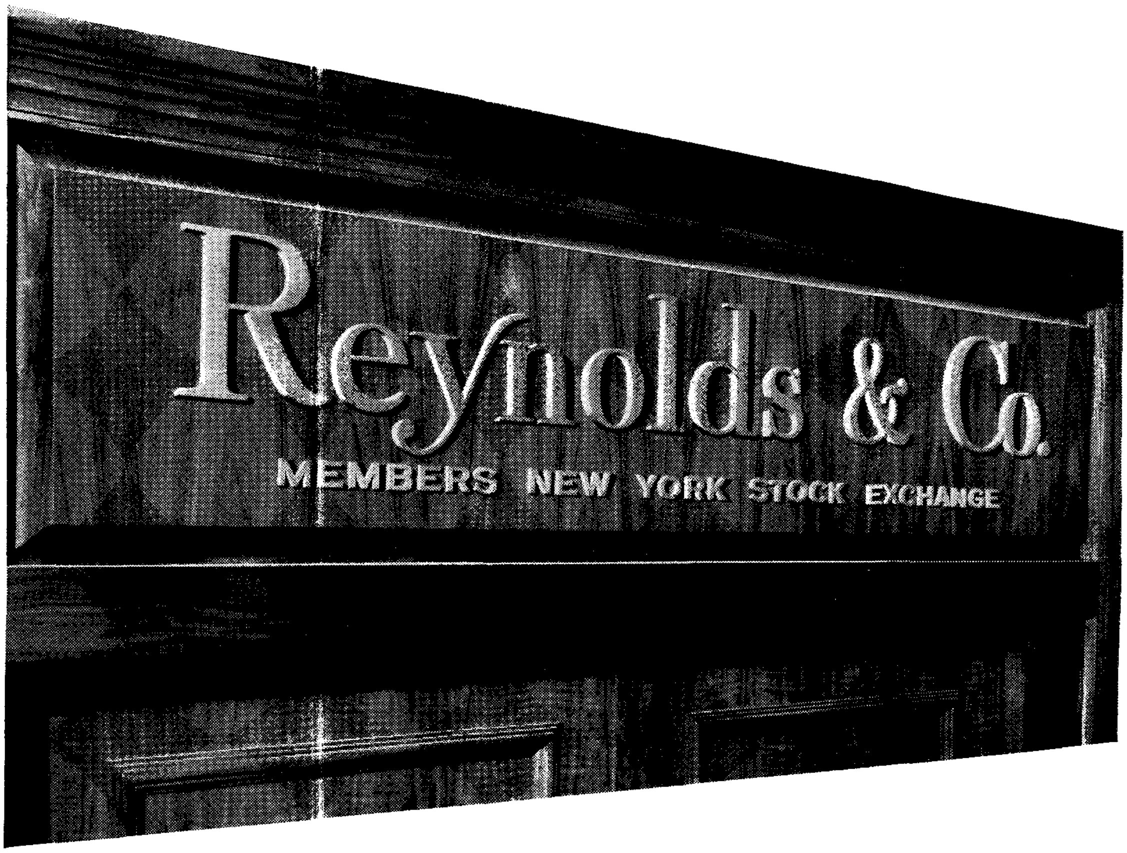
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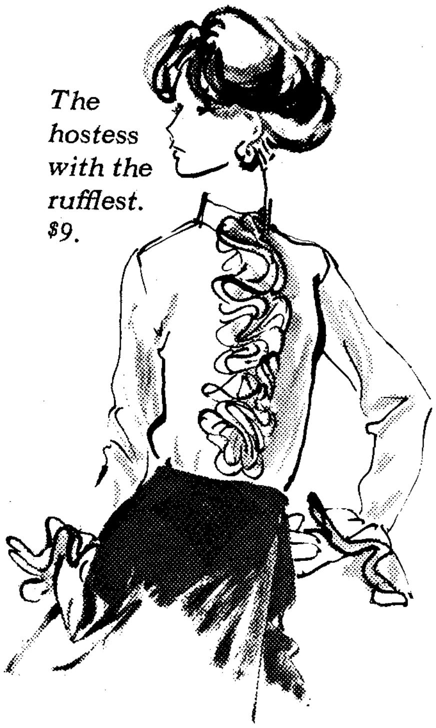
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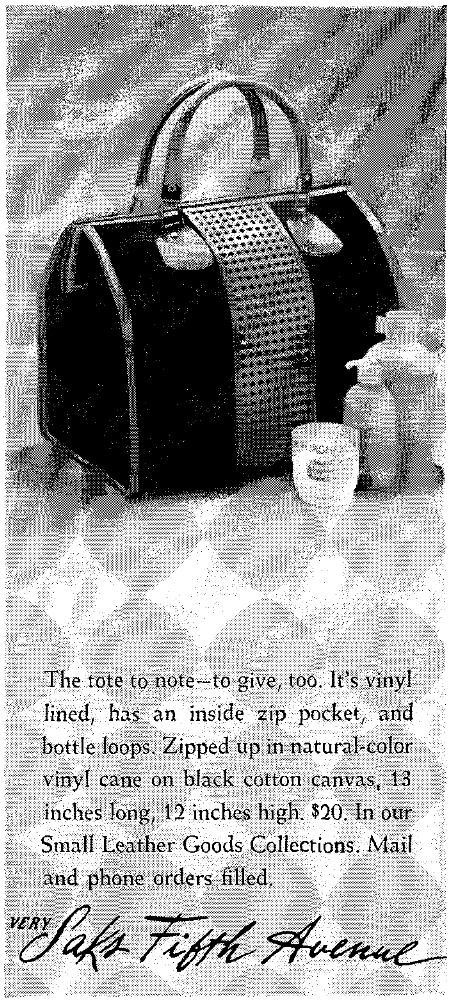

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Zerbe, Anton Refregier. There is one painting by Raphael Soyer, there are none by Moses and Isaac Soyer. And one work by Jack Levine and two by Ben Shahn hardly do justice to the ubiquitousness of these artists in the art life of the decade.

To justify this distortion of focus, the catalogue (not yet published) knocks down the straw man of a conception of the thirties as "a monolithic period" whose art was "almost exclusively 'socially conscious,' " which is not the issue at all. The idea of Beauty, in capital letters, played as important a role in the art of the thirties as the idea of Revolution; painting today is separated from that of the earlier period by what happened to both these ideas. The issue in replacing exemplary figures with ones calculated to promote values alien to the time is the issue of the falsification of history. The Whitney interpretation is equivalent to describing Czarist Russia in terms of the Diaghilev ballet and the Moscow Art Theatre. By the standards of the sixties, the Whitney's "The 1930's" is a good show—much better, indeed, than the thirties deserve (except that the first thing anything deserves is itself). But a good show is only an occasion for enjoying what we have learned to like and for confirming what we already believe. To go beyond present-day aesthetic parochialism we need to understand the thirties, not tap some syrup out of them. Without an awareness of that endless mass of mill runs, fields with scarecrows, white barns, and distant windmills, railroad tracks, crowded evening streets, housewives undressed to the waist staring earnestly into the spectator's eyes, marble mother-and-child themes in Cubistically simplified forms, it is impossible either to apprehend the burdensomeness of American painting and sculpture in those days or to appreciate the desperate creative force that it took to break into new ground in the years that followed.

As conceived by the Whitney, American painting had a style in the thirties—almost the style it has today, albeit somewhat submerged. But to link works to the present because they are Abstract or Surrealist, without considering the quality of sensibility embodied in them, is to judge art by format, in disregard of feeling and imagination. The fact is that the thirties' only common style was a backward-looking eclecticism; even the most advanced works of the Abstractionists and Surrealists at the Whitney were based on memories of the avant-garde movements of the earlier part of the

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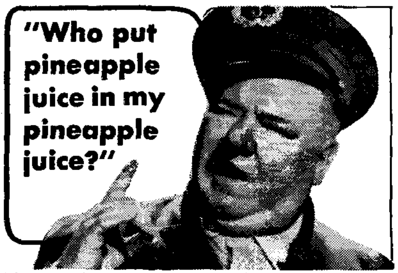
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About a mile outside the Korean village of Ku Am there are a few dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a new village industry—a silk raising farm. That day is still many months off, but it doesn't stop the village men from making daily inspection treks up the steep hill, just in case. Just in case something miraculous has happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as she was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day and most of the evening to earn $10 a month. Barely enough to keep them from starving.

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century. Examples are the two excellent Abstract paintings by John Graham done in 1931 and 1932; they represent the thirties not in being Abstract but in that soon after painting them Graham denounced these residues of the twenties in his attack on Abstract art. The peak of formal advancement in the thirties is represented by Stuart Davis, who, appropriately, has the largest painting at the Whitney. Davis, a post-Cubist who geometrized the American scene, had established his style in the twenties, and he held to it without change throughout his career; his radicalization in the thirties was entirely on the political side. He was the editor of the *Art Front*, organ of the Communist-dominated Artists Union, and he allowed his friendship with Arshile Gorky to lapse because Gorky, despite the political situation, "still wanted to play," as Davis put it; that is, to devote himself to problems of painting. Davis's vanguardism was in sum a conservative adaptation of School of Paris painting to an ordered picturing of the American scene. The watchword for American avant-garde style in the thirties is the prefix "semi"—semi-Abstract (Davis), semi-Expressionist (Hartley, Dove); that is, half-commitment to new ideas, a continuation of the aesthetic timidity and respectability already evident twenty years earlier in the Armory Show. Given the social presence, to go even this far took a good deal of independence. Yet in contrast to the unadventurous vanguardism of the thirties one prefers Hopper and is inclined, despite the high quality of Davis, Dove, and Hartley, to regard him as the finest American painter of the period.

The linear abstractions of Mark Tobey have a legitimate place in the Whitney exhibition; he is unquestionably a "forties" artist already matured in the thirties. The inclusion of early de Koonings, Pollocks, and Gorkys is, however, almost certain to result in obfuscation. The thirties creations of all three need to be seen in terms of the decade rather than, as at the Whitney, having the decade seen in terms of them; that is, of their later works. The de Kooning 1931 composition of rectangles and ovals and his later figure of a man are, in their sparkling tightness, Renaissance color, and polished surfaces, products of the ascetic discipline that in the thirties served as a personal code and a social ideal. They are paintings in the spirit of Mondrian—the figure painting as much as the abstraction—and while they represent stages in the development of de Koon-

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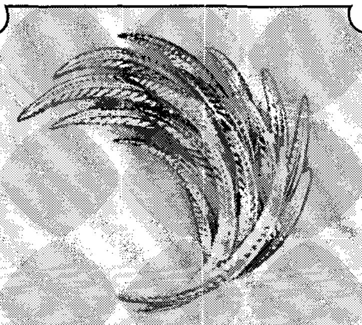

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ing, they have more in common with the era in which they were created than with, as the catalogue puts it, "a more painterly and Expressionist vein [that] was rapidly developing under the influence of Matisse, Cubism, Miró, and Surrealism." De Kooning in the thirties was on the dark side of the moon as far as his later "Expressionist" experiments in self-liberation were concerned, and, except for the mystery of temperament, he could have remained on that side, like Diller and half a dozen others.

If the de Kooning canvases are neither Expressionist nor painterly, neither is Gorky's "The Artist and His Mother," a work with which the artist struggled for almost ten years and whose surface he polished to a mirror hardness comparable to that of the de Koonings—as convincing a symbol as one might find of the tight, high-pressured, and constricted impulses of that era of crisis, combat, and public scrutiny. Another Gorky in the exhibition belongs to the phase between his Picasso-Braque imitations and his adaptations from Miró; despite its attempt to animate its forms, they are locked in by the compressed scale of the canvas and its heavy layers of pigment. The Pollocks, entitled "Birth" and "The Flame" (translatable into claustrophobia and eruption), are equally confined and heavy. Freedom, lightness, and instantaneity of execution were to come to these artists in a later day and under the influence of different forces. Even Hans Hofmann, whose *unique role* in the thirties as a bridge between the past and the future cannot be overestimated, is held down to a formal demonstration, though he manages to make one of his compositions come to life. It was only after American art had, in the postwar years, painfully overcome the inhibitions imposed by its past and by the public presence that freedom in painting and sculpture could give rise to a style.

An authentic exhibition of the thirties, even without apple peddlers, would appear almost as remote stylistically from the light shows, pop parodies, kinetic sculpture, and Minimal constructions of the current art world as from an exhibition of the eighteen thirties. In a sense, the nineteen-thirties, with their semi-isolation from Paris and their rediscovery of the American landscape and of American social fact constituted a peculiar pocket in time, a kind of pre-revolutionary stasis in which psychological frustration was accompanied by impressive quantitative leaps (e.g., the sudden great rise in the num-

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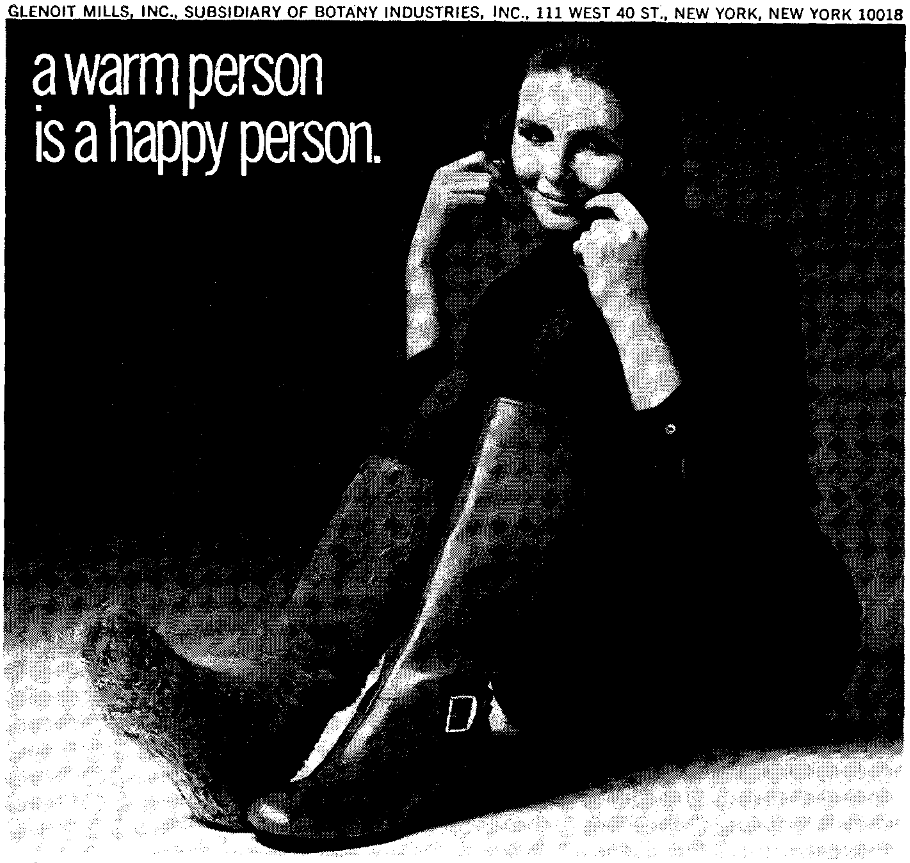

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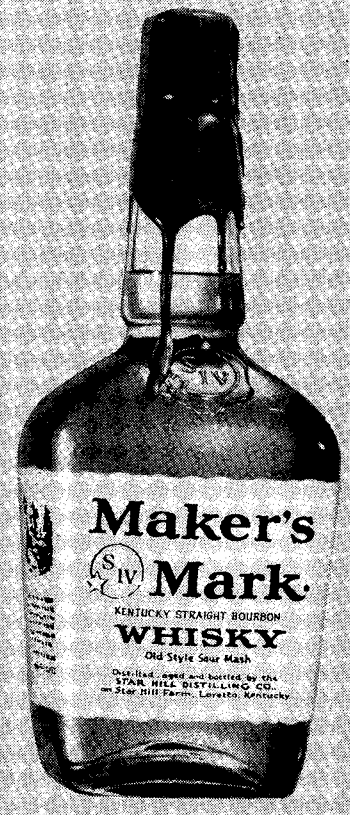
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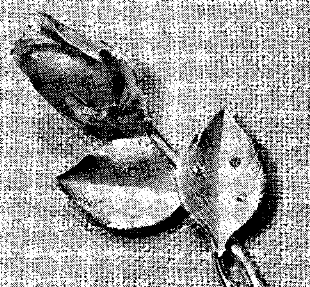

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ber of practicing artists) and institutional innovations (public support of the arts). Aesthetically, it was both backward and straining forward—the last period in American art before the avant-garde styles took over. The meaning of the thirties today lies not in the artifacts they contribute to the store of vanguard American art but in the reality and pertinence of their problems—above all, the problem of the relation between advanced art modes and an advanced public consciousness of the social situation. The thirties declared the vacuity of advanced art forms when they are separated from a radical response to public events. In recent protest shows—for example, the one at the Feigen Gallery, in Chicago, attacking Mayor Daley—artists still repeat the unsatisfactory "solution" of Stuart Davis, which divides the artist from the citizen by offering inexpressive, neutral abstractions in support of political passions. Our decade overlaps the thirties intellectually, and the Whitney's attempt to absorb the creations of that earlier period into a timeless agglomerate of aesthetically acceptable objects illuminates neither the past nor the present. —HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

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[*From the London Times*]

LORD LEATHERLAND (Lab.) asked whether any regulations governed the combinations of musical notes which could be incorporated in the sounds made by motor horns on private vehicles.

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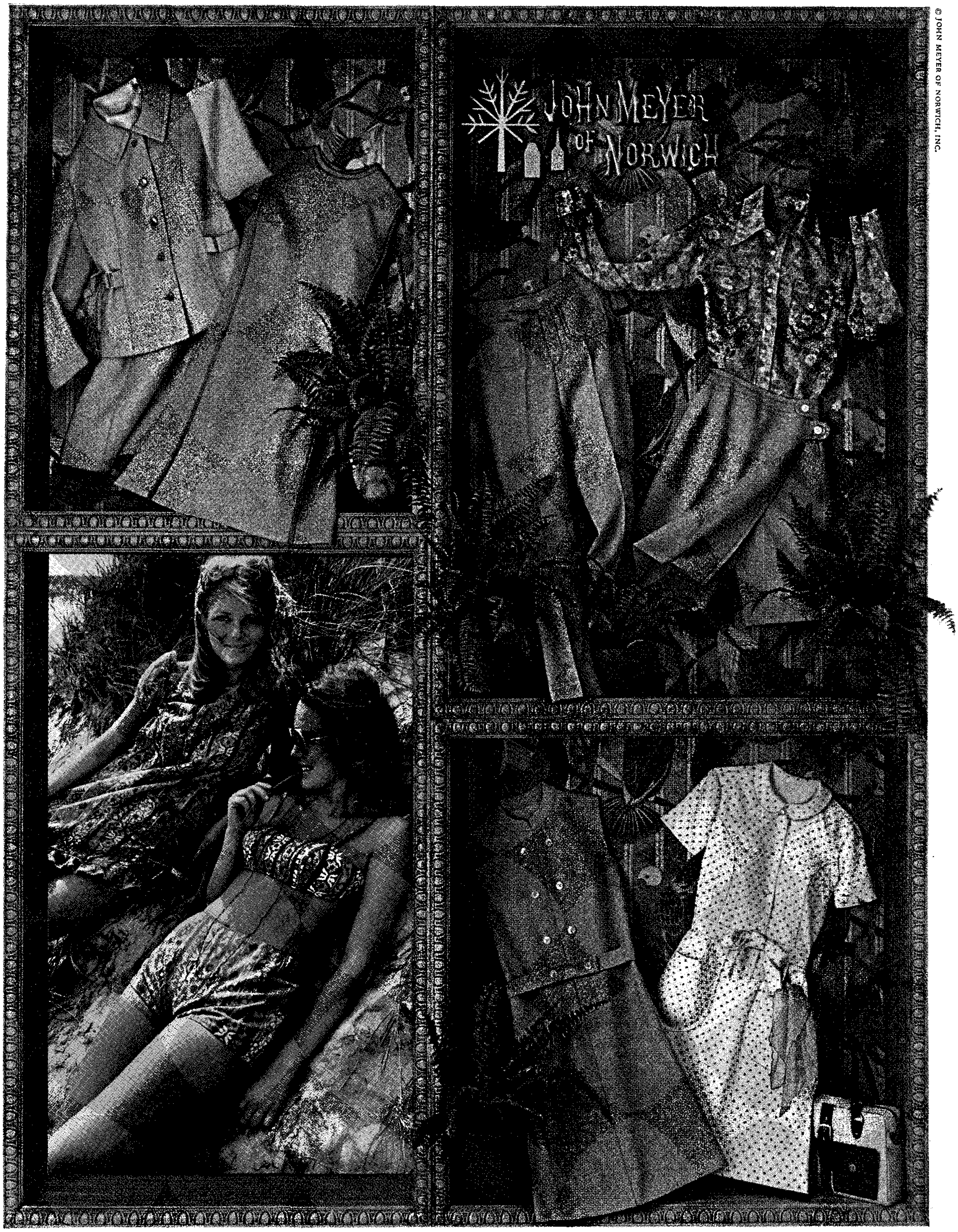

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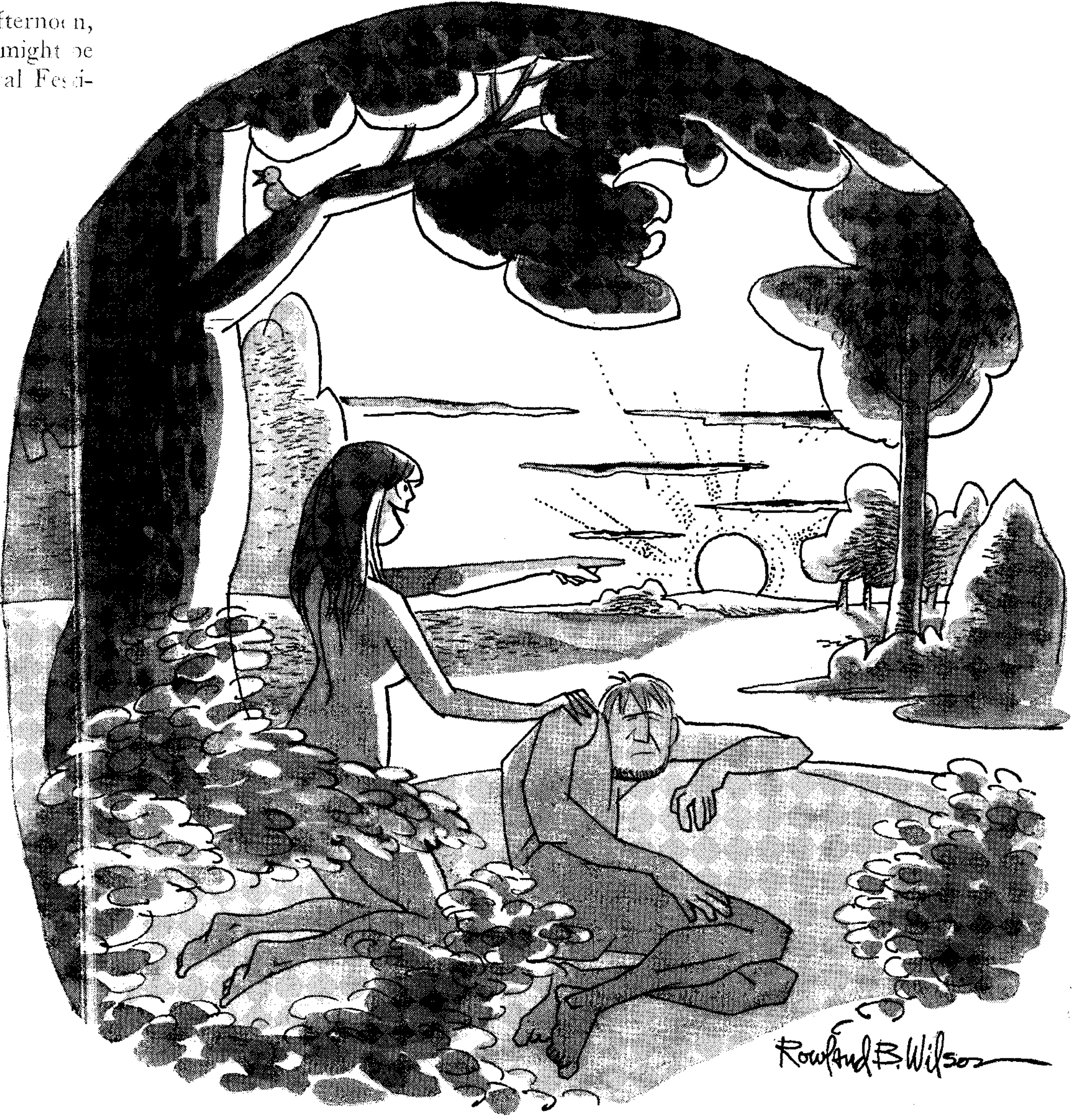
On Sunday morning, October 27th, I rang up Teletourist, the local telephone service that provides up-to-the-minute information about what the directory says are "the main events in and around London." A female voice that managed to sound cheery despite the sepulchral effect of being recorded said that any number of interesting attractions awaited my pleasure, including such standard offerings as the Changing of the Guard, the Sunday market in Petticoat Lane, the galleries and museums, the zoo, and Madame Tussaud's. Should I wish to explore London on foot, my thoughtful informant recommended "two walks, led by trained guides": one "takes you round Chelsea, the other, round the South Bank of the Thames." She suggested that if my interests were musical, I might enjoy a concert at the Royal Albert Hall in the afternoon, and perhaps in the evening it might be pleasant to drop in at the Royal Festival Hall, where "organist Harold Darke will give a recital to celebrate his eightieth birthday." Finally, my telephonic counsellor directed my attention to "the special event of the day"—a show of veteran aircraft, featuring the flying of vintage planes, to be held "at the airdrome, Old Warden, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire." There was no mention at all of what most Londoners would no doubt have considered *the* special event of that day—a long-planned and highly publicized Vietnam peace demonstration, which the newspapers had predicted might involve as many as two hundred thousand militant marchers, and which turned out to be, in the view of the *Evening Standard* after the event, "Britain's initiation into the horrors of political violence and rioting that have swept other nations."

Though the newspapers generally tended to overreact before the event, there had in fact been some reason for concern. The October 27th demonstration was to be the third of its kind in London, and the first two had not been without their ugly aspects. In the two earlier demonstrations, the first held in March and the second in July, a total of one hundred and ninety-eight people had been hurt and two hundred and ninety-four arrested. The third effort promised to dwarf its predecessors both in numbers and in militancy. Its supporters consisted mainly of left-wing student groups, a splendidly diverse collection that included the Vietnam Solidarity Committee, the Young Communist League, the International Marxist Group, the Radical Student Alliance, the Revolutionary Socialist Student Federation, the Portuguese Students' Association, the London May Day Manifesto Committee, and some two dozen other organizations, among them the Australians and New Zealanders Against the War, the Americans in Britain for U.S. Withdrawal from Vietnam, and various splinter groups of anarchists and syndicalists, all of which had banded together under an umbrella called the October 27th Ad Hoc Committee. Its most publicized leader was a twenty-five-year-old Pakistani named Tariq Ali, an Oxford graduate and part-time journalist who has been called "the guru of protest." He is an accomplished speaker, and appears frequently on British television panel programs, where he cuts a picturesque figure, having a mass of coal-black tousled hair, huge brown eyes, and a Pancho Villa-like mustache. In planning the demonstration, Mr. Ali and some of the other organizers disagreed over whether the march should wind up, as previous marches had, in Grosvenor Square, where the American Embassy is situated. Mr. Ali was strongly opposed to going to the Square,



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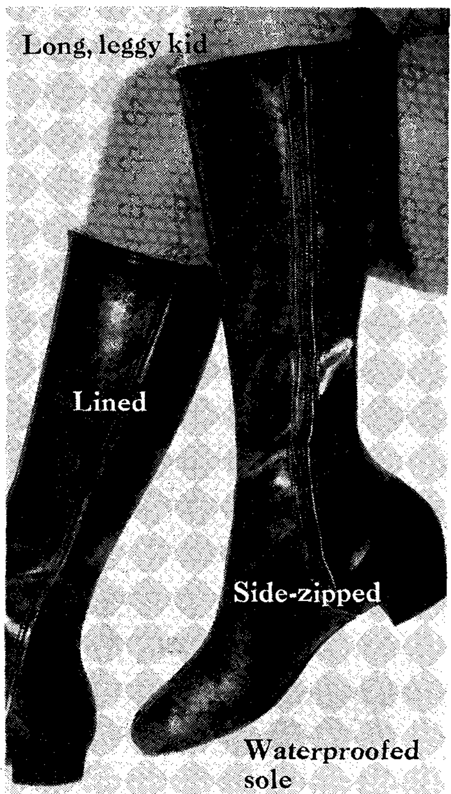

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which, he said, had proved in the past to be "a death trap for demonstrators." For taking this stand, he was denounced as a "Western playboy" and a "reactionary hyena" by a group called the Britain-Vietnam Solidarity Front, which is made up of Maoists and is led by a forty-nine-year-old native of India and naturalized British subject named Abhimanyu Manchanda. He and his followers were spoiling to have another go at the American Embassy. After much bitter wrangling, it was decided that all the demonstrators would march together from the Thames Embankment, near Charing Cross, to Trafalgar Square; Tariq Ali would then lead his people to Whitehall and eventually to Hyde Park, while Abhimanyu Manchanda would cut out with his flock to Grosvenor Square and, perhaps, the higher glory.

Mr. Ali's popularity among the Maoists and other rambunctious elements involved in the demonstration was no further enhanced by the conciliatory tone of his approach to the police during the planning stages of the march. "We don't want any confrontations with the police," he said after conferring with officials at Scotland Yard about the demonstration. "We don't want any mindless militancy. We are trying to encourage a kind of revolutionary self-discipline. We have always made it clear that the British police, compared with the police in West Germany, France, and the United States, are mild." Later, addressing his followers, he warned against "individual adventurist actions," and reminded "self-destined martyrs" that the Committee had no lawyers and no funds with which to hire any. The police, for their part, also adopted a dovish public attitude in advance of the demonstration. Though they issued no public statements, they let it be known, the *Observer* reported, that they had "decided on a policy of appeasement" in handling the demonstration. "If demonstrators stage a sitdown in Whitehall," the patently inspired article continued, "police will let them, adopting a patient, standing-by attitude. If protesters surge across the whole width of roads, police will divert traffic rather than try to force the marchers back. Under no circumstances will they use tear gas, fire hoses, or erect barricades to cordon off buildings. The key to police tactics will be to *under*-react to much of what happens, and to be seen to be doing so. Their aim is to show that they are in agreement with the demonstrators' right to protest. . . . All the Yard's

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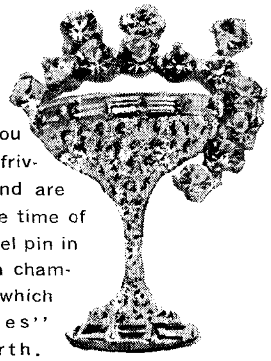

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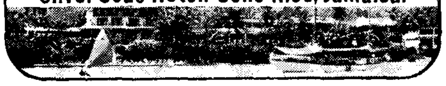
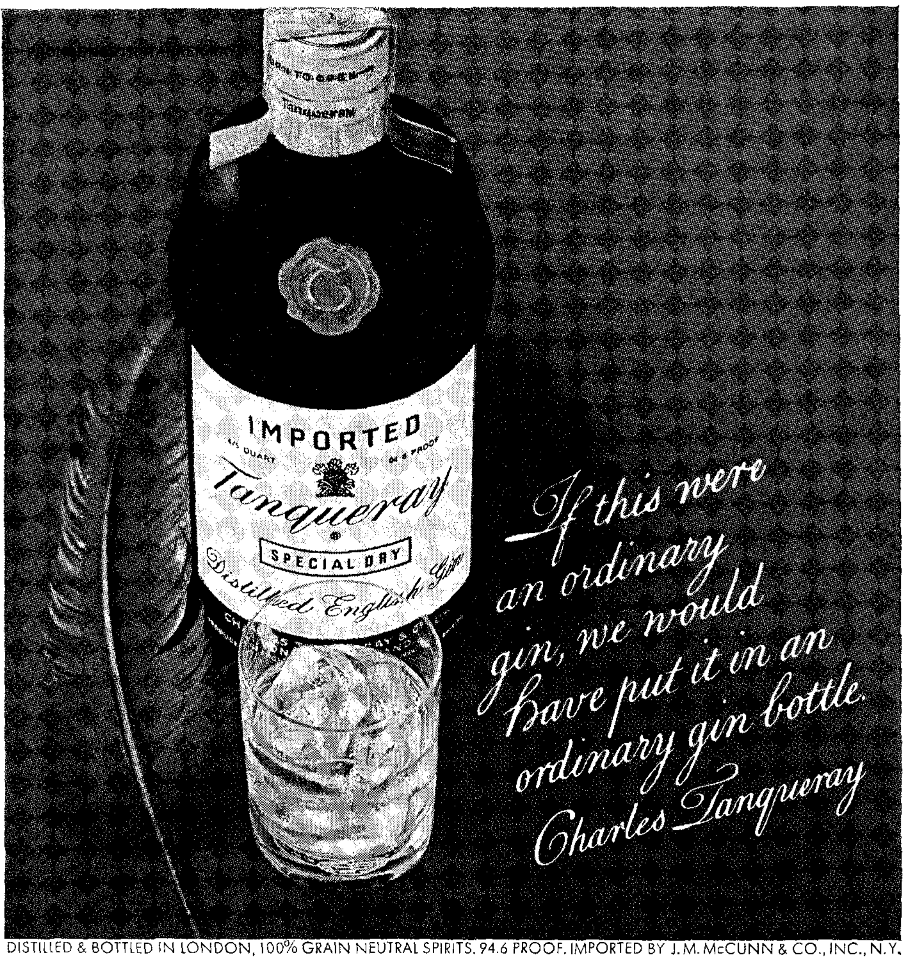


plans are meant to prevent violence, even at the cost of great provocation."

While the leading participants were thus engaged in a series of Alphonse-Gaston gestures, the majority of the newspapers were viewing the approaching drama with mounting apprehension. A month before the event, an article about it in the *Daily Telegraph* carried the headline "POLICE PLAN TO CRUSH 'OCTOBER REVOLUTION,'" and reported the disquieting speculation that "groups of anarchists plan to occupy certain buildings at the height of the demonstration," the most likely targets being the American Embassy, the Hilton Hotel, the American Express offices, the British Broadcasting Corporation, Australia House, and the offices of some Fleet Street newspapers. Other stories in the papers said that leaflets giving instructions on how to manufacture bombs from tin cans and bent nails and how to make Molotov cocktails had been circulated among members of certain groups planning to take part in the march. On October 16th, the *Times* reported that the Home Office was planning to bar foreign students with records of convictions for violence from entering the country to participate in the demonstration. The *Times* saw this expected move as "another illustration of the growing Buchanesque 'war of nerves' between the authorities and the myriad student organizations" as well as "a demonstration that the authorities are more concerned about the weekend of October 26-27 than they are prepared to admit publicly."

Several Members of Parliament publicly admitted that they were so concerned that they believed the government should ban the demonstration altogether. Mr. Tom Iremonger, a Tory M.P., went further, moving for legislation that would provide for the imprisonment and subsequent deportation of all aliens who took part in public demonstrations. "The British people are fed up by being trampled underfoot by foreign scum," he said. (Cries of "Disgraceful!" and "Shame!" from the Labour side.) The Home Secretary, Mr. James Callaghan, replying to questions in the Commons, said, "There is a risk—I have my anxieties. But a greater risk would be the consequences if the demonstration were banned. . . . In the absence of plain evidence of widespread violence, interference with the right to hold meetings even of this size, would be a bad precedent which would endanger freedom in this country."

In the last couple of days before the



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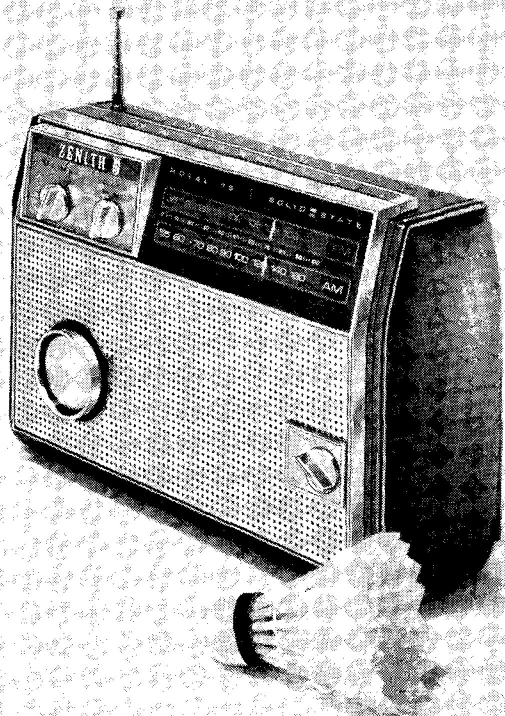

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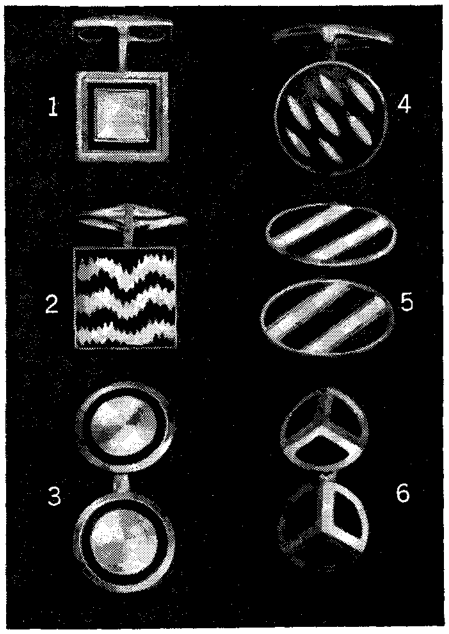

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demonstration, the newspapers, stepping up the war of nerves, reported that the National Gallery, the National Portrait Gallery, and the Tate Gallery would be closed throughout the weekend; every entrance to the Houses of Parliament was being sealed, either by iron-barred gates or by solid-oak doors; the parking of cars in the vicinity was being discouraged, "for fear of petrol bombs;" employees in government buildings had been ordered to put all documents under lock and key, and important files had been "moved from ground floor rooms vulnerable to firebombs;" the British transport police had cancelled weekend leave and put all men on standby in an effort to avoid widespread disruption of Underground and bus service; protective measures taken at Australia House included the blocking of air vents "to prevent invasion under cover of smoke bombs;" private security organizations had deployed "hundreds of men and dogs" to protect offices and buildings throughout the West End; the Prime Minister, who had planned to go to Chequers, had changed his mind and would remain in London during the weekend; metal screens had been installed over the windows of the B.B.C.'s offices in Broadcasting House, and the doors to the main control rooms had been reinforced so that they could be turned into siege doors if demonstrators managed "to invade" the building; furthermore, the B.B.C. had cancelled all live-audience television shows over the weekend "in case demonstrators try to infiltrate studios during programs and broadcast propaganda," and, as an additional precaution, the organization had sent (or so it was "believed") announcers to regional headquarters in Birmingham and Manchester to serve as standby news broadcasters in case the London service was put out of commission; American troops in Britain, numbering more than twenty-six thousand, had been advised not to enter London during the weekend; American servicemen stationed in London had been ordered to stay away from the areas where the demonstration would take place; the strong police guard around the residence of the United States Ambassador, in Regent's Park, had been reinforced with some thirty additional policemen; hospitals in central London had set up emergency first-aid posts, and a spokesman for the London Ambulance Service had said, "We are fully prepared;" police stations were clearing space to accommodate "arrested rioters;" there had been an unusually large sale of

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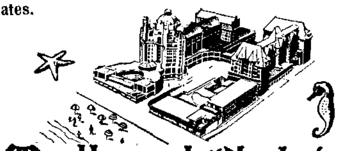

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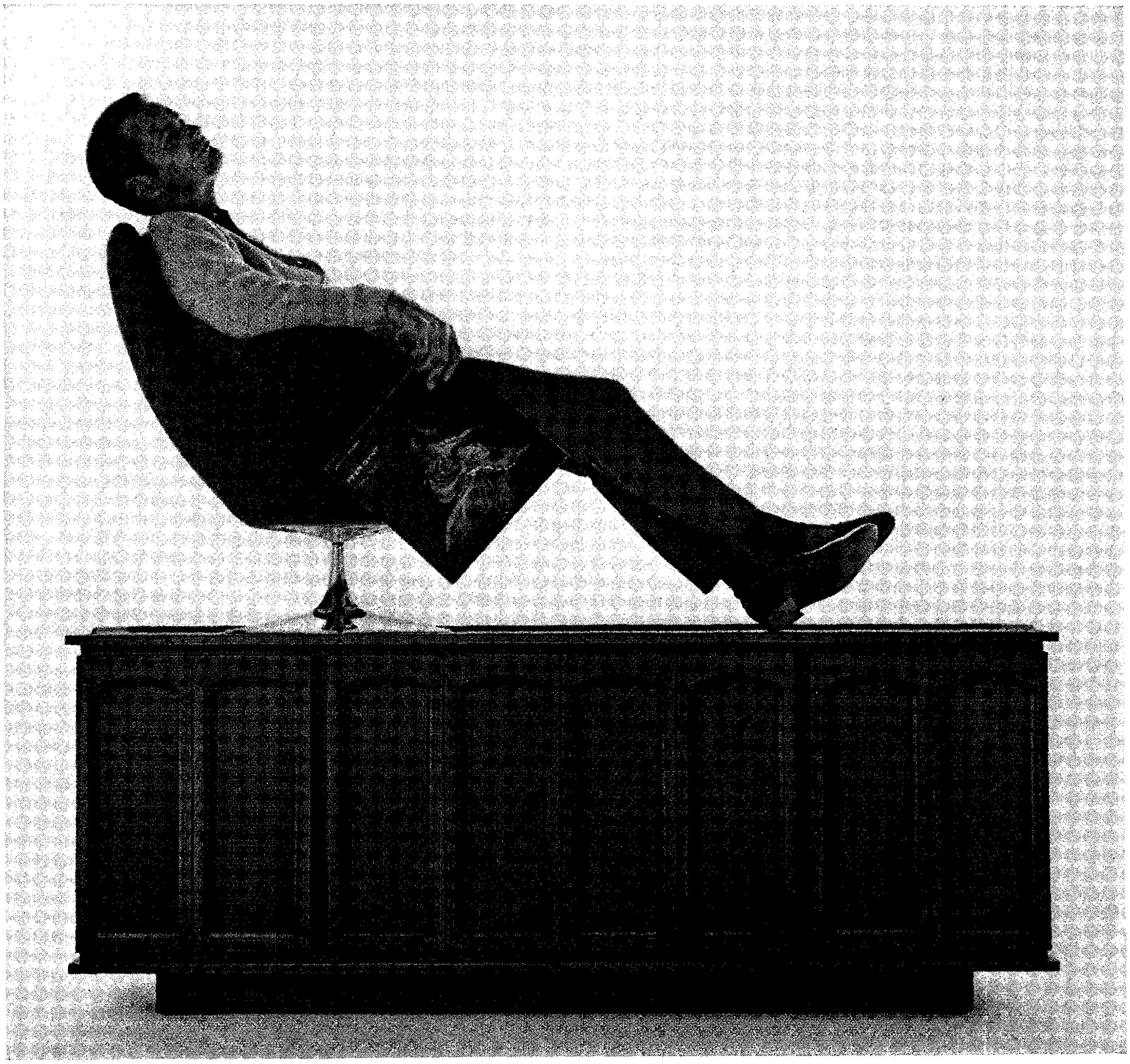

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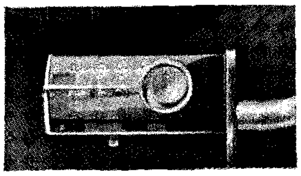

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aerosol oven-cleaning fluids, presumably to demonstrators, because the fluids "contain a caustic capable of causing blindness;" an anonymous caller had told the *Express* that "explosives would be used to attack a large building in London;" and—perhaps the richest tale of all—rumors had circulated that "children will be used to smuggle explosives into London under cover of Guy Fawkes dummies." Small wonder that on the day before the demonstration—"DEMO DAY MINUS ONE," according to a *Daily Sketch* headline—the Archbishop of Canterbury felt obliged to make a public plea for a peaceful march.

IN reading about preparations for the demo, I had learned that the National Council for Civil Liberties planned to assign some two hundred volunteer observers, working in teams of two, to keep an eye on the march—not because, the Council said, it was in any way concerned with the objectives of the demonstration or the issues under protest" but, rather, because of its concern with "the freedoms of speech and assembly and the preservation of public order." It had seemed to me that I might get the demo in better perspective if I were to witness it in the company of objectively oriented Council observers, and, accordingly, through the courtesy of the Council's general secretary, Mr. Tony Smythe, I made arrangements to do this. Following his directions, I reported to the Council's headquarters, in northwest London, at one-thirty on Sunday, half an hour before the march was scheduled to start. Mr. Smythe, a tall, affable, pipe-smoking man of thirty, who has served time in jail for being a conscientious objector, introduced me to the team I was to accompany—Mrs. Peggy Duff, a purposeful-looking, gray-haired, lively woman, who, as general secretary of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, organized the famous four-day Aldermaston Marches, and Mr. Norman Frith, a slender man of medium height with graying hair and a neatly trimmed mustache and beard, who is an architect by profession and, like Mrs. Duff, a veteran campaigner for liberal causes. The three of us promptly took off by the Underground for the demonstration's assembly point. The train was crowded with young people headed for the same destination, including one tall, clean-shaven, stern-visaged young rebel who was wearing a great red cardboard star on the lapel of his jacket.

It was nearly two o'clock when my

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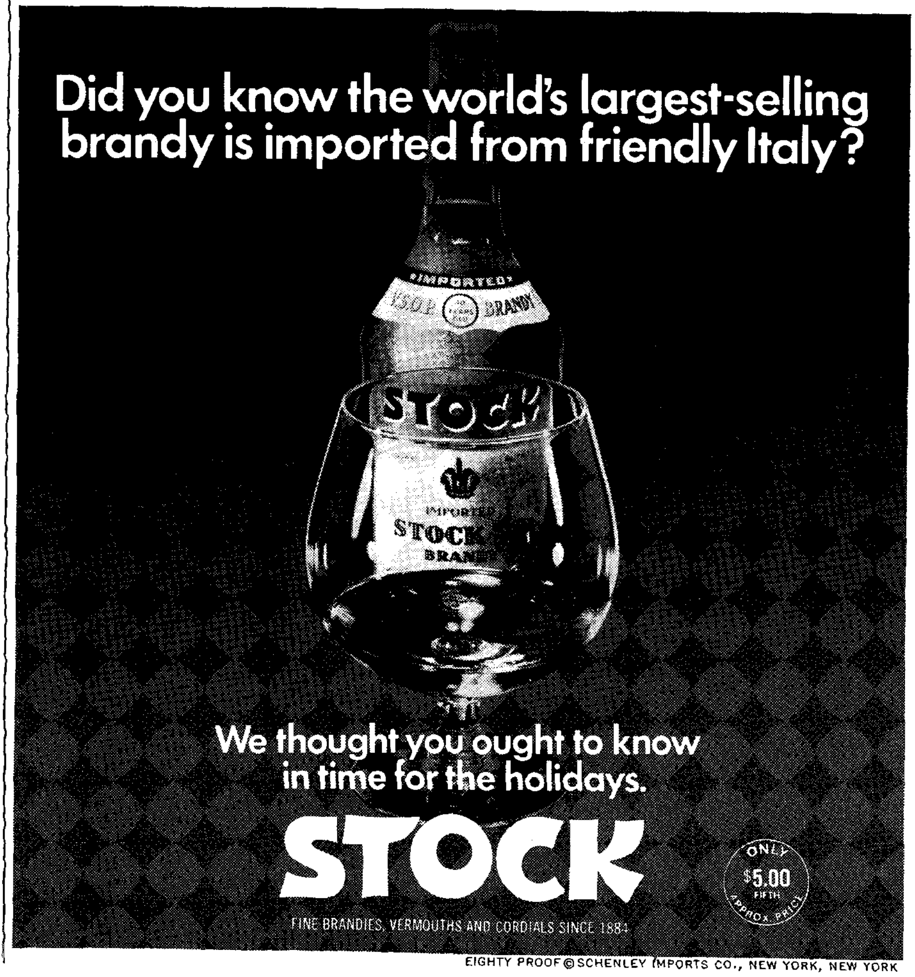
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companions and I arrived at the Embankment, which was massed with demonstrators, casually dressed, and preponderantly male and conspicuously bearded. Since the Duff-Frith team had been assigned to observe from the head of the march, Mr. Frith led the way there, taking a shortcut through some shrubbery. At the head of the column, two demonstrators were supporting an enormous banner of red, blue, and yellow—the colors of the National Liberation Front—on which was lettered "October 27th Ad Hoc Committee." Though it was already time for the march to start, the demonstrators, including several young couples wheeling children in strollers, were still drifting about. "Comrades, fall in behind the banner! Please fall in behind the banner!" a young man cried repeatedly through a bullhorn, or loudhailer, as it is called here. Many of the comrades carried banners and placards supporting a variety of causes: "Hands Off Vietnam," "Camden Town Demands American Withdrawal," "Peace," "Edinburgh University Communist Society," "Free Obi Egbuna," "The Spanish People Are with the Heroic Vietnam Against U.S. Imperialism," "Free Greece," "Lords of Anarchy," "Save Biafra," and "War Is Not Healthy for Young Children or Other Living Things." One middle-aged demonstrator, plumping for a favorable settlement of wage negotiations between the Engineering Employers' Federation and the engineering union, carried a sign that said simply, "Victory to the Engineers," and another special pleader, apparently opposed to the police procedure for dealing with suspected drunken drivers, carried a placard that read, "Stop All Urine Tests!"

At eight minutes past two, after a blue police van and a truck carrying a television crew had moved into position at the head of the column, the march got under way, to the accompaniment of much random shouting, whistling, and chanting. In the front line, setting a brisk pace, was Tariq Ali, who exuded the bouncy spirit of a recreation director at a resort hotel. He was turned out in a black turtleneck sweater, sports jacket, and slacks, and had fraternally linked arms on his right with a good-looking young woman and on his left with a middle-aged man wearing a windbreaker and a checked cloth cap. As the marchers set out, four police boats also started moving along the Thames, keeping pace with the procession. A police helicopter made a few runs overhead and then disap-

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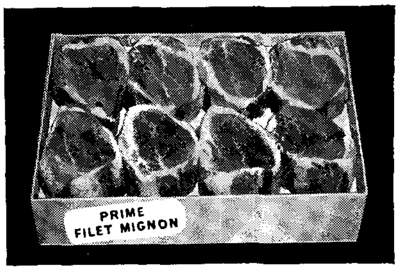

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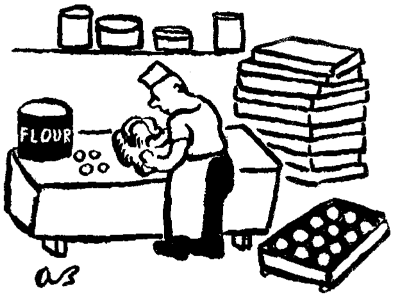
peared. It had been announced that the police on duty during the demonstration would consist of seven thousand uniformed men, with a reserve force of another seven thousand, plus a hundred and fifty mounted police. In addition, some six hundred detectives had been assigned to "roving commissions" during the weekend; wearing civilian clothes, they were to mingle with the demonstrators and be ready to go into action if needed. Despite this considerable preparation, it seemed to me that the most striking thing about the demonstration up to this point was the virtual absence of a police presence. To be sure, there were the boats on the river and the police van in front, and there had been the helicopter, but otherwise this huge crowd of people appeared to be as unchaperoned as if they were on a mixed fraternity-sorority outing. As I looked back at the advancing marchers, who filled the road from curb to curb, I was reminded of a friend who used to get annoyed at all the meticulously organized parades in New York. "Someday," I once heard him grumble as he watched the assembling of a St. Patrick's Day Parade, "what I want to see is a parade of just humans." I wished he had been with me there on the Embankment, for if ever there was a chance to see a parade of just humans, that was it.

A very large turnout of spectators, almost all of whom seemed to have cameras, lined the sidewalks along the route. In addition, a small army of amateur and professional photographers kept scurrying ahead of the procession and nimbly perching on lampposts, fences, and other vantage points. To add to the haphazard spirit of the occasion, a great number of demonstrators preferred to walk in front of the procession. Over and over again came pleas through the loud-hailers: "Get behind the Ad Hoc Committee banner. Comrades, please fall behind the banner." Nobody paid any attention. "It's the same old story—they've got the usual mob in front," Mrs. Duff remarked. "All this talk of their being so different is amusing. They're not. And



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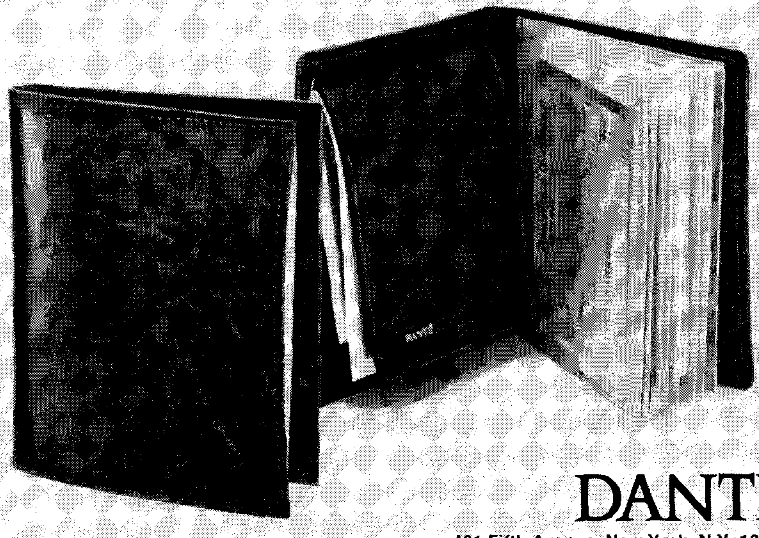

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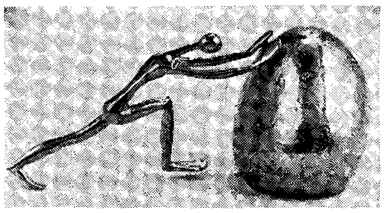

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the problems are always the same. It really all seems so orthodox." She noticed a friend, Mr. Will Griffiths, a Labour Member of Parliament, among the marchers, and went over to have a word with him. "Be careful," he told her. "If you walk in this one, you'll get arrested." They both laughed.

The first sign of police power—close up—appeared as the marchers approached Ludgate Circus, where they were to turn into Fleet Street. Eleven policemen, five on foot and six mounted, were stationed at the corner. "That's a tactical mistake," Mr. Frith said. "The mounted police should be in a side street, out of sight. Mounted police arouse very strong reactions—a kind of centaur syndrome." In this case, the marchers reacted by ignoring the police. Walking up Fleet Street, where trouble had been expected, I noticed that the ground-floor and second-floor windows of the *Daily Telegraph* building had been boarded over, and the *Daily Express* building had also been barricaded. Two buses filled with uniformed policemen—about forty in each bus—were parked in Shoe Lane, next to the *Daily Express* building. These were the first reserves I had seen. The procession had now come to a halt. I asked Mrs. Duff if she thought this was an ominous sign. "They've just stopped so that the slower ones can catch up and they can all keep together," she replied. "They're not doing badly, from a professional point of view."

From behind us came the sounds of the feared demonstration in front of the newspaper offices—a mingling of boos, hisses, and shouts. A few newspapermen appeared at the windows of the *Express* and the *Telegraph*. They were greeted with shouts of "*Sieg heil!*" and "Fascist!" and some Nazi salutes. Then the column moved on. Though pleas to get behind the main banner still went unheeded, the chanting, at least, had become better organized. The recitatives were of a fairly elementary nature. The most popular one consisted of "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!" In another, a cheerleader would shout "Victory to . . ." and the chorus would respond with ". . . N.L.F.!" Occasionally, a group of demonstrators would switch to "We are all . . ." ". . . foreign scum," or, paying tribute to another Tory M.P., who has been widely accused of racialist tendencies, "Disembowel . . ." ". . . Enoch Powell." Despite the sentiment, the demonstrators never made it sound very fierce.

As the procession approached the

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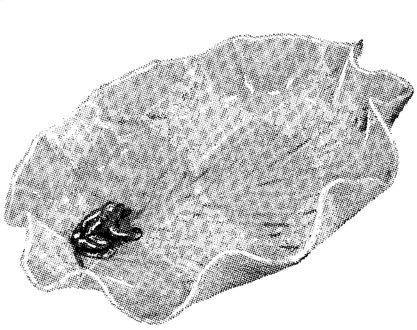

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Strand, police in considerable numbers came into view. They were lined up in front of the Law Courts at about six-foot intervals, standing with their arms folded. Fifteen mounted police were stationed in front of St. Clement Danes Church. A solid line of police surrounded Australia House. Five busloads of reserves were tucked into Melbourne Place. The preparation for the feared assault on Australia House seemed ample. The demonstration there consisted of a lot of shouting about getting Australian troops out of Vietnam, and of setting fire to an Australian flag, which didn't burn well. The marchers—about thirty-five thousand, according to police estimates, which may well have been conservative—surged on. "Let our march be peaceful," said a voice over a loud-hailer. "We must be non-violent."

It had been predicted that trouble would erupt in Trafalgar Square if, as was thought possible, segments of the main body of marchers tried to prevent the Maoists from breaking away to go to Grosvenor Square. If the thousands of spectators who jammed the Square came to see a dustup, they were disappointed. There wasn't even a scuffle. The Maoists, numbering perhaps a couple of thousand and chanting, "The main enemy is U.S. imperialism! The main target is the U.S. Embassy!," went their way, and Tariq Ali and his supporters went theirs, which was to Whitehall. I learned later that as they neared Downing Street, it dawned on them that nobody had thought to prepare a petition to leave with the Prime Minister. Tariq Ali hastily composed one. It said, "Dear Harold: 75,000 Socialists came to tell you to stop supporting the U.S. in Vietnam and to start supporting the N.L.F. Yours fraternally, Tariq Ali." He and a pair of colleagues were permitted by the police to go to No. 10 to present the petition. It was received by a porter. Afterward, the demonstrators burned a Union Jack and an American flag, tore up some wreaths that had been left at the Cenotaph, and made a few other symbolic gestures. Then they marched to Hyde Park, listened to a couple of speeches, and called it a day.

Meanwhile, since the Duff-Frith team had been assigned to Grosvenor Square, I had made my way there with them and, in the company of several hundred other spectators, was watching the Maoists' performance, such as it was. They had entered the Square peacefully but noisily, chanting the familiar slogans and shouting "*Sieg heil!*" at the police and "Burn! Burn!"

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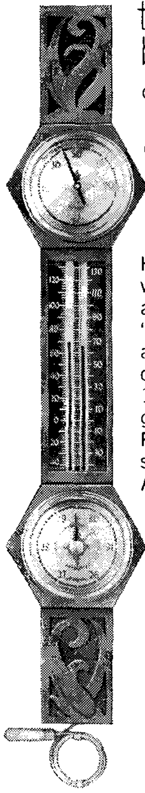

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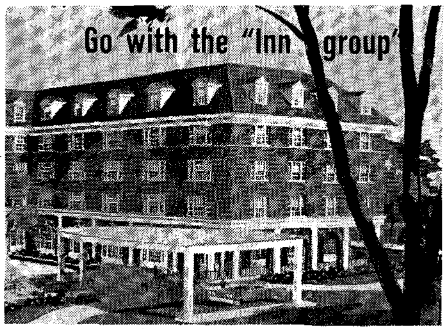

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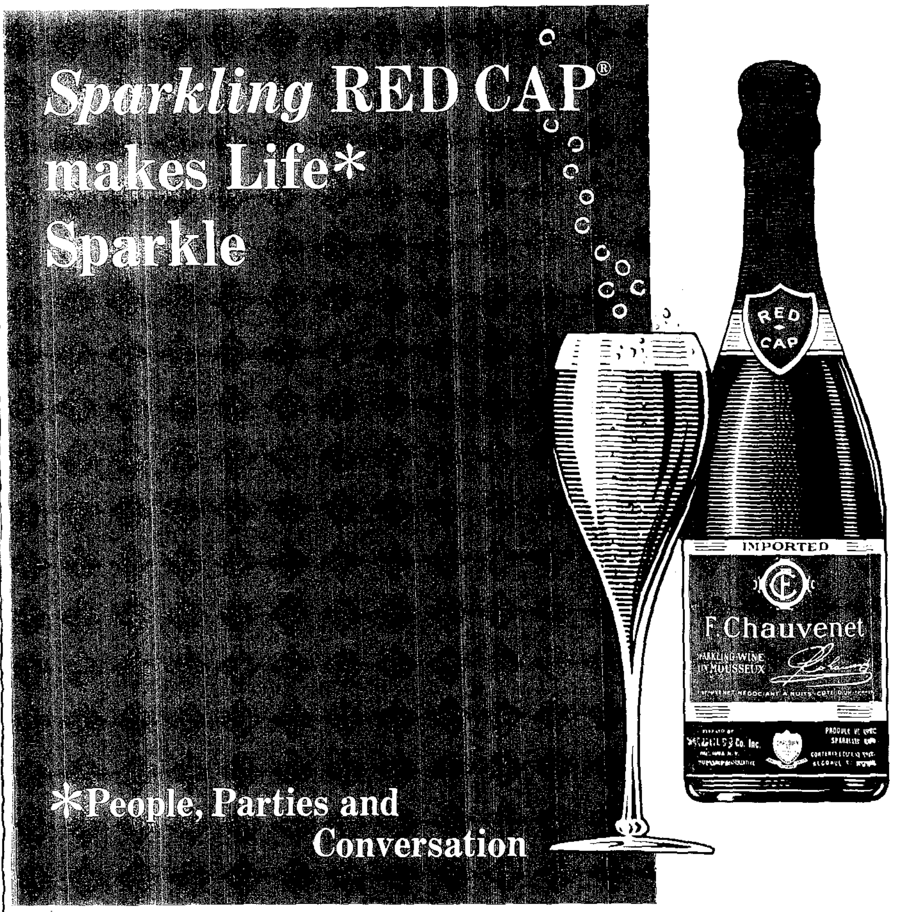
at the Embassy. They marched around the Square (the grass area, the scene of previous trouble, had been sealed off by an almost solid line of police standing behind the hedge, with clusters of a couple of dozen at the corner entrances) until they came face to face with a three-deep cordon of police, about fifty yards from the Embassy. They stopped there, and were harangued for a while by their leaders. Then knots of the faithful, linking arms and chanting "Ho, Ho, Ho Chi Minh!," started to charge the police, who, also with linked arms, surged forward to meet the demonstrators and hurl them back. "Rather like a Rugby scrum," Mr. Frith remarked. About the time the Maoists were showing signs of fatigue, some four hundred anarchists appeared and did their bit by ripping the placards from their sticks and poles and hurling the shafts like spears at the police. They also tried a few rushes. The police cordon was now reinforced by more than three dozen mounted men, who had been kept in reserve behind the Embassy. The demonstrators responded by throwing firecrackers at the horses, and bricks and other construction materials—obtained from a nearby building that was being renovated—at the police on foot. Once the police had chased the demonstrators out of the building that was serving as their arsenal, the charges and countercharges were resumed until both the Maoists and the anarchists apparently realized there was no future in pursuing the contest. However, by way of holding the revolutionary franchise, they continued to bait the police, calling them "Fascist fuzz" and throwing fireworks and pennies at them. One policeman, struck on the cheek by a penny, called out, "Please, only half crowns, if you don't mind!"

While a dwindling number of dogged demonstrators went on badgering the police, I strolled around the Square and exchanged the time of day with other spectators, who were standing about in small groups, chatting and acting as unconcerned as if they had just stepped out to take the air. At the corner of Carlos Place, about half a block from the action, an attractive young blond woman in a blue slack suit went by, pushing a baby carriage. In front of the Connaught Hotel were three buses of police reserves. The men looked relaxed; several had removed their helmets, and a few were smoking pipes. From time to time, a burst of noise would issue from the still beleaguered corner of the Square, sounding as vaguely impersonal as the cheering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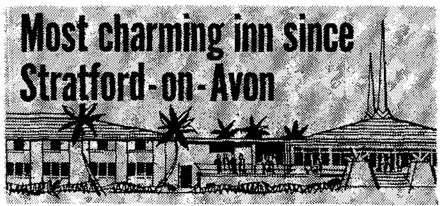
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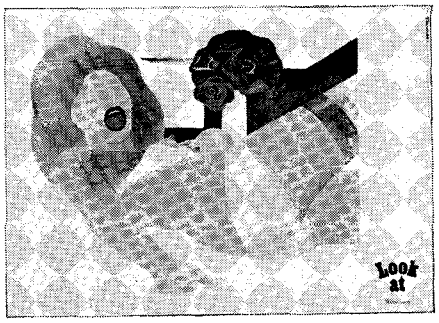

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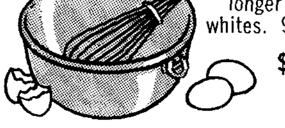

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at a football game heard from a distance. The loudest and longest outburst occurred at 6 P.M.; it was provoked by the ceremonial lowering of the Stars and Stripes atop the Embassy. After that, the action slackened. It was on the way to sputtering out.

LATER in the evening, the Home Secretary, looking relieved and smiling, visited the Square and spent about an hour talking with the police. "Well done, lads," he said. "Thank you very much. I doubt if this kind of demonstration could have taken place so peacefully in any other part of the world." He was probably right, for, as I learned the next morning, only about forty demonstrators and six policemen had been injured, none seriously, during the whole encounter. Forty-three people had been arrested, of whom eight were students, including a girl who was accused of hitting a policeman on the head with an offensive weapon—a tambourine.

Now that the Square was nearly deserted, I walked over to Park Lane to catch a bus. Demonstrators, looking as tired as most people do after a Sunday outing, were queued up at every stop. Going home, I decided that the demonstration had been worth attending, but I wondered if it might have been more exciting to see the flying show of veteran aircraft or perhaps to go around to offer congratulations to Harold Darke as he celebrated his eightieth birthday at the organ.

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

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But if we *listen* to the poem, we shall hear beneath the emphatic stresses, beneath the bare and essential speech, the human cadence of the human voice, speaking to us as if we were alive.—*"English Renaissance Poetry," edited by John Williams.*

You sick, or something?

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "The Great Gatsby," by F. Scott Fitzgerald*]

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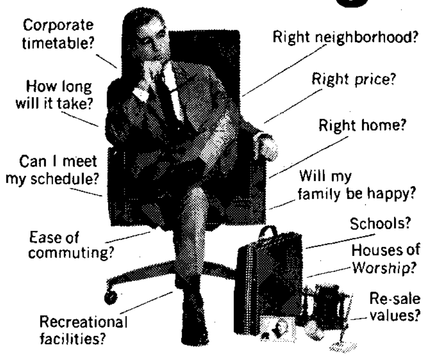
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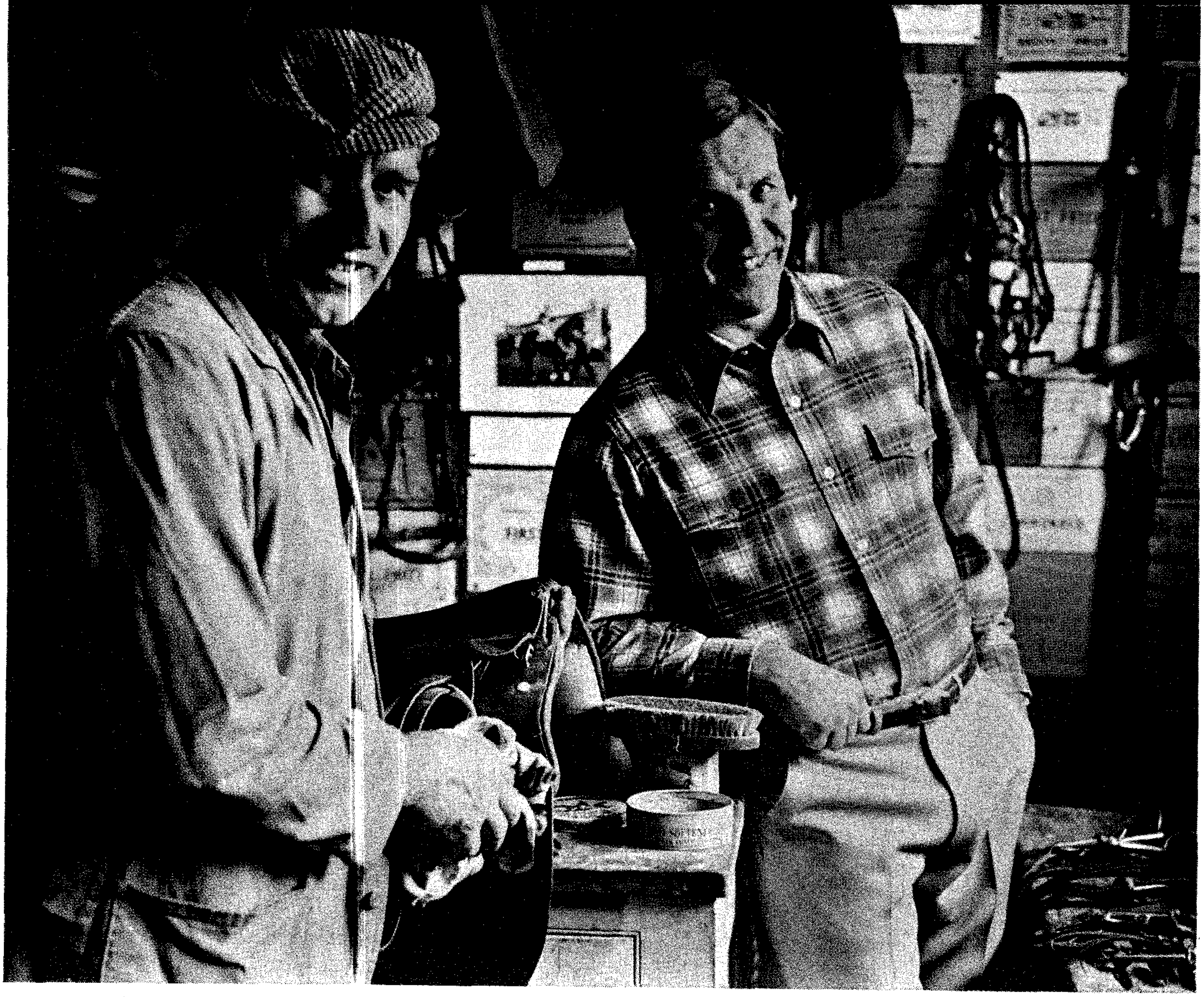

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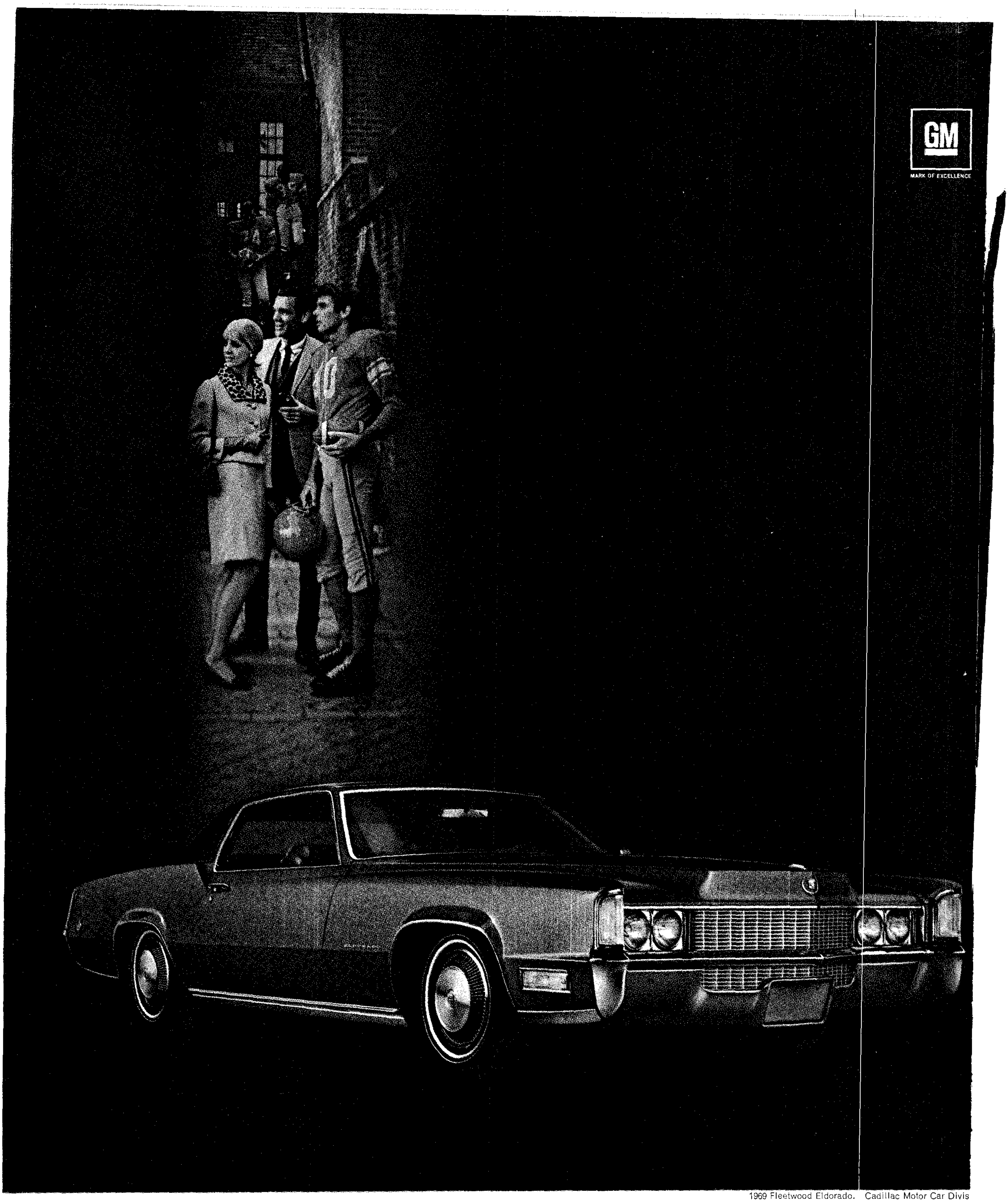

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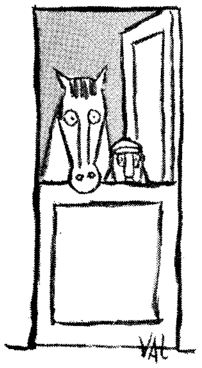

ONE morning last week, I trundled over to Belmont Park to see Dark Mirage, this old pushover's darling, who is going to California for the winter before long. She has recovered entirely from the injury she suffered to her right forefoot just before the Alabama Stakes at Saratoga last August—an injury that ended her racing activities for the season. Dark Mirage always regards visitors a little imperiously, but she can unbend and eat all the lump sugar you'll give her. Though she has grown and filled out, she is still the little Dark Lady who won eight stakes races in succession, most of them by lengths and lengths. Since she is in light training, her routine for the day was circling the track a couple of times at a very slow gallop. After she'd done that, I watched her cooling out, walking round and round in the barn—it was too chilly and damp for her to do that outside—for more than half an hour. Then she was led into her stall, where she was rubbed and groomed until her coat shone. Then her feet were washed carefully, and a dressing was applied to them to keep the horn of the hoofs from getting too dry. (You know how fingernails split or break when *they* get too dry.) Next, all four legs were massaged with a special liniment to help the circulation, and standing bandages were put on, with thick sheets of cotton batting underneath, to protect her from injury in the stall. (There are two kinds of bandages, standing ones and racing ones—the latter much lighter, and tighter. She doesn't wear the latter.) After all this, she was considered done up for the day, so her feed tub was brought in and she went at it eagerly.

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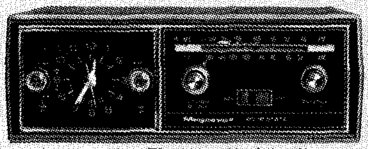

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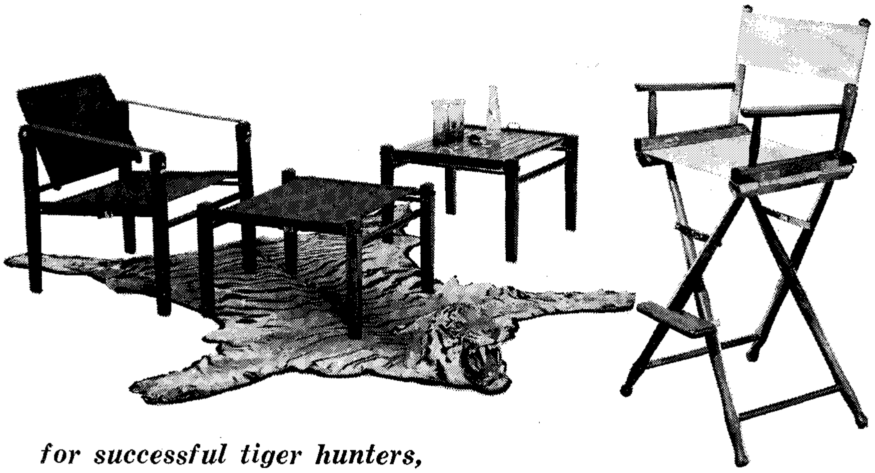

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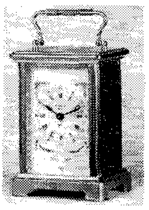

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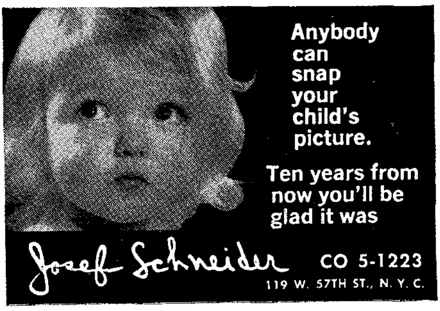

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one; in the annual Horse of the Year poll of *Turf & Sport Digest*, in which the balloting is done by racing writers and sports editors from all over the country, Dark Mirage was second only to Dr. Fager.

SO many horses have stomped off to Florida, to the Fair Grounds at New Orleans, to Santa Anita, or to winter quarters that Belmont Park has taken on a drear, almost deserted look. The big event there early last week was the sale of horses in training. At the two sessions, a hundred and twenty-three animals were sold, for $503,400. At the first session, though the weather wasn't fit for man or beast, bidding was brisk by horsemen looking for bargains, and sixty-nine head brought $359,600. The top price was $67,500, for Fish House, a four-year-old filly—one of the lot offered by C. V. Whitney. She was bought by Mrs. George Proskauer.

AS this is written, the surprise of the hearing of the Kentucky State Racing Commissioners in Louisville of Peter Fuller's appeal from the disqualification of his Dancer's Image in the Kentucky Derby last May was the testimony of the chemist, whose "positive" report set the case in motion. At that time, it was reported that chemical analysis showed traces of Butazolidin, a prohibited medication, in the colt when he finished first, so his number was taken down. On cross-examination last week, the chemist admitted that when he made his analysis he had not used some of the procedures he thought he had. I shan't try to guess what the Racing Commission's ruling will be, but I'll say that this legal hassle will continue until Mr. Fuller either wins his case or runs out of appeals in the law courts.

BY the way, there's an exhibition of sketches of horses and racetrackers by Peb, the cartoonist of the *Morning Telegraph*, in the lounge on the second floor of the grandstand at Aqueduct. It's well worth seeing.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME BOOKS BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS PUBLISHED DURING THE YEAR

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these volumes first appeared in this magazine.)

The Blue Estuaries, by Louise Bogan (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95*).

A selection by Miss Bogan from the poems she has written over the past forty-five years. The forms are traditional and the feelings enduring, but the images and impressions are one of a kind and all her own. And so are the discoveries (and rediscoveries), among them that wit and emotion can live together in a single couplet.

A Portfolio of Social Cartoons, 1957-1968, by Alan Dunn (*Simon & Schuster, $5.95*).

The word "social" has quite a few meanings, and Mr. Dunn covers most of them as he examines—sometimes satirically and sometimes merrily—the fatuous or put-upon natives of this city, at home and abroad. From time to time, interplanetary visitors drop in to share in his amusement.

The Pine Barrens, by John McPhee (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

Mr. McPhee combines the roles of observer, historian, and explorer in this report on a stretch of wilderness, six hundred and fifty thousand acres in size, in central New Jersey. Using his friends among the Pineys as guides and mentors, he made many forays to inspect the flora and fauna and the remains of ghost towns in this vast forest, where "on a very clear night a bright light . . . would be visible from the Empire State Building."

Unspeakable Practices, Unnatural Acts, by Donald Barthelme (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.95*).

Mr. Barthelme offers, in fifteen short stories, an unnerving guided tour to the present—a landscape that sometimes reminds us of Magritte, sometimes of Chaplin, and always (menacingly) of ourselves.

Twiggy and Justin, by Thomas Whiteside (*Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.50*).

An introduction to the high-powered apparatus of fashion, as set forth in a report on a stopover here, in 1967, of England's top model and her vigilant entrepreneur. The book is also the success story of two fledglings abroad who were able to get their own way in every contest with advertising and public-relations men, manufacturers, photographers, promoters, and other slickers of this city.

Eric Hoffer: An American Odyssey, by Calvin Tomkins (*Dutton, $4.95*).

A report on the life and the opinions (more heartening than pessimistic) of the San Francisco philosopher and retired longshoreman, who can here be heard speaking his singular mind on our mass society and our workingmen, on the displaced persons of Skid Row, on the steamed-up undergraduates at Berkeley, and on the future of his country. Mr. Tomkins has appended to his Profile a scattering of Mr. Hoffer's aphorisms, and George Knight has contributed some photographs of him.

Dying: An Introduction, by L. E. Sissman (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50*).

The introduction is, of course, living. In this set of poems Mr. Sissman records, in a voice that is unmistakably his own, and with the irony, sadness, or delight that the occasion demands, the events that, directly or tangentially, have brought him to middle age.

Ship Island, by Elizabeth Spencer (*McGraw-Hill, $5.95*).

Short stories about the domestic manners and morals (and the sensibilities) of Americans in towns and rural spots in the Mississippi Delta.

Nabokov's Congeries, edited by Page Stegner (*Viking, $8.50*).

A selection from the writings of Vladimir Nabokov. The volume contains "Pnin," complete, and sections of other novels, as well as poems, short stories, and essays. ("Congeries: A collection of particles, parts, or bodies into one mass."—*Webster.*)

What's Your Name?, by Edna Eicke (*Windmill, $7.95*).

Reproductions in color of twenty-one of Miss Eicke's covers for this magazine. The houses and landscapes are rural, the figures are children, and the themes mysteriously blend nostalgia with permanence.

The Separated People, by E. J. Kahn, Jr. (*Norton, $5.95*).

A reporter here and there in the Republic of South Africa, where the natives—black, pink, beige, and yellow—are separated from one another by the natural barriers of temperament, heritage, and language, and, above all, by the unnatural barrier of apartheid. Mr. Kahn has included an account of a side trip to South West Africa, a former German colony now insecurely lashed to the Republic (although its *Vaterland* remains Das Vaterland), and of the attempts by some of its enlightened citizens to free it, via international law, from the racial policies imposed by its parent body.

Washington and Baltimore, by Julian Mazor (*Knopf, $4.95*).

Six short stories in which encounters between Negroes and Caucasians are cheerful more often than they are discouraging.

Here It Comes, by Lee Lorenz (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95*).

A volume of cartoons in which Mr. Lorenz's men and women can be seen playing along with a number of current trends, or else bucking them in an attempt to hold back the dawn of whatever it is that is in store for all of us.

The Military Half, by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf, $4.95*).

An indictment of our part in the Vietnam war, based on Mr. Schell's own experiences there. He accompanied pilots in helicopters and Forward Air Control planes as they marked out South Vietnamese villages to be razed by bombs and napalm, and he inspected several camps for the dispossessed. Warning leaflets dropped from on high, quotations from military briefings, and clippings from military newspapers are some of the documents in his case.

The Americano, by William Murray (*New American Library, $5*).

A novel about an American in Rome—in and out of doors and in and out of love—as he pursues his career as a singer under the sponsorship of the G.I. Bill.

Reasons for Moving, by Mark Strand (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

A volume of poems. The touch of the poet is steady; the atmosphere it evokes is nightmare.

A Doctor Among the Addicts, by Nat Hentoff (*Rand McNally, $4.50*).

The doctor is Marie Nyswander, a pioneer in the use of methadone for the treatment of drug addiction in East Harlem, and a woman who is able to hold her own in sessions with her drop-in/drop-out patients as well as in controversies with the medical community.

Men in Dark Times, by Hannah Arendt (*Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95*).

Eleven appreciative studies of authors and their work. Dr. Arendt's critiques of Bertolt Brecht, Walter Benjamin, and Isak Dinesen appeared in this magazine.

The Archers at Home, by Katinka Loeser (*Atheneum, $4.95*).

The setting is suburban, and the conversation bounces from Her to Him and back again across the gap left by a generation (or four members of it, at any rate) away at school. A number of chapters of this novel first appeared as short stories in *The New Yorker.*

Super Drummer, by Whitney Balliett (*Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95*).

A Profile of Buddy Rich—in action as he performs with his band for the prisoners on Rikers Island, and at ease as he talks in various spots en route and back in town. This conversation is an amalgam of the reminiscences and the opinions on jazz and other matters of one of the pioneers of percussion, who "toyed with rhythm, suppressing its rigidity and celebrating its surprises." Photographs by Fred Seligo.

The Empire of Things, by H. L. Mountzoures (*Scribners, $4.50*).

Thirteen short stories, most of them about Greeks and other Europeans in America, who are seen in each instance with the double vision of a native son still closely tied to his foreign-born family and trying to shake free of a past that is not his own.

Vienna, My Vienna, by Joseph Wechsberg (*Macmillan, $14.95*).

A portrait in text and in photographs (by Werner Forman) of the old city, still determined to keep up appearances, and bemused by dreams of her former glory and of the great men who loved her. Mr. Wechsberg sifts out the facts—historical, cultural, and gustatory, among others—from her fancies.

Waist Deep in the Big Muddy, by Richard H. Rovere (*Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50*).

Mr. Rovere originally supported our intervention in Vietnam, as he did our intervention in Korea twenty years ago. Now he has changed his mind. In this contemplative essay, he retraces his own steps and those of many of his fellow-liberals as he reëxamines our foreign policy, and its sources, vis-à-vis Asia and the rest of the world.

The Changing Landscape, by Christopher Rand (*Oxford, $5*).

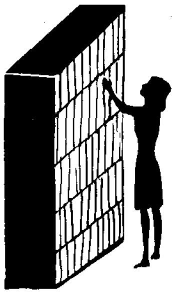
Reports on several visits to Salisbury, Connecticut, and its surrounding farmland, where the late Mr. Rand grew up. In recording the variables—the changes of all kinds that have taken place there over the past thirty years or so—he never loses sight of the constants, and his digressions into the past become an oblique memoir of a pastoral, though strenuous, boyhood.

Second Nature, by Howard Moss (*Atheneum, $4.50*).

Mr. Moss, always keeping his own wits about him, continues to call to our attention and to haunt us with "the mysteries of the commonplace," as well as those of the human heart. There are twenty-four poems in this collection.

BOOKS

Sheed's Tub

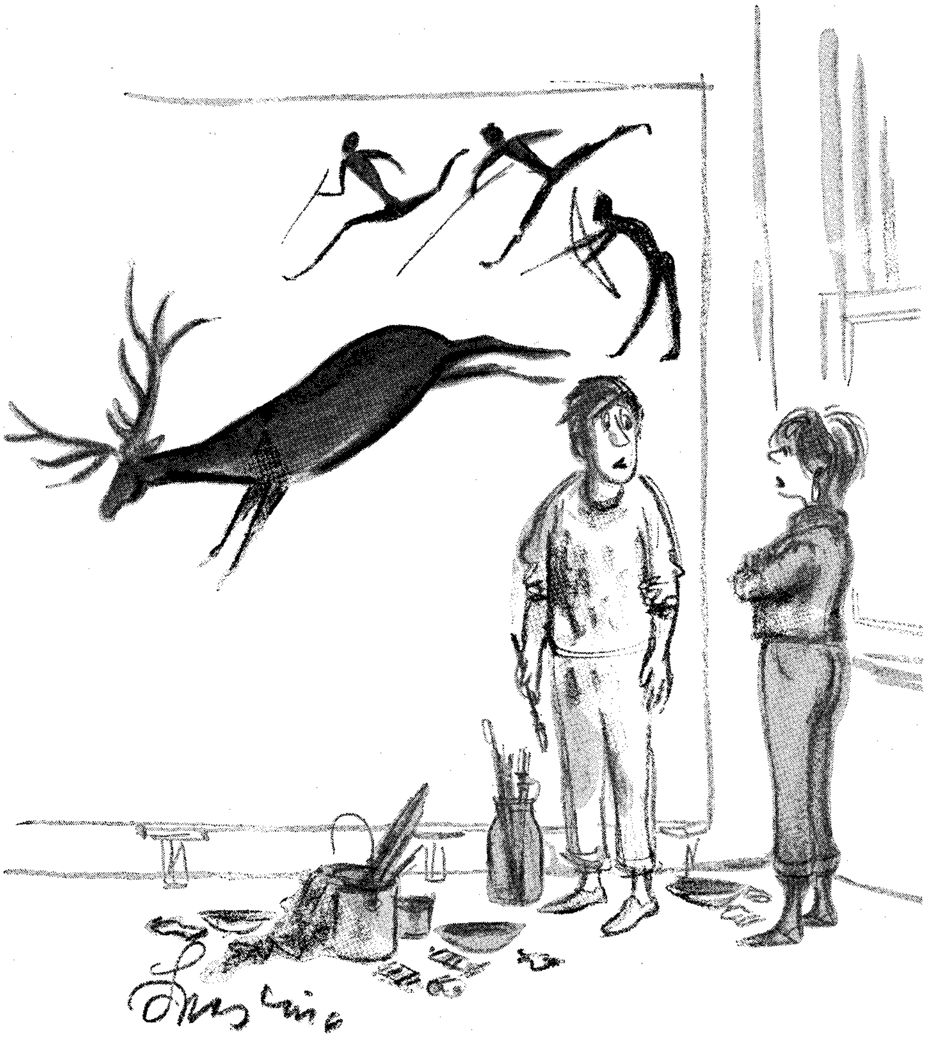


WILFRID SHEED is a resourceful and ubiquitous phrase-maker, who writes reviews of movies and books for magazines, and fiction in which he examines the increase in man's circumspection between youth and c. age thirty-eight. (By "fiction," an imposing term, I just mean his latest book, "The Blacking Factory & Pennsylvania Gothic," published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, and his next-to-latest, "Office Politics"—not three earlier novels, which I haven't read.) Both as critic and as novelist, Sheed works in the derogatory tradition of Samuel Butler and Diogenes the Cynic, with the difference that by now the world has grown accustomed to the scorn of its critics, having been browbeaten ever since Diogenes demonstrated his moral superiority for the Athenians by moving into a tub. Sheed's style matches the resilience of his public. His tone is genial rather than polemical or surly, and he attacks with clever phrases free of indignation or contempt. His pleasure with his own talent is always evident.

"Office Politics," undoubtedly inspired by professional experience, is an accurate and entertaining representation of the parochialism that afflicts magazine office life, probably even at *Ramparts* and *Family Circle*. The subject is a struggle for power over a small magazine of liberal opinion called *The Outsider*, founded in passion but reduced to a stylized sop for twenty-one thousand senescent readers, who reflect a similar trend among the staff. The man with the power, whatever it's worth, is Gilbert Twining, imported to New York seven years back from England, where he ran *The Watchman*, the same kind of publication. Brian Fine and Fritz Tyler, uninspired typewriter liberals, and the business and advertising managers, Olga Marplate and Philo Sonnabend, slug it out while Twining lies in bed recovering from a heart attack suffered on a fund-raising trip to California. George Wren, a man who has lately abandoned a sell-out job at C.B.S. for the chance to be an ill-paid *Outsider* editor, stands hesitantly at the edge of the battle, longing to find intellectual companionship and recover his youthful ideals. The others involved are Mrs. Wren and Mrs. Twining, Waldo Funk, the fusty drama critic, and Harriet Wadsworth, a financial backer of *Outsider*, who has her eye on Funk's job. The questions that are raised in the course of their quarrels pertain as much to their own seedy condition as to that of the magazine. Is *Outsider* really "a potentially valuable magazine," as Tyler suggests? Is it Twining's fault that the members of his staff feel limited and mediocre, that Tyler isn't the radical he used to be, that Brian Fine appears to be an inveterate hack? What is it that happens to fiery young men and crusading periodicals? Speaking around and through his characters with incessant irony, Sheed exposes them as victims of an intractable and unheroic obsession. He implies that, like most people, they don't have the energy to climb out of the rut or enough talent to make an escape worthwhile—not even Twining.

The story of the rebellion against Twining is mainly developed through facetious interior monologues in which the voices of Wren, Fine, and Tyler are distinguishable from Twining's only because they use faintly archaic Americanisms like "for Pete's sake," "shot to hell," "bushwa," "nut," "goofy," and "yeah, sure." As an Englishman, Twining naturally scores higher with "lads," "chaps," "bloody," "frightful," and "packing cases" (for "crates"). Sometimes the Yankees find themselves talking exactly like Twining, whose style is hard to separate from Sheed's.

Just as the issues of *Outsider* that the staff puts out during Twining's absence all become typical, the confrontations between characters that are provoked by turns in the plot become flights of uniform wit. Wren is posed as a man somewhat younger than his colleagues, and as an occasional poet



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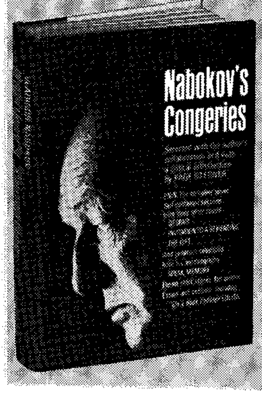

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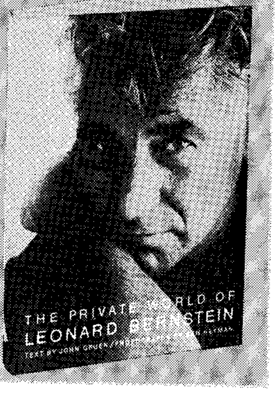
Some of the contents of this book appeared originally in *The New Yorker.*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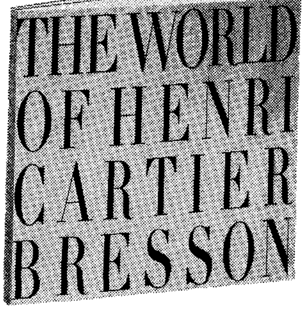

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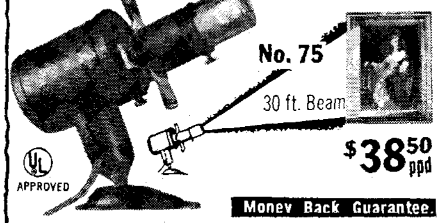

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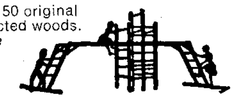

and a man with a sense of humor, but his doubts about the proper attitude toward *Outsider* and Twining are too artfully expressed to break the surface of Sheed's prose. Wren's ambivalence is no more effective against the monotony than the fact that Twining is British or Olga Marplate rich or Harriet Wadsworth stupid or Philo Sonnabend a secret right-winger; his politics have as much to do with what happens as Wren's poetry, which isn't quoted. The sincerest speculation always comes to a witty dead end:

> [Twining] was frowning slightly over the layout dummy. Why he bothered to frown was hard to say, since the magazine looked exactly the same every time around. Was this the fault of Twining or was it an institutional problem? Could the magazine be reawakened by a kiss from a charming young editor?

The most interesting thing about the book is the opportunity it offers to judge the merits of particular conceits. I liked "two bottle-shaped men" and "snip short this skein of unravelling brain" better than "his slightly distended stomach recoiled from the hot water" or any of Twining's pithy generalizations about American character. How about "his face was zoned like a weather map, with angry depressions around the eyes, c'mon fellows, at the mouth, indecision streaking the middle"? No. How about "little niggling things to trip him, slow him, send him sprawling over his deadline"? Maybe. "Polly Twining lay on one elbow, with her nightgown pouting around her thighs"? Definitely not.

"THE BLACKING FACTORY" and "Pennsylvania Gothic," the components of Sheed's new book, are labelled "a short novel and a long story," but however a story and a novel are defined, it isn't a distinction worth making in this case. The two stories are nearly identical in form, each narrowly focussed on a tempestuous period during the adolescence of a more or less well-adjusted man in his late thirties. Both men are briefly portrayed—*one in a prologue and the other in* natural sequence. "The Blacking Factory," the longer piece, is a more realistic version of a youthful crackup than "Pennsylvania Gothic," which has a supernatural aspect, as the title indicates. Both stories are set in the forties—a fact that Sheed establishes with allusions to the war (II) and certain radio programs (Gabriel Heatter) rather than by manners of speaking or more intricate topical references. The characters, like the real-estate man

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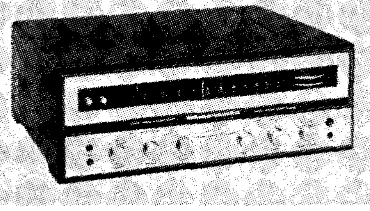

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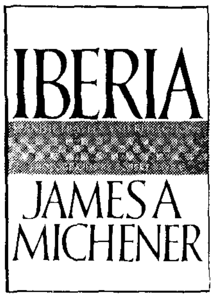
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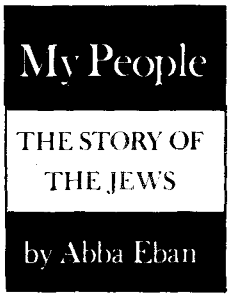
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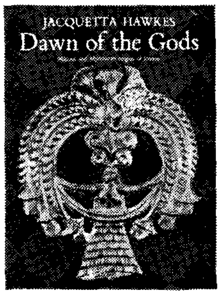
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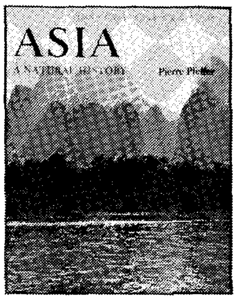
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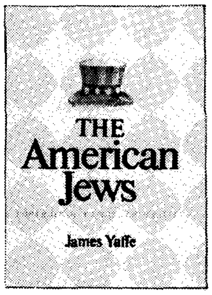
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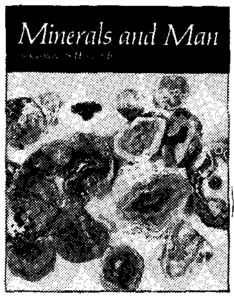
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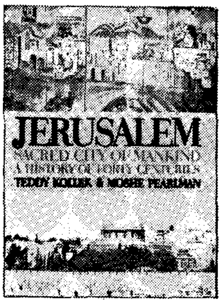
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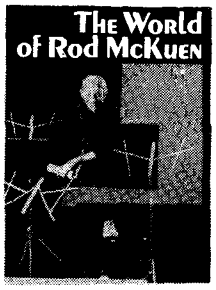
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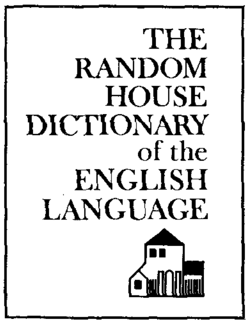
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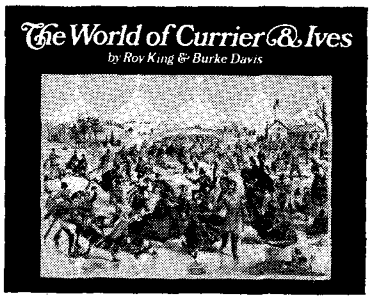
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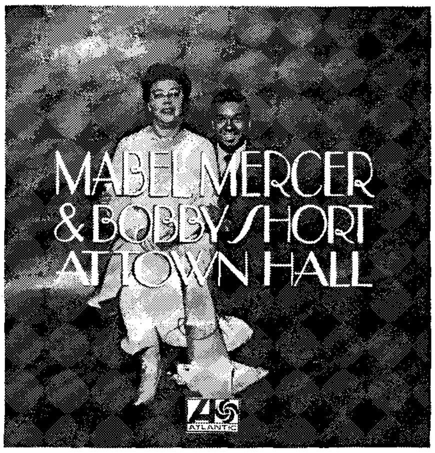

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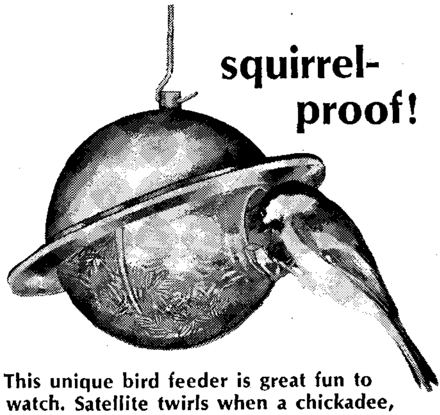

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cashing in on the "postwar boom" in "The Blacking Factory," are not peculiar to that era.

The main character of "Pennsylvania Gothic" is Charles Trimble, who lives with his unhappy mother and father (a lawyer) in a gloomy house in a desolate suburb of Philadelphia. He falls prey, at the age of twelve, to fantasies of suicide and murder, which he shares in a mystical way with Miss Skinner, the old lady next door. Charlie is apparently freed from his nightmares when Miss Skinner dies, and he grows up to be a contented history professor with a psychoanalyst and a fiancée. Sheed raises the possibility that a nostalgic return by Charlie to the scene of his childhood might reopen the "crack in his brain," but he raises it skeptically, if I read him right.

In "The Blacking Factory," James Bannister succumbs to his fantasy instead of losing or suppressing it, and his adult lot is more precarious. The story is a direct analogy with an anecdote Sheed uses to introduce both stories:

> When Charles Dickens was twelve years old, he was abruptly removed from school and put to work in a blacking factory. The effect of this episode was such that he mentioned it to no one for twenty years and only broke down when somebody recognized him from those days. . . . In his subsequent account, Dickens wrote: "I have no idea how long it lasted; whether for a year or much more or less." In fact, it lasted for less than six months.

Sheed's protagonist is suddenly dispatched, when he is fifteen, from New York to a British public school. He creates idyllic visions of America and England out of his longing to feel at home in one place or the other, and when both visions are shattered he breaks down completely. Grown up, he is shown to have become a militant patriot, broadcasting his mended American dream from his own radio stations in southern California, maybe about to enter politics. Sheed leaves him there, at a moment that ought to be the midpoint of a "long novel." "The Blacking Factory" is a more interesting story than the others, and Sheed tells it well by keeping it simple, although, like "Pennsylvania Gothic," it could have been better told with a clearer difference between the narrator's choice of words and those of his less sophisticated hero.

The opening sentence of "Pennsylvania Gothic" contains the phrase "bad scene"—a nineteen-sixties formation apparently attributed to the inner thoughts of a 1941 boy. Later on in that train of thought, "jerky" and

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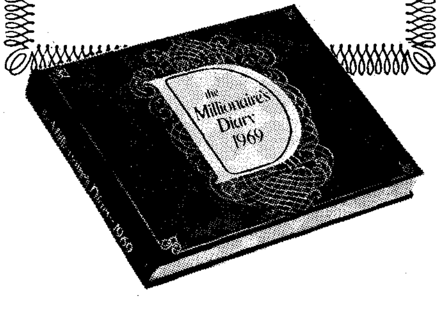

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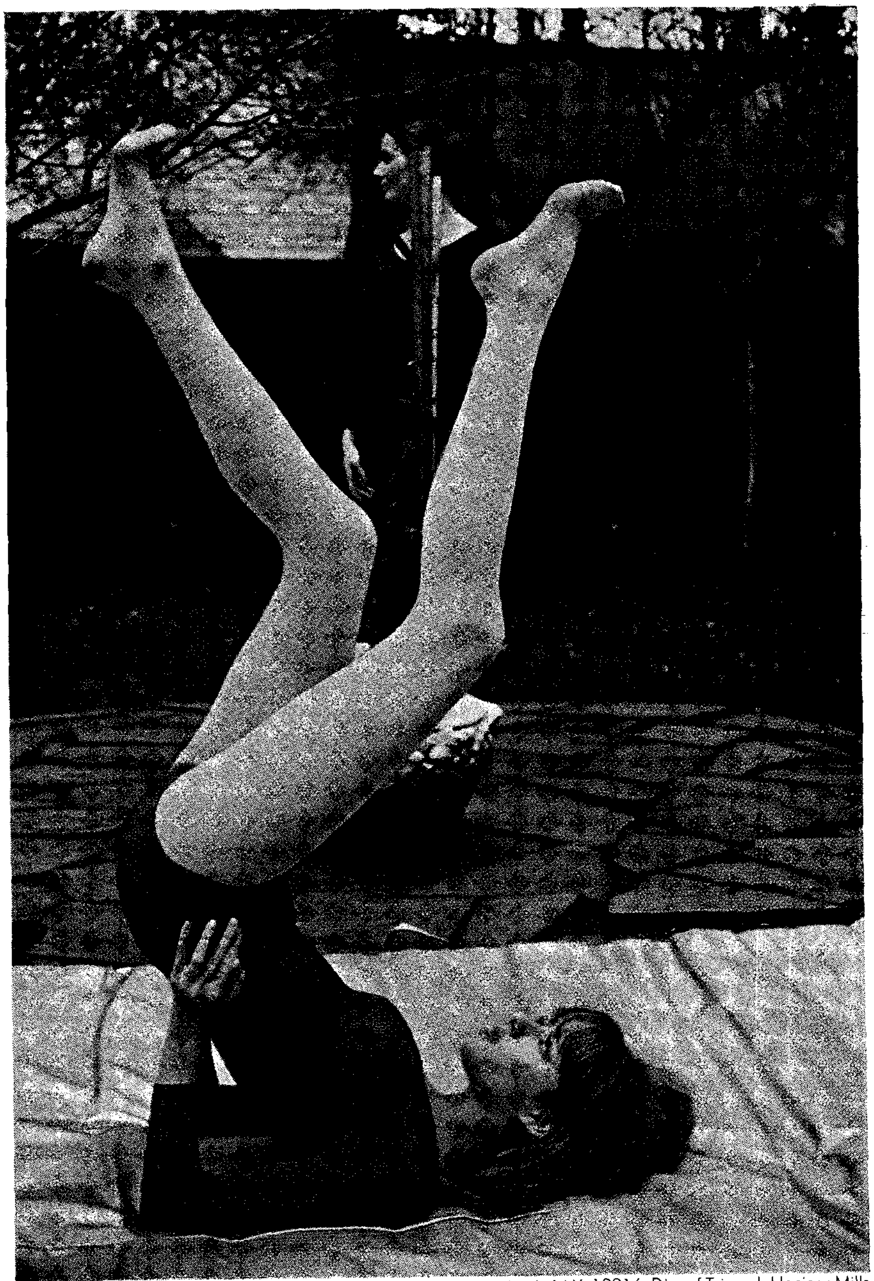

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"lousy" occur, with greater chronological propriety, and yet "lousy" is part of a sentence in which Sheed's voice is obviously competing with Charlie's—an awkward effect: "The Walton debacle started off a chain of feeling lousy that lasted through the rest of the long day." And the metaphor is lousy. Notwithstanding Sheed's "mastery of the subtleties of the English language," advertised on the book jacket, he is not particularly careful in these two stories about the words he uses to express the feelings of his characters, and he frequently errs in favor of his native whimsey, as at the end of this speculative line: "He found himself for now just behind the headmaster, who was trudging up the slight incline to the dressing rooms and who looked unusually vulnerable in a pair of baggy tennis shorts. . . . A slingshot aimed at the left calf would produce the most endearing little dance." The habitual jocularity that led Sheed to pin a phrase like "most endearing little dance" on Jimmy Bannister must also account for his use, speaking for himself, of the word "eventuated"—the worst way of saying "took place"—not to mention circumlocutions like "a certain languor beyond the usual" and "the second bad condition came into effect," and the Sheedian adverb "squelchingly."

As a third-person narrator, Sheed is entitled to exaggerate the interior eloquence of Trimble and Bannister, but the license doesn't cover his practice of planting farfetched words and images in their heads. The odds are that an uprooted American teen-ager would not be struck by the resemblance between the layout of a cricket pitch and the appearance of stomachs recently operated on, or between his fellow-students and "a school of small bank managers," and it is hard to detect the special fitness of the Biblical echo in a comparison of sunburned shoulder blades with "pillars of fire."

Exerting his good-humored irony at every chance, Sheed dulls his point about the conventional ways in which Trimble and Bannister ultimately deal with their nightmares by disparaging their immediate anguish. Even in "Office Politics," in which the facetious style is most appropriate, futility is so efficiently implied that the perfunctory plot loses its edge. Twice, in "Pennsylvania Gothic," the association of images is so grotesque that it may be accidental. First, in an account of the death of Charlie's father:

> Mr. Trimble was technically a Catholic but had broken with the Church by killing himself. (By *drowning*, Charlie

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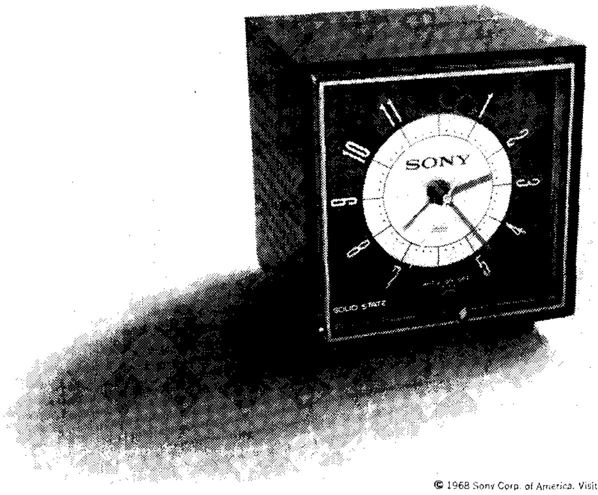

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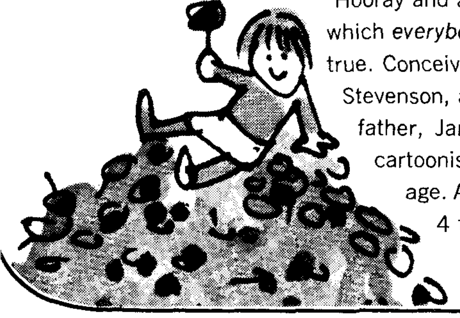

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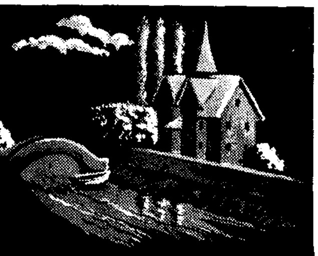

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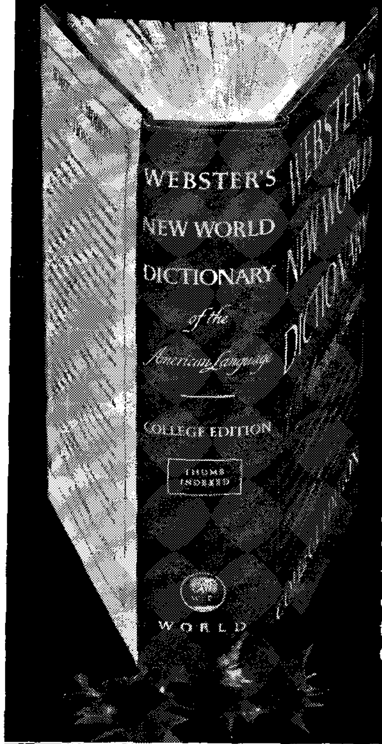

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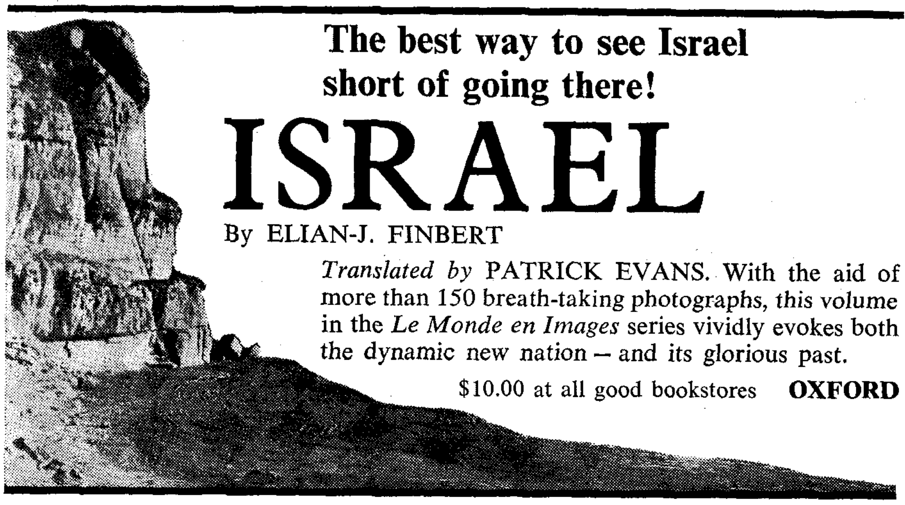

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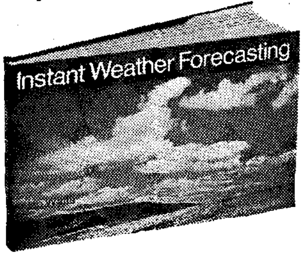

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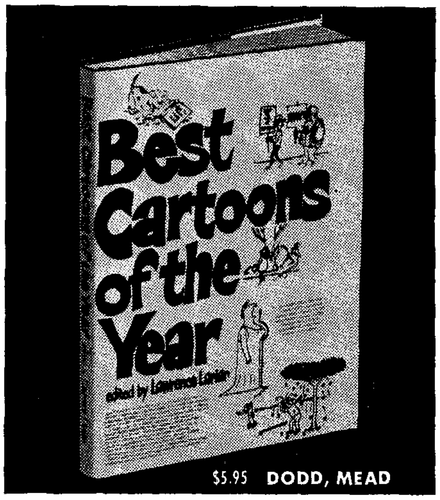

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was relieved to hear.) Father Devlin came out from Philadelphia to explain the difficulties to Mrs. Trimble and she passed them on, in *watered* form, to Charlie.

Then, standing by Miss Skinner's deathbed holding a carving knife, struggling with the idea of stabbing her, Charlie is given this thought: "Her point about being dead in a few hours cut no mustard with him."

The most puzzling feature of Sheed's style, considering his treatment in both "Office Politics" and "The Blacking Factory" of Anglo-American differences from an American point of view, is a British accent—the result of his tendency to offer words as though he were holding them in a pair of tweezers. Maybe, like Bannister, whose faint British accent is a mystery to his California associates, Sheed is a man with a shameful un-American past. —SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

GENERAL

WATERLOO: DAY OF BATTLE, by David Howarth (Atheneum). In his introduction to this informal retelling of the last and bloodiest battle of the Napoleonic Wars (some fifty thousand casualties), Mr. Howarth expresses the hope that "it still makes a good story, which is all I meant it to be." Waterloo is, of course, an indestructibly good story, and Mr. Howarth tells it extremely well, weaving the recorded recollections of a dozen participants (British and French, officers and men) into a running dawn-to-dusk narrative, which opens with the night rain that turned the field to mud and closes with the perfumed sightseers mincing their way among the corpses. It should be added that this is an exceptionally handsome book, beautifully bound, beautifully printed, and beautifully illustrated, with seventy contemporary paintings and drawings (eight of them in color) and eight excellent maps.

THE QUEST FOR TIMBUCTOO, by Brian Gardner (Harcourt, Brace & World). The first white man to lay eyes on Timbuctoo and survive was a shipwrecked American sailor named Robert Adams, who was dragged there as a slave in 1810. When he miraculously escaped and got back home, he described the place as a mud-hut town in the Western Sahara whose only important commerce was salt and slaves. Nobody believed him: it was well

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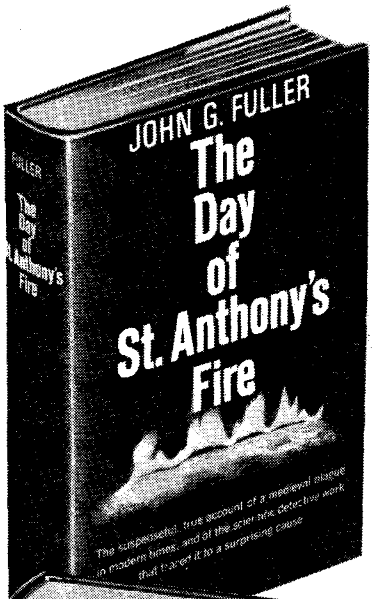
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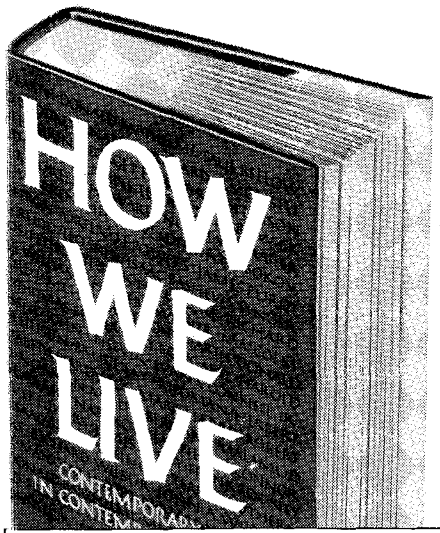
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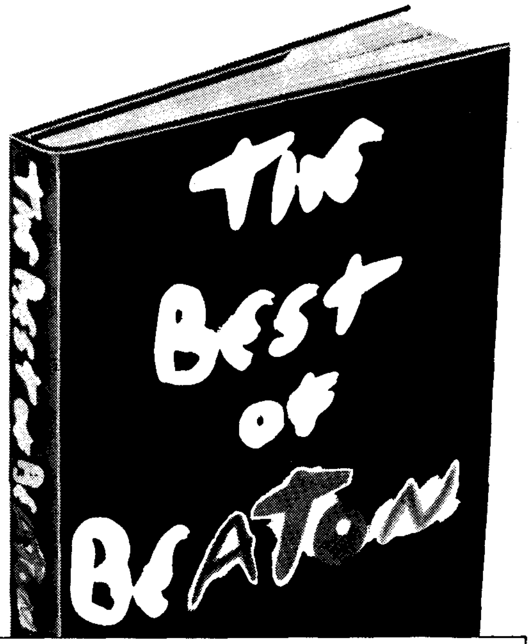
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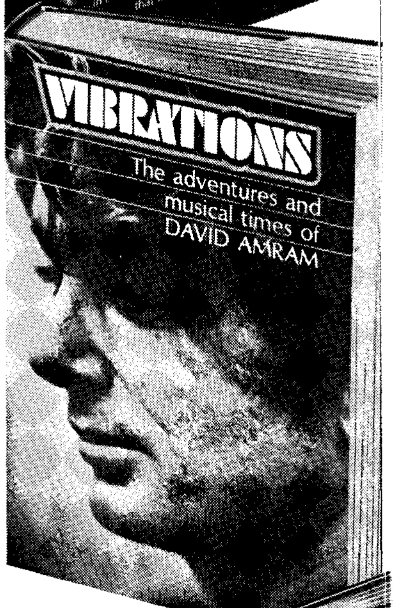
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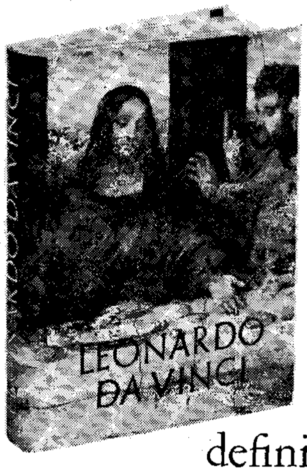
Best Regards to Aida, by Hans W. Heinsheimer (Knopf). A highly



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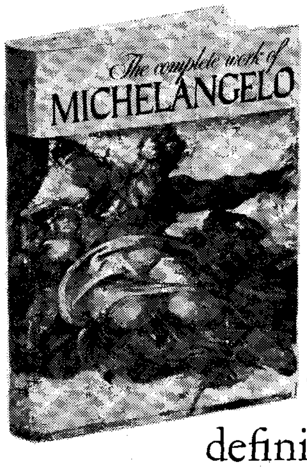

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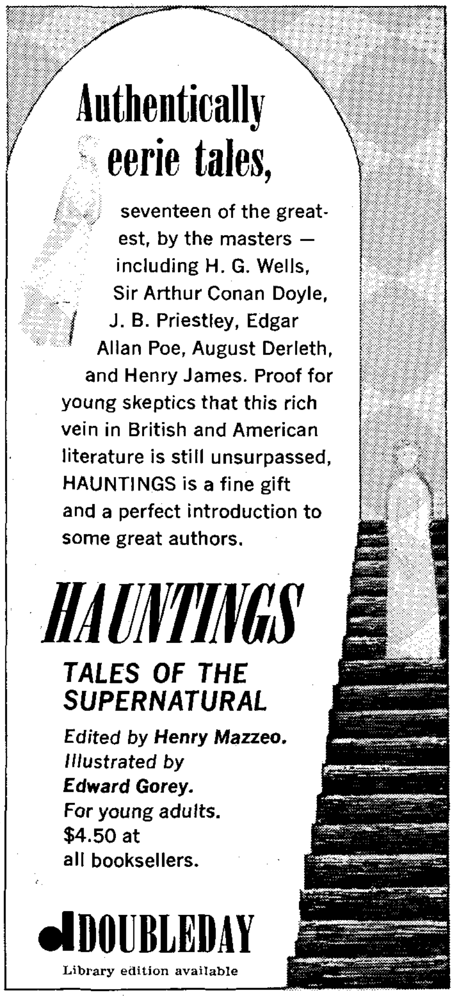
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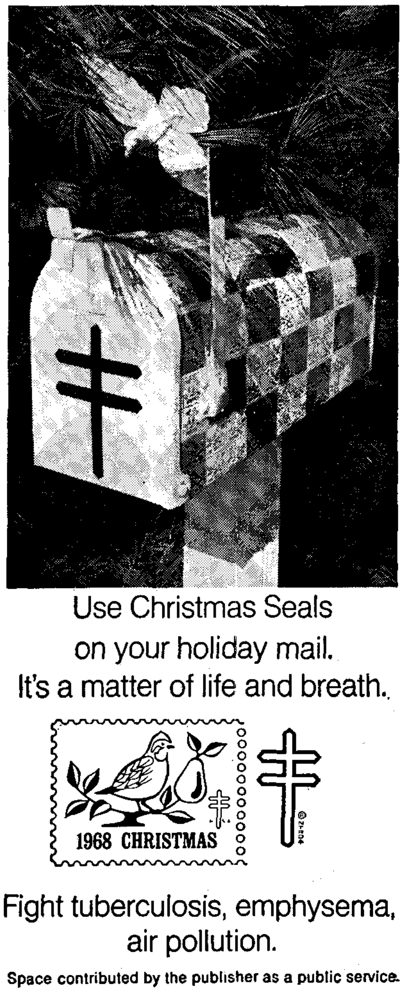
amusing book of reminiscences by the present director of publications for the music house of G. Schirmer, who has in his time worked for several of the largest and most eminent music-publishing concerns in the world. Much of the entertainment lies in intimate vignettes of the great, among them the saintly Béla Bartók, the pragmatic Kurt Weill, the generous Alban Berg, the Napoleonic Arnold Schoenberg, and the protean Leonard Bernstein and Gian Carlo Menotti. Many points not familiar to the general reader or the music buff are discussed, such as that Verdi's operas are all in the public domain, and that Puccini's soon will be—to the dismay of their publishers, Ricordi of Milan. Mr. Heinsheimer views his calling with a bemused eye. "Nobody," he writes, "should throw the first stone at the timid gambler, should laugh about the loser, should bow to the winner: they are all gamblers, some just in luck, some in misfortune. The history of our profession is filled with the results—some bad, some good, some simply wonderful—of misjudgments. Very few people are as smart as they portray themselves. Most of our successes are luck, not planning, knowing, judging wisely."

PORTRAIT OF ELGAR, by Michael Kennedy (Oxford). Considered by many a sort of musical counterpart of Rudyard Kipling, Sir Edward Elgar (1857-1934) lived to see his music fall out of fashion with the decline of Empire. Today, there is a revived interest in his work, and some consider him the greatest of British composers since Purcell. Perhaps the comparison with Kipling arose mainly from the similarity of their mustaches and their common devotion to England. Mr. Kennedy much prefers a comparison with Tennyson, which does seem a bit more reasonable, and his book is an interesting study of a solitary, moody romantic who rose from a lower-middle-class boyhood in Worcester (his father was a violinist and piano tuner) to international fame and all sorts of honors, including knighthood, in which he seemed to take little interest. Elgar was one of those rare composers who could turn out popular hits ("Pomp and Circumstance," "Salut d'Amour") as well as such highly complex works as oratorios ("The Dream of Gerontius"), symphonies (one unfinished), and concertos. He was an Ed-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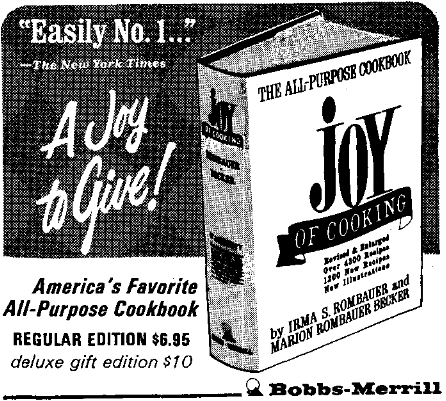
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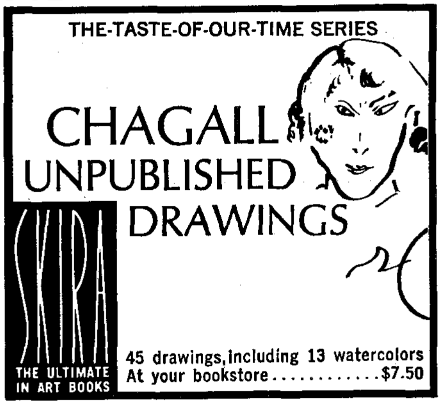
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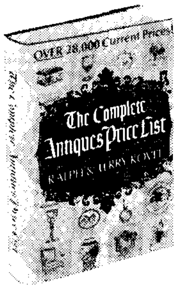
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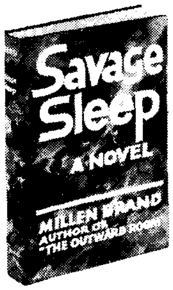
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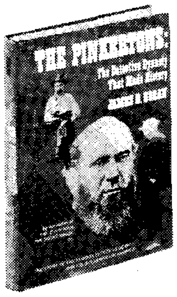
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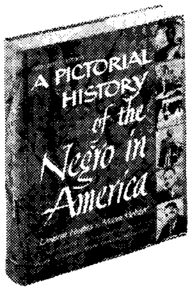
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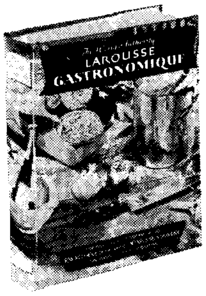
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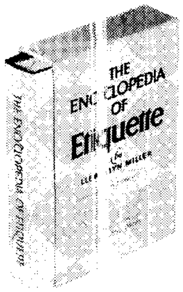
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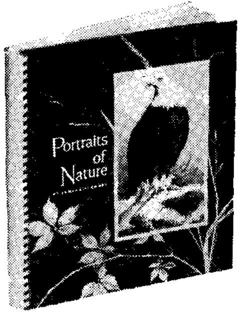
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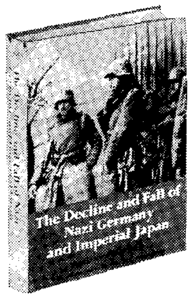
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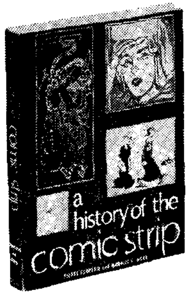
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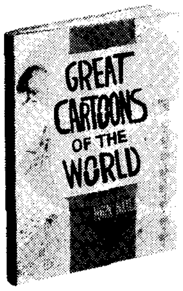
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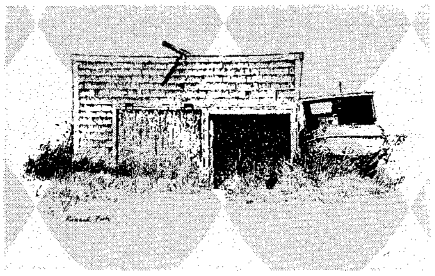

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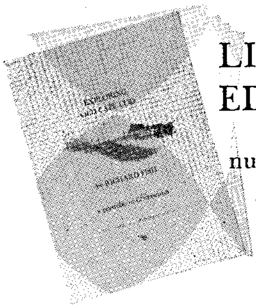

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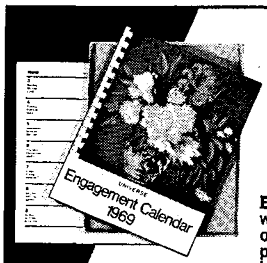

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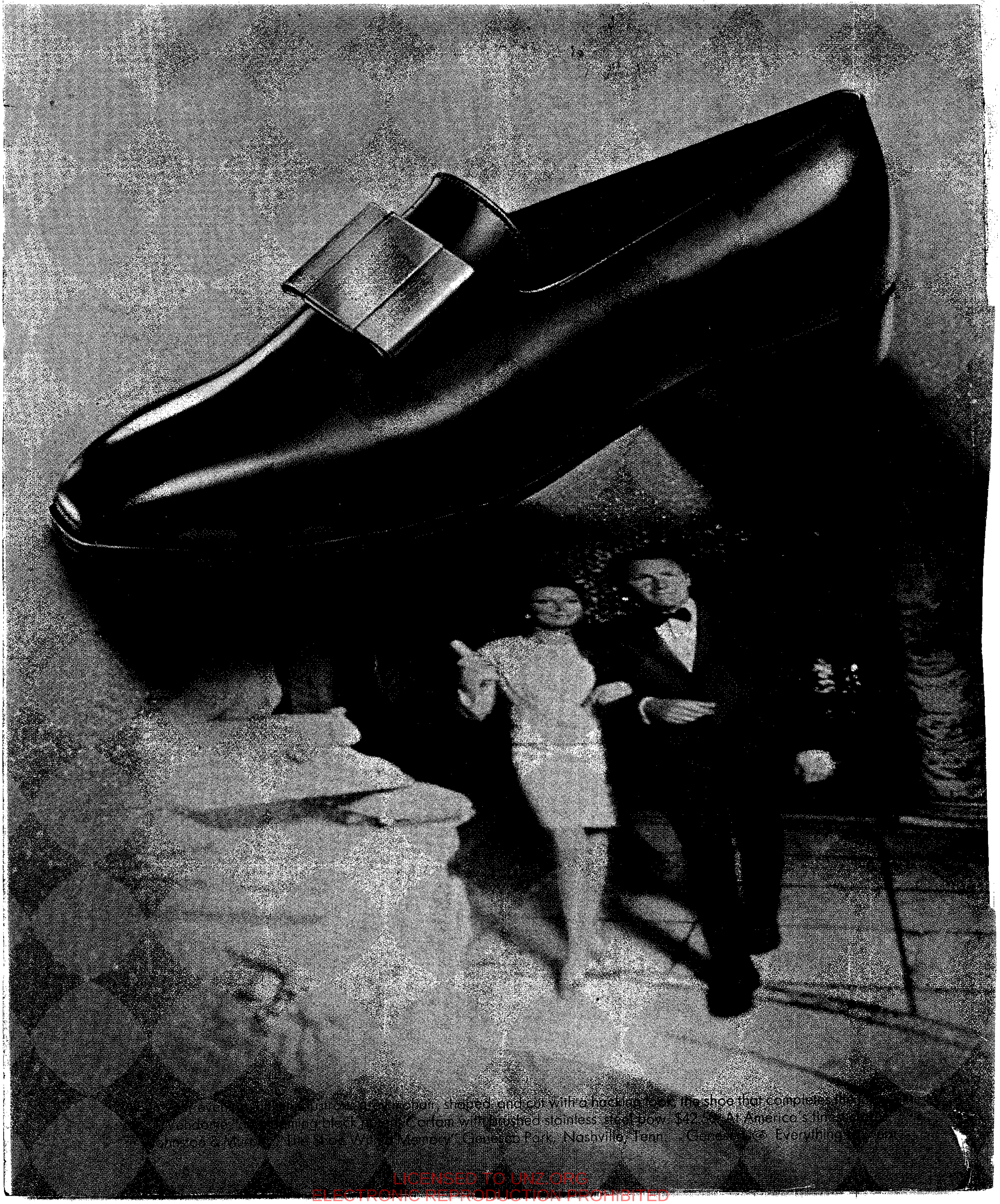

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